BE ISSUED OUT
WITHOUT PERMISSION

00021519

Digitized with financial assistance from

H T Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018

GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER

LIFE OF

GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER

G. C. B.

BY

WILLIAM NAPIER BRUCE

WITH PORTRAIT AND MAPS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1885

[*All rights reserved.*]

00021519

PREFACE.

In 1857 Sir William Napier published his *Life of Sir Charles Napier* in four volumes. It was composed in the midst of great bodily and mental suffering, and in the expectation that death would interfere and prevent its completion. In spite of certain defects of taste and arrangement, due mainly to these circumstances, the book is remarkable, like all the author's writings, for the force and grandeur of its language and for the spirit of passionate hero-worship which animates it throughout; but it was far too long to obtain the durable popularity which the reputation of the writer and the interest of the subject deserved.

There are few men in the world's history about whom four volumes are read by a generation that has not known them. Least of all can such assiduous devotion be expected where, as in the present case, the man has been limited to a field confessedly too narrow for the full exercise of his powers. And yet, if Sir Charles Napier's career does not possess any great historical interest, a brief record of his life and opinions may still be well worth the attention of his countrymen.

"Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis."

The man to whose military genius Wellington appealed to save India—whose capacity for government excited the admiration of Sir Robert Peel—of whom Lord Hardinge, with all his experience, military and civil, said, "he had the rarest combination of great qualities of any of our contemporaries,"—should not be allowed without a protest to sink into oblivion, or be remembered merely as an eccentric and unmanageable officer.

His character was essentially of the heroic type. He exercised a fascination over the popular mind which was, perhaps, out of proportion to anything which Fortune allowed him to accomplish. He occupied a place apart, and would have seemed in some respects hardly to belong to the age in which he lived, had it not been that he inspired the people wherever he went with the belief that, whatever his differences with men in power, he was moved by the most intense devotion to themselves and to the cause of every one who was poor or oppressed.

Sir William Napier's four volumes were constructed almost entirely out of his brother's journals and letters, and in consequence his book contains the bulk of the materials for the present volume. But the general arrangement and treatment of the subject differ in many respects from Sir William Napier's work; and he is not responsible for any opinions expressed in the course of the narrative, except such as are actually

attributed to him. In addition to the copious writings of Sir Charles and Sir William Napier, the admirable articles in the *Quarterly Review* (January 1857 and October 1858), attributed to Mr. Elwin, and such incidental notices of Sir Charles Napier as have appeared in later works connected with India, I have had the advantage of conversations with General Sir M. M'Murdo, who was Sir Charles Napier's son-in-law, and served on his staff during nearly the whole of his Indian career, and with the late Sir Bartle Frere who ruled Scinde for seven years and had special opportunities of estimating Sir Charles Napier's work. In the account of the transactions which led up to the conquest of Scinde I have relied upon the letters and despatches of the various actors published in the *Correspondence Relative to Scinde* presented to Parliament in 1843 and 1844.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

Charles Napier's Journal, page 1; His lineage—Anecdote of Lord March, 2; Lady Sarah Napier, 3; Colonel George Napier, 4; "The Eagle's Nest"—Birth of Charles Napier—Home-life—Molly Dunne, 5; Short-sight and hero-worship—Instance of courage, 6; First service—School-days—Volunteer corps, 7; Irish insurrection, 8; Terrible accident, 9; Ideas on sport, 10; Rifle Corps—Correspondence with Lady Sarah Napier—Duelling, 11; Poverty—General Fox's staff, 12; Professional prospect—Charles Fox, 14; Death of Colonel Napier—Thoughts on death, 15; Light Division—Sir John Moore and the Napiers, 16; Exchange into 50th Regiment—Expedition sent to Spain—End of inactivity, 18.

CHAPTER II.

PENINSULA—BERMUDA—AMERICA—STUDIES.

Napier joins 50th at Lisbon—Moore's campaign, 19; Battle of Coruña—Napier's story, 21; John Hennessy, 36; Fate of Guibert the drummer, 37; Ney's noble conduct—Change in Napier's appearance—"The Napiers always get hit," 38; Volunteering with the Light Division, 39; Wellington—Reflections—Wellington at Talavera, 41; Craufurd on the Coa, 42; Napier's criticism of the "bitter fight" on the Coa, 43; After the battle, 46; Battle of Busaco, 47; Scene at the convent, 48; Ride to Lisbon—Sufferings—Letters to Lady Sarah Napier, 49; His sailor cousin, 50; Retreat of Massena—Napier rides 90 miles on one horse to join the army—Brothers wounded, 51; Wellington employs Napier on a confidential mission, 52; Complaint of unfair treatment—Colonelcy of 102d—Leaves Peninsula, 53; Reputation of the

Napiers—George Napier—Letter from Wellington to Lady Sarah Napier, 55; Bermuda, 56; Dislike of military life—Captain Robertson's opinion of Napier, 57; Longing for home—American war, 59; Character of warfare, 60; Evils of divided command—Exchange into 50th, 61; Scheme for conquest of America by slave emancipation, 63; Reflections—Military college—The hundred days, 64; Narrow escape from drowning—Study—Advice to a young officer, 65; Political views, 66; Extracts from note-books—Popular wars, 67; Commanders, 68; Alexander the Great, 72; Order of battle, 74; Cavalry, 75; Commander of a regiment, 77; Gibbon and the British Constitution, 78; Rienzi and a free press, 79.

CHAPTER III.

IONIAN ISLES AND GREECE.

Inspecting field-officer in Ionian Isles—Journey, 82; State of Italy—Sir Thomas Maitland, 83; Mission to Ali Pasha—Napier's scheme for making Ali the liberator of Greece, 84; England and Russia, 85; Ali sends for Napier too late—Napier devotes himself to the Greek cause, 86; "*Quo fata vocant*"—Tour in Greece—Fortification of isthmus of Corinth, 87; Appointed military Resident of Cephalonia, 89; State of the island, 90; Public works—Manner of life—Captain Kennedy, 91; Difference between ruling and giving orders, 92; Interest in the Greek war, 93; Lord Byron, 94; His opinion of Napier, 95; A *fête* in Cephalonia, 97; Bishop of Cephalonia, 98; Wolff the missionary, 99; Napier turns missionary too, 100; Offered the command of the Greek army—Conditions, 101; Refusal—Memoir on public works and finance, 102; Death of Lady Sarah Napier—Napier marries—Wellington Premier, 103; Differences with Sir F. Adam, 104; Summary of Napier's work, 105; Corvée—A portrait—Self-criticism, 107; Quits Cephalonia—Unfounded accusations brought by Sir F. Adam, 108; Economy of Works—Hatred of oppression—Enduring gratitude of the peasants, 109.

CHAPTER IV.

RETIREMENT—NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Enforced idleness—Death of Mrs. Napier, 110; Education of children, 111; Prospect of government of Australian Colony, 113;

Second marriage, 114; Politics at Bath—Napier a Radical—Tories better than Whigs, 114; Republic contrary to nature—Ireland, 115; Condemnation of English rule, 116; Captain Kennedy's model farm and agricultural education scheme, 117; "Were I Dictator"—Literature, 119; State of England in 1839, 120; Chartism and Anti-Corn-Law League—Byron's Miss Chaworth, 121; Napier appointed to command the Northern District, 122; View of the situation—Concentration of troops, 124; Soldiers not to be used as police—Necessity of an effective police force, 125; Colonel Wemyss, 128; Colin Campbell, 129; Plan of action, 130; Meeting on Kersall Moor—Interview with Chartist leaders, 134; Small accidents decide events, 135; Success of precautions, 136; Visit to the "Lake country"—York, 137; Personal hardiness, 138; The Queen's *levée*, 138; Physical-force Chartists, 139; Dislike of routine—Devotion to duty, 140; Presentiments of future activity, 141.

CHAPTER V.

INDIA, OCT. 1841—DEC. 1842.

Appointment on the Indian Staff, 142; Soldier's hat should cover his family—Afghan war, 143; Napier's advice asked—Personal appearance, 144; Habits—Power of work—Generosity, 145; Conflicts with official world, 146; Faults of temper—Military ambition—War an art, 147; Prefers administration to war—Views of Government, 148; Revolt against "Laissez Faire"—Religious views—"Central Sun," 150; Mode of exercising troops—Napier and the sword-player, 152; Musket *versus* matchlock, 153; Plan for retrieving Afghan disasters—Sent to Scinde, 154; Indian baggage—Cromwell's day, 155; Cholera on board ship—Bad accident, 156; Scinde—History of British intercourse with the Ameers, 157; Lord Auckland's anti-Russian policy, 158; Seizure of territory, 161; Lord Ellenborough—Instructions to Outram, 163; Arrival of Napier—Interview with Ameers, 165; Political work at Sukkur—First impressions, 166; Complaints against Ameers, 167; Report on Scinde question, 169; Treasonable correspondence of Ameers, 172; Comparison of seals—Wild retinue, 173; "Leaf out of Cromwell's book"—The new treaty, 174; Military discipline—Humorous order, 175; Plan of operations, 176; Enemy's numbers, 177; Passage of the Indus—Reflections, 179.

CHAPTER VI.

CONQUEST OF SCINDE.

Roostum and Ali Moorad, 181; Napier resolves to surprise Emaum Ghur, 182; Baggage—Difficulties of enterprise, 184; Camel-corps —General M'Murdo's recollections, 185; The spell broken, 186; Emaum Ghur blown up, 188; Return march, 189; Wellington's praise, 190; Negotiations—Napier's forbearance, 191; Outram at Hyderabad, 191; His advice, 192; Attack on the Residency, 193; Advance of the army, 195; Enemy's numbers, 196; Battle of Meeanee — Sir William Napier's description, 197; "The shambles have it all to themselves," 202; Notes by General M'Murdo, 203; Weapons, 204; Sword *versus* bayonet, 205; Napier's miraculous escape—Letter to Lord Fitzroy Somerset—The Lion of Meerpoor, 206; Surrender of Ameers—Napier's precautions after the battle, 207; Wellington's opinion, 208; Design of Ameers to "Cabul" the army, 209; Activity of the Lion —Stack's column—"Clibborne's men are all in buckram," 210; Napier's good fortune, 212; Preparations for battle—Battle of Dubba or Hyderabad, 213; Napier's confidence, 218; Advance on Meerpoor, 218; Brown's ride from Omercote—Noble conduct of Sepoys and wounded soldiers, 219; Great combination to surround the Lion, 221; Operations of Col. Roberts, 222; Napier's anxiety—Sunstroke, 223; End of the war, 224; Policy of the conquest—Different views, 225; Controversy with Outram—"The Bayard of India," 230; Causes of quarrel, 231.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SETTLEMENT OF SCINDE.

Napier made Governor of Scinde, 235; Proclamation—Treatment of Chiefs—Wullee Chandiah, 236; The Queen's picture, 237; Police, 238; "The Padisha is just"—Character of Government, 239; Military Government quickest road to civilisation and self-government, 240; Dislike of Indian system, 241; The Directors —The "Old Indian," 242; Napier's subjects—The Hindoo—The Scindee—The Beloochee, 244; Framework of Civil Government, 245; Kardars, 246; Judicial system, 247; Suttee, Napier's way of stopping it, 249; His ill-health—"*Un petit général*," 250; Natural wealth of Scinde, 252; Antiquities—Alexander the Great, 253; Management of waters—Fighting camel-corps, 255; Longing

for rest, 257; Secret of governing, 258; Moves to Kurachee—Public works—Future greatness of Kurachee, 259; Blenkins' model market-garden, 260; Slow progress of works, 262; His engineers—Napier and Mr. G. T. Clark, 263; Characteristic anecdote, 265; Public works and expenditure, 266; Strange malady, 267; Malaria and barracks, 268; Rumours of wars—Ali Moorad, 269; Review of first year's work, 270; Large correspondence: letter to Private James Neary, 272; Submission of Western chiefs, 273; "By Allah! a moving wall!" 275; Great Durbar, 276; The land question, 277; Lord Ellenborough recalled, 279; Thanks of Parliament to Sir C. Napier, 280; Peel on Napier as a ruler and a writer, 282.

CHAPTER VIII.

HILL CAMPAIGN—SIKH WAR—ADMINISTRATION.

Mountain tribes on the North of Scinde, 284; Beja Khan, attempt to surprise him at Poolagee fails, 285; Severe general order, 286; Napier moves up the west bank of the Indus, 287; Capture of robbers, 288; Slavery, method of dealing with it, 289; Embassies from Herat and Khiva, 290; Napier's superstitious feelings, 291; Difficulties of a campaign against the robbers, 292; His preparations—Abuse and incredulity of the press, 293; Character of the hostile tribes, 294; Napier's ruses, 295; A race across the desert, 296; "The great devil's brother"—Single combat, 298; Cutchee Hills, 300; Enemy spared for sake of their families, 301; Curious passages in Journal, 302; Enters the hills, 303; Enemy vanished, 304; Desertion of camel-men, 306; Exploit of camel-corps, 308; Miracles, 309; Pursuit of enemy, 310; Trukkee, 313; Plan for storming it, 315; Heroism of Sale's veterans—The red thread, 317; Surrender of the chiefs, 318; Two essential qualities of a soldier, courage and zeal, 320; Anecdote, 321; Treatment of conquered tribes, 322; Russia and Indian foreign policy, 323; Internal policy, native states, 324; "Go straight to the door of the ryot," 325; Punjab must be annexed—Hardinge and Gough, 326; Camel baggage-corps, 328; War—Napier's exertions and plans, 333; Summons to Lahore, 335; Criticism of battles, 336; "Result will be another war," 337; Frederick of Prussia's instructions, use of maxims, 338; Kismet, 339; Cholera, death of John Napier, 340; Relations with Court of Directors, 341; Reduction of military force in Scinde—Irrigation system, 345; Land tenure, 346; Native magistrates, 348; Prosperity of Scinde, 350; Testimony of his successors to the excellence of his government, 351.

CHAPTER IX.

HOME—COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA—LAST YEARS.

Resignation of Government, 352; "Were I Emperor of the East," 352; Christianity—Politics, 353; George Napier—Soult, 354; London society, 354; Brougham—Carlyle, letter to Sir W. Napier, 355; Outbreak of Second Sikh War, 357; Call for Sir C. Napier—Conduct of Directors—Interview with Wellington, 358; Chillianwallah—Lord Gough, 359; Napier's hesitation—Interview with Lord John Russell, 360; Banquet, 361; Thackeray's "Story of Koompanee Jehan," 362; Napier reaches India and finds no war, 364; Affection for Lord Gough—Wish to return to England, 365; Lord Dalhousie, 366; Protest against employment of soldiers as police, 367; Discipline, 368; Court-martial—Letter to Sir Colin Campbell on extravagant living, 369; Campbell's appreciation of his efforts, 370; Thoughts on war—Dislike of his position—"The house that Jack built is a joke to it," 371; Tour of inspection—Delhi, 372; "Were I King of England," 373; Mr. Thomason, 373; Economical reform—Sample of daily work, 374; Kohat expedition, 375; Memoir on defence of India, 377; The Punjab, 379; Want of police, 380; Barracks, 381; Native army, 384; Relations of officer and private, European and native, 385; Mutiny the standing menace of our Empire, 386; Regiments in Punjab refuse pay, 387; Delhi—Govindghur, 388; Ghoorkas enlisted, 389; Wuzzeerabad—Suspension of regulation, 390; Napier reprimanded, 391; Wellington and Napier, 392; Resignation, wounded feelings, 393; Oration to the 22d, 394; Reception in Scinde, Bombay, 397; England—Wellington, 398; Letter to Sir Colin Campbell, 399; Book on defects of Indian Government, 400; Life at Oaklands, 401; The working-man and machinery, 402; Love of soldiers, 403; Prospect of French invasion, 403; Pamphlet on volunteers and militia, 404; Funeral of Duke of Wellington, 405; Napier's last illness—Red Rover, 406; Death-scene, 407; Funeral—Sir W. Napier's speech, 408; Napier's appeal to history, 409.

APPENDIX.

Minute in the Assistant Quartermaster-General's Office, and General Order of Sir Charles Napier relative to the Scinde Camel Baggage Corps.

MAPS AND PLANS.

PORTRAIT OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER: from the Picture by Edwin Williams . . .. *Frontispiece.*

MAP OF SCINDE . . . . . } *End of the book.*

MAP OF THE CUTCHEE HILLS . . . }

PLAN OF BATTLE OF MEEANEE . . . *Opposite page* 199.

PLAN OF BATTLE OF HYDERABAD . . *Opposite page* 214.

To face page 1.

TRUKKEE.

SOUTHERN ENTRANCE FROM EXTERIOR (see page 314).

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

FEW men of action have left such a full contemporaneous record of their deeds, motives, and character as Sir Charles Napier. From beginning to end of his stirring career he used his pen with a vigour and assiduity that would have done credit to one who had never drawn a sword or left home except for a holiday. It was his custom, after the day's work of twelve to fifteen hours, to compose his mind by pouring out on paper his hopes, fears, and plans for the morrow, reflections on current events, the most exhaustive examination of military tactics in time of war, varied or mingled with self-searchings, religious opinions, personal reminiscences, and not infrequent explosions of wrath at the conduct of some one or other of the official world: and all expressed in language clear, forcible, and faithfully reflecting his constant and rapid transitions from public cares to home affections, from lofty aspirations to grotesque humour. Manifestly such a man unconsciously sets forth his own self, with his peculiar strength and weakness, better than any other can do for him. So he has been left in this volume to speak for himself throughout, the present writer merely supplying a general view of each period, or explanatory links where they are required. "A wayward life of adventure," he himself calls it; "a good romance it would make, full of accidents by flood and field, stories of love and war and shipwreck, and escapes of all kinds."

Romance and genius hold conspicuous places in Charles Napier's lineage. On his father's side he was descended from John Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, and from the brilliant Montrose. On his mother's side he was sixth in descent from Henry the Fourth of France. "Hence," says Sir W. Napier, "the blood of the white-plumed Béarnois commingled with that of the heroic Highlander in his veins, and his arm was not less strong than theirs in battle." His maternal grandfather, the second Duke of Richmond, was called from college to marry Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of Marlborough's favourite general —a match arranged between the parents to cancel a gambling debt. The bride was still in the nursery, and when Lord March caught sight of her he exclaimed, "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Married he was, however, and sent off at once for a tour on the Continent with his tutor. After three years of travel he returned, and, not feeling any ardent desire to renew his acquaintance with the "dowdy," he went to the theatre. There he was so much struck by the beauty of a young lady that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March," was the reply. Their married life was singularly beautiful and happy, and her death, which occurred within a year of his, was said to have been due to her inconsolable grief for his loss. They left many children, all remarkable for their beauty and talents, three of whom became the mothers of distinguished men: Lady Caroline, who married the first Lord Holland, and was the mother of Charles James Fox; Lady Emily, wife of the Duke of Leinster, and mother of the unhappy Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and Lady Sarah, who had refused a king,[1] married

[1] The best account of this transaction is to be found in the *Early History of Charles James Fox*, by Mr. Trevelyan, pp. 53, 55.

to the Hon. George Napier, and mother of eight children,[1] the eldest of whom is the subject of this biography. All lovers of Sir Joshua Reynolds are familiar with Lady Sarah Napier's beauty. "Lady Sarah," writes Walpole, "was more beautiful than you can conceive;" she shone besides, according to the same writer, "with all the graces of unaffected but animate nature." To the end of her long life she inspired the deepest love and veneration in her children. Her correspondence with her warlike sons was on both sides regular and frequent up to her death; and in the affections of Charles, her first-born, she filled perhaps a larger space than his deeply affectionate nature gave to any other.

Colonel the Hon. George Napier was a father worthy of such sons. Strong and beautiful in body, powerful in mind, he seemed to his sons superior to any man they ever knew. "He was six feet three inches," says his son Charles, "and the handsomest man I ever laid eyes on. I do not think there was a perceptible fault in his figure. Sir Joshua Reynolds said the only failing was that his neck was too short. I have known him take a pewter quart and squeeze it flat in his hand like a bit of paper." Of his mental capacity he says, "Why fate cast his lot so differently from some men of ordinary abilities is to me not easily conceivable, but it may, in a great measure, be from his want of subserviency; men in power feared him."

In his youth he was the pupil and friend of David Hume, and, though better suited for war, showed great capacity for science and civil affairs. He served with distinction in the American War, but on the voyage home was attacked by fever, and his recovery was considered so hopeless that his commission was sold for him. Shortly after

[1] Charles; Emily (married to the late Gen. Sir Henry Bunbury); George (Gen. Sir G., Governor of Cape); William (Gen. Sir W., author of *History of Peninsular War*); Richard (Q.C.); Henry (Capt. R.N., author of *History of Florence*); Cecilia and Caroline died in youth.

he entered the Guards, and was appointed Comptroller of the Woolwich Laboratory, where he introduced some valuable improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder. After a short period of service under Lord Moira he lived in retirement in Ireland until Lord Cornwallis' appointment as Lord-Lieutenant. That nobleman pressed on him the Comptrollership of Army Accounts, saying, "I want an honest man, and this is the only thing I have been able to wrest from the harpies around me." His work in that office is faithfully recorded on his monumental slab in Redland Chapel, near Clifton :—

"He restored the military accounts of Ireland to exact order, when years of neglect and corruption had plunged them into a confusion productive of great loss to the country and great injustice to individuals. He recovered several millions of money for the public treasury, and by his probity and disinterestedness made his office a model for patriotic public servants. His first act was to abolish all fees, thus voluntarily reducing his own salary from twenty thousand to six hundred pounds per annum."

His disinterested zeal in the public service, his hatred of oppression and meanness, and, it must be added, his "want of subserviency," were inherited by his children, as well as his personal beauty. He seems to have taken great pains with them all while they remained with him, and so long as he was spared to them; and the home circle of the Napier boys must have been as happy as it was remarkable. The neighbours called it "The Eagle's Nest."[1]

[1] Two instances of the elder Napier's sagacity merit a grateful remembrance: (1) He was in the same regiment with Erskine, and had a great share in persuading him to leave the army for the bar. (2) When Ensign Arthur Wellesley was spoken of in Irish society as a "shallow saucy stripling," Napier thought otherwise, and said, "Those who think lightly of that lad are unwise in their generation: he has in him the makings of a great general."

Charles James Napier, the eldest child of these remarkable parents, was born at Whitehall, London, on the 10th of August 1782. When he was only three years old the family moved to Celbridge, a small town on the Liffey, ten miles from Dublin, and close to Castletown, the seat of Mr. Conolly, who had married Lady Louisa Lennox. But fine houses and aristocratic society had less share in moulding the character of the young Napiers than the wild life and legends of the Irish peasantry among whom they lived. Their English nurse, Susan Frost, was a woman, says Sir William Napier, "of wonderful spirit and strong natural sense, full of noble sentiments, compassionate and charitable, but passionate and vehemently eloquent in a rough way; she was just fitted to fashion a child of high aspirations into a hero." The man-servant, Lauchlin Moore, seems to have been no less serviceable in the same line, for he knew "the ancient legends of Ireland, spoke of O'Shean and Fin Macoul, Ossian and Fingal, was a good horseman, a brave old fellow with a loving heart." Outside the house the chief object of their veneration was a wonderful dame, one hundred and thirty-five years old by her own reckoning. "She was indeed a woman of awful age and recollections," says Sir William.

"To sit in the sun at her porch was what Molly Dunne loved; and an awful weird-looking woman she was—a Michael Angelo model for the Witch of Endor. Tall, gaunt, and with high sharp lineaments, leaning on an antique staff, her head bending beneath a cowled Irish cloak of deep blue, her eyes fixed in their huge orbs, and her tongue discoursing of bloody times, she was wondrous for the young and fearful for the aged."

Through the misconduct of a nurse Charles Napier was sickly as a child, and for the same reason, perhaps, never attained the fine proportions for which his family were

remarkable; but rigid temperance and an admirable constitution enabled him to endure bodily sufferings and mental labours such as few men have undergone. He was demure and thoughtful as a child, and the bent of his mind was shown at an early age. When ten years old he was deep in Plutarch's lives, and rejoiced to find he was short-sighted, because his chosen author said Philip, Sertorius, and Hannibal were one-eyed, and Alexander's eyes were of different colours. Love of fame and the most compassionate sensibility were his chief characteristics. His nature was too sensitive to make him indifferent to danger, though he often seemed to court it. Even when most reckless his courage was rather the result of the ascendency of the spirit over the body than constitutional ignorance of what fear meant. This characteristic was very early shown, as the following story told by his brother testifies: "A wandering showman, a wild-looking creature, short of stature but huge of limb, with thick matted red hair and beard and a thundering voice, was displaying his powers on the esplanade at Castletown. After some minor displays, the man, balancing a ladder on his chin, invited or rather with menacing tones ordered a sweep to mount and sit on the top. The boy shrank in fear from the shouting, gesticulating ogre, and Charles Napier, then six years old, was asked by his father if he would venture. Silent for a moment, he seemed to fear, but suddenly looking up said 'Yes,' and was borne aloft amidst the cheers of the spectators."

Such education as he had for the first ten or twelve years of his life, besides the poetic or legendary outpourings of Lauchlin Moore and Molly Dunne, was due to his own passion for reading military history and biography, and to his being the constant companion of his father. His enjoyment of home-life was destined to be of the shortest duration, for in 1794, when just twelve years old, he

obtained a commission in the 33d Regiment. He was soon transferred to the 89th, and went with his father to Netley Camp, Colonel Napier being Assistant-Quarter-master-General to the force stationed there under the command of Lord Moira. Thus the poor little subaltern began an honourable and brilliant military career of sixty years under happy auspices. When the camp broke up for foreign service he exchanged into the 4th Regiment; but, instead of joining, was placed with his brother William as a day-scholar at a large grammar school in Celbridge. "At school he was noted for a gentle but grave demeanour," says his brother, "as if he felt that he was an officer, not a schoolboy; he never quarrelled or fought." But he soon displayed his commanding character by organising his schoolfellows as a volunteer corps. He persuaded the parents to equip their sons, and provided wooden fusils with well-hardened bayonets. That he should have conceived and executed the design of raising a corps from among boys whose parents were nearly all Roman Catholics, and at that time (1796) in no very loyal frame of mind, is remarkable as an early instance of the audacious originality which characterised the more serious actions of his public life. But to those who know from experience the rigidly aristocratic constitution of public-school life, the unquestioned authority that attaches to superior strength and skill in games, it will seem much more astonishing that a small and reserved boy of fourteen should be elected to command, and should, moreover, preserve the strictest discipline amongst boys, so many of whom were eighteen years of age and his superiors in learning and sports.

He was soon called away from his first command to face the stern and horrible realities of civil war.

"When the insurrection of 1798 broke out," says Sir W. Napier, "many families took refuge in Dublin. The elder

Napier would not do so. In that time of trouble and terror he fortified his house, armed his five sons, and offered an asylum to all who were willing to resist the insurgents. About a dozen came, and with them he long awaited an attack, which was often menaced, yet never made, although an insurgent camp too strong to be meddled with by any military force available at the time was but a few miles off. Finally he removed to Castletown, where a company of the Derry Militia, of which Mr. Conolly was colonel, soon arrived. The elder Napier was, from his kinship and knowledge of war, virtually accepted as the commander of all, and frequently scoured the country, Charles Napier being always at his side. One very dark night they came suddenly upon an armed body; both sides halted, and a fight seemed impending; but, suspecting the truth, Colonel Napier gave a loud military order as a test, and a cry of recognition was heard: the grenadiers of the Cork Militia were in front! At that moment the moon shone out, and Charles Napier, very diminutive for his age, was seen with his small fusil charging bayonets in opposition to Tim Sullivan, the biggest man of the Cork Militia. Tim looked down in astonishment an instant, and then, catching his small foe up in his arms, kissed him."

In 1799 he became aide-de-camp to Sir James Duff, an old family friend, commanding the Limerick district. His brother George, then a lieutenant in the 46th, was his constant companion, and things were going very pleasantly till one of the most serious, though not the first, of the innumerable accidents that befell him nearly brought his career to a sudden close. His own description of the accident is a good specimen of his graphic and humorous style :—

"When seventeen I broke my right leg. At the instant there was no pain, but, looking down, I saw my foot under my knee, and the bones protruding; that turned me sick, and the pain became violent. My gun, a gift from my dear father,

was in a ditch, leaping over which had caused the accident. I scrambled near enough to get it out, but this lacerated the flesh and produced much extravasated blood. George came to me; he was greatly alarmed, for I was very pale, and we were both young—he but fifteen. Then came Captain Crawford of the Irish Artillery, and I made him hold my foot while I pulled up my knee, and in that manner set my leg myself. The quantity of extravasated blood led the doctors to tell me that my leg must come off, but they gave me another day for a chance. Being young and vain of good legs, the idea of hop-and-go-one with a timber toe made me resolve to put myself to death rather than submit to amputation, and I sent the maid out for laudanum, which I hid under my pillow. Luckily the doctors found me better, and so saved me from a contemptible action. Perhaps if it had come to the point I might have had more sense and less courage than I gave myself credit for in the horror of my first thoughts; indeed, my agony was great, and strong doses of the laudanum were necessary to keep down the terrible spasms which fractures of large bones produce. The doctors set my leg crooked, and at the end of a month my feet would not go together; one leg went in pleasant harmony with the other halfway between knee and ankle, but then flew off in a huff at a tangent. This made me very unhappy, and the doctors said if I could bear the pain they would break it again or bend it straight. My answer was, 'I will bear anything but a crooked leg.' Here, then, was I, at seventeen, desperately in love with a Miss Massey, having a game leg in prospective, and in love with my leg also; so I said to the leg-carpenter, 'Let me have one night for consideration.' All that day and night were Miss Massey's pretty eyes before mine, but not soft and tale-telling; not saying 'Pig, will you marry me?' but scornfully squinting at my game leg. There was Miss Massey, and there was I, unable to do anything but hop. The *per contra* were two ill-looking doctors torturing me, and the reflection that they might again make a crooked job after the second fracture, as they had done after the first! However, my dear Miss Massey's eyes carried the day, and, just

as I had decided, she and her friend Miss Vandeleur came in the dusk, wrapped up in men's greatcoats, to call on me. This was just like the pluck of a pretty Irish girl, and quite repaid my courageous resolve. I would have broken all my bones for her. So, after letting me kiss their hands, off my fair incognitas went, leaving me the happiest of lame dogs. The night passed with many a queer feel about the doctors coming like devil-imps to torture me. 'Be quick,' quoth I, as they entered; 'make the most of my courage while it lasts.' It took all that day and part of next to bend the leg with bandages, which were tied to a wooden bar and tightened every hour day and night. I fainted several times, and when the two tormentors arrived next day struck my flag, saying, 'Take away your bandages, for I can bear no more.' They were taken off, and I felt in heaven; not the less so that the leg was straight! And it is now as straight a one, I flatter myself, as ever bore up the body of a gentleman or kicked a blackguard."

Temperate habits and a sound constitution effect speedy cures; and, very soon after he was on his legs again, Charles Napier rode from Limerick to Dublin, a hundred and ten miles, on one horse, between sunrise and sunset, and "neither horse nor horseman complained of fatigue." Though to the end a daring horseman, he was too fond of animals and of too sensitive a nature to be a sportsman.

"We are all," he wrote in 1843 of himself and his brothers, "a hot, violent crew—with the milk of human kindness, though. We were all fond of hunting, fishing, and shooting; yet all gave them up when young, because we had no pleasure in killing little animals. Lately in the camp a hare got up, the greyhounds pursued, and the men all shouted to aid the dogs. My sorrow was great and I rode away; yet at dinner I ate a poor fowl. It is not principle, therefore, on which we act, it is painful feeling. As to cat-hunting and dog-fighting, feeling and principle unite to condemn. A domestic animal confides in you and is at your mercy; a

wild animal has some fair play, a domestic one none. Cat-hunters and dog-hunters are therefore not only cruel but traitors; no polished gentleman does these things."

In the autumn of 1800 he was appointed to a lieutenancy in the 95th or Rifle Corps, then just formed at Blatchington by a selection of men and officers from the whole army. On joining he found himself under the command of Colonel Stewart, and learnt two lessons that he never forgot—that "the greatest secret of war is discipline," and that "to know soldiers requires experience, and is a most important part of war."

He now began a correspondence with his mother which continued to her death, and in which he pours out his inner thoughts and feelings with a combination of simplicity and fun, of light and dark shades, which is the best voucher for their truthfulness. In October 1801 he writes to confess that he has narrowly escaped a duel with a brother officer, but the other officers had intervened, and finally made them shake hands. "We were uneasy, thinking it might appear shyness, yet thinking likewise it would be foolish to oppose the opinions of all our brother officers, and still more foolish to knock one another over. This last, between you and I, was of weight, and we shook hands."

He was proud to the end of his life that he had never fought a duel, gambled, or been intoxicated. His economical difficulties gave him almost more trouble than his moral temptations. Like many a young subaltern, then and now, he found it hard to make both ends meet, and it was made harder to him by his high connections. For an agreeable young man who was fond of society his outfit was certainly not extravagant. He can't go to London because he has "no coloured clothes, and they are expensive to buy." And later on, when he has got to London, the "coloured

clothes" seem to have been obtained at the expense of the uniform, for "my pantaloons are green and I have only one pair; my jacket twice turned; a green waistcoat, useless; one pair of boots without soles or heels; a green feather, and a helmet not worth sixpence! This is the state of my *Rifling kit.*" To avoid the temptations of the messroom he takes to books; but "reading all day long tires me. I quit the mess at five o'clock, and from thence to ten o'clock gives five more hours' reading. . . . There is a billiard-table, but feeling a growing fondness for it, and fearing to be drawn in to play for money, I have not touched a cue lately."

The negotiations for the Peace of Amiens made him despair of gaining promotion. "How the 'old lieutenant' sticks in my gizzard," he exclaims. "Sometimes my thought is to sell my commission and purchase one in Germany or elsewhere; but my secret wish cannot be fulfilled, which is to have high command with British soldiers." He had not even the resource of studying at the Staff College, where he so profitably employed his leisure a few years later; for the teaching at High Wycombe in 1801 "more than verged on the ridiculous," says Sir W. Napier. "One of the students, being invited by Sir J. Moore at Shorncliffe to move his brigade as a test of his acquirements, coolly answered that he had not been taught to direct less than 100,000 men!"

In 1803 he was placed on the staff of his cousin, General Fox, commanding the London district. He had, too, the satisfaction of seeing his brothers, George and William, gazetted to the 52d, and under the command and friendly notice of their hero, Sir John Moore. But his depression about himself only increased, partly owing to the expenses of London life, partly to a dislike of the army, which nothing but continuous employment and his natural thirst

for fame could subdue. The following extracts from his letters in December 1803 show his state of mind, and what relief he found in his inextinguishable sense of humour:—

"The expense of London is dreadful; it absorbs all my pay, and here I cannot go such a blackguard figure as in Dublin. This is exclusive of casual expenses and travelling, of which there will be a great deal; six months will destroy me; and to live in dread of tradesmen and abominate the sight of a bill is a life not to be borne. We are going to Guildford, where there is, I hear, a fine new gaol. That is to me significant. Last night I sat up till two o'clock, writing on the old subject of grievances, and lashing myself into a fury with everything. Abusing the army, pulling off my breeches, cursing creditors, and, putting out the candle all in a minute, I jumped into bed and lay there, blaspheming, praying, and perspiring for two hours, when sleep came. What I wrote is not worth sending, however, being full of jokes, politics, and blue-devils. I live in fear of my creditors, but that shall not last; I will not be a tailor's slave.

"*26th Dec.*—William has recovered from his fever, and is gazetted in the 52d; would I were in the same regiment; but no more of what you call my madness. What a curse to have a turn of mind similar to mine! Misery to oneself and teasing to others, unless disguised, which can only be with those not really loved. Great exertion or perfect tranquillity is necessary to me, who have not that superior intellect which can regulate itself; there is more of Cassius than Brutus in me.

"*29th Dec.*—Green has offered me a thousand guineas and his company in the 67th for mine in the Staff Corps. I could get a troop of light dragoons for that sum, but would sooner go into the militia than the cavalry, light or heavy. Getting this company is like receiving an obligation from a man one wishes hanged. I was before attached to the army by five shillings and eightpence; now by fourteen and sevenpence, and the felicity of being called Captain. It is not my meaning that General Fox should be hanged, but the army.

My comfort is the chance of peace, when I shall be Captain N. on half-pay, with £100 per annum, and a much happier man than Captain N. with £600 or £800 full pay. At one time my hope was that a company would cure me of my aversion to the army, though nothing could make me like it; but the first feeling is not to be conquered, or surely being a captain at twenty-one would create in a warm imagination ideas of future honours, of hopes, and wishes to rise to the head of my profession, and all the deuce knows what which such reveries lead to. But not one thought of pleasure or happiness from promotion could be forced up. No! not one would come at my call. How different are George's feelings. He will be in paradise, though up to his ears in mud at Hythe. How happy he is to be thus contented with present pleasures, and sanguine as to the future! To me military life is like dancing up a long room with a mirror at the end, against which we cut our faces, and so the deception ends. It is thus gaily that men follow their trade of blood, thinking it glitters, but to me it appears without brightness or reflection—a dirty red! And for the future! Ay! the future! what is it? Under a long feather and cocked hat, trembling though supported by stiff Hessian boots, gold-headed cane and long sword, I see the wizened face of a general grinning over the parapet of a fine frill, and telling extraordinary lies, while his claret, if he can afford claret, is going down the throats of his wondering or quizzing aides-de-camp. Such is the difference between a hero of the present time and the idea formed of one from reading Plutarch! Yet people wonder I don't like the army!"

While on the London staff he saw much of his cousin Charles Fox, and used to describe with vivid humour, says his brother, "the manifestations of the orator's natural and earnest disposition. How at cricket he would strike at the ball and recklessly run for a score, bat on shoulder, his Sancho Panza figure fully displayed, and his head thrown back, laughing in childish delight amidst reproachful cries, while his opponents struck down the wickets behind him."

The cheerful society at St. Anne's Hill was a pleasant interlude in the troubles that now came thick upon him. In April 1804 he lost the dearest friend of his youth, a Lieutenant Cameron; and in the following October his father died.[1] These heavy sorrows made the young soldier reflect deeply on religious topics; though his letters to his mother, full as they are of his own views of death, are as free from all morbid tendencies as from religious doubts.

"The idea of a future state never enters my head when danger is near; yet when in no danger, my wish is to know what that state is; not from doubt of its being a happy one, but to know what that happiness is. Does Cameron know what we are about, what I think of him? Is the little he saw of us here forgotten? Perhaps he has not a conception that there is for us a world that he has quitted. My nerves do not like the idea of dying, but my mind is delighted at the thought of being dead. It would please me to lose fifty years and take my chance at the end; yet were a man to come into my room to destroy me, fighting him would be my only thought, and eternity forgotten. How odd that we should be so attached to life. My feelings are incomprehensible. I cannot pity Cameron, being sure he is in regions of bliss far beyond what we can conceive; but my own dislike to die puzzles me. Run away in the beginning of an action I would not; the feeling within does not make me wish to do that; it is more the fear of being mangled that would affect me; dislike to being maimed is greater than to being killed, and my internal conviction is that I shall be wounded very slightly, but never killed or seriously hurt in action."

The next year, with the menace of invasion from Boulogne, brought greater activity, and Charles Napier, to his delight, found himself under Sir John Moore at Hythe.

[1] His last words were to his wife, "Sarah, take my watch; I have done with time."

"To awaken the faculties of those under him," says Sir W. Napier, "was one of Sir J. Moore's qualifications for command. At Shorncliffe Camp he devised such improvements in drill, discipline, dress, arms, formations, and movements, as would have placed him for military reforms beside the Athenian Iphicrates, if he had not the greater glory of dying like the Spartan Brasidas. His materials were the 43d, 52d, and Rifle regiments, and he so fashioned them, that afterwards, as the Light Division under Wellington, they were found to be soldiers unsurpassable, perhaps never equalled. The separate successful careers of the officers strikingly attest the merit of the school; so long a list of notable men could not be presented by three regiments of any service in the world. In it will be found above ninety who attained the rank of field officer, or higher grades, and amongst them four who commanded armies, three being celebrated as conquerors, two adjutant-generals of the British army, three military secretaries, sixteen governors of colonies, and two organisers of the Metropolitan and Irish Constabulary, many generals who have commanded districts, one who commanded a foreign army, several persons noted in science and literature, or by peculiar missions and organisations, also belong to the roll; and nearly all were of some fame in battle, though unequal in merit and reputation."

Among these distinguished men the three Napier brothers were not the least conspicuous, and soon attracted the special notice of Moore. George Napier was his aide-de-camp at the battle of Coruña; and to Charles Napier and Charles Stanhope was addressed the famous exclamation, "Well done, my majors!" during the same battle.

Under Moore's eye Charles Napier made rapid progress in the knowledge of his profession, giving up all his spare time to the study of military history and engineering, and kindred subjects lying outside the sphere of his regular duty, but the knowledge of which proved invaluable to him in later years in Cephalonia and Scinde.

Mr. Fox, on his accession to power in 1806, gave Charles Napier, then in his twenty-fourth year, a majority in a regiment destined for the Cape; but being delayed by contrary winds at Portsmouth, he made such friends with the officers of the 50th Regiment, that they proposed to him an exchange at a small cost. He refused to pay money, as contrary to the regulations; whereupon they contrived to get him gazetted—he never knew how. For the next year and a half he remained practically in command of a battalion of the 50th, and gnashing his teeth with vexation at seeing his brothers start without him on the Copenhagen expedition, and at not being able to accompany Moore to Sweden or Spain. He welcomed the latter expedition as a movement in combination with the fiery patriotism of a whole people taking the place of petty diversions now in one corner of Europe, now in another, and everywhere ineffectual. "Why should we attempt Italy?" he says to his mother. "If we succeed in Spain it will be the best diversion in favour of Italy; for Napoleon will draw troops from there and the north to restore his power; then will be the time for attacking him nearer home. If he leaves Brest defenceless, as he has often done, we could strike a blow, which you have often heard of, before he could help himself. In this mode we might help ourselves, but his arms will crush everything in Spain which they can reach. Nevertheless a hostile population is a powerful weapon, and no man can say what it will effect."

These words were written in July 1808, and with them end Charles Napier's boyhood and inaction. He was now twenty-six years old, and had held his commission fourteen years. The trials of a soldier's life at home had been faced with a spirit that augured well for his conduct in a wider field. His boyish illusions as to the happiness of military life were broken, but there remained in undiminished force

the devotion to duty, the lofty aspirations after honest fame, the conviction that warfare is an art for which the most laborious study and unceasing preparation are required. Poverty and love of study had made him shun the society of the messroom; but that the attractive gentleness of his manners and his natural delight in society were not lost is testified by the affection of the officers of the 50th, and by many allusions in his letters to his mother and sisters to the alarming susceptibility of his heart. The young lady who so kindly encouraged him at the time of the terrible accident to his leg seems to have been supplanted, owing to the course of time and removal to England, by a beautiful Miss G——, who in turn is replaced by "a dear little Scotch thing, with a beautiful face and beautiful figure, a beautiful dancer and beautiful genius. My heart is a cinder, and as heat is said to cure heat, I stand by the fire all day to draw out my flame." However, society, study, and regimental routine, all were brought suddenly to an end by a summons to take his part in the struggle with Napoleon.

CHAPTER II.

PENINSULA—BERMUDA—AMERICA—STUDIES.

DIRECTLY after the battle of Vimiera, 21st August 1808, Charles Napier and his friend Major Stanhope, nephew of Mr. Pitt, were ordered to join the 1st battalion of the 50th at Lisbon. Owing to his colonel's absence Napier was in command, and Sir John Moore, who had previously determined not to take the regiment, now incorporated it in the army going to Spain. "It is well known," says Sir W. Napier, "how the truly great and ill-used Moore was sent into the heart of Spain by incapable ministers to find, not armies, nor enthusiasm, nor energetic government, nor military aid, all of which he had been promised, but in their stead the greatest military genius of the world before him, with troops so numerous that their cavalry alone doubled his whole force. It is known also with what a mastery of war he extricated himself from that raging storm; with what firmness he conducted his retreat; and how, turning at Coruña, he ended his glorious life amid the fires of victory."

The three Napier brothers all took part in the terrible retreat: George being aide-de-camp to Sir J. Moore, William with his company of the 43d, and Charles in command of the 50th, justifying his General's high opinion of him by bringing his regiment with full ranks to the decisive battle. "Puissant was the shock," says Sir William, "with which they met the greatest assailing French column

on that fatal field, driving it back with fire and steel beneath the eyes of the General, who with exultant applause gave instant orders to support the impetuous counter-stroke." But at that moment Moore fell, and the charge of the 50th was not supported. Charles Napier has left an account of his own adventures in and after the battle which is unsurpassed by anything of its kind. Mr. Elwin, in an admirable review of his life, has well remarked that he is not, like his brother Sir William, "a master of classic composition, but there is a native raciness in his language which bears the stamp of his character. . . . Above all, there is a vividness in his descriptions which brings the scenes with more than the reality of pictures before the mind, and this without the slightest effort, in the natural, easy, even careless style of a man who aspires only to truth and has not bestowed one thought upon effect."

The narrative is styled

"MY PART IN THE BATTLE OF CORUÑA, AND THAT OF JOHN HENNESSY.

"On the 16th of January 1809 the British army was opposed to the French at Coruña. The Imperial troops, being on higher ground, hung over us like threatening clouds, and about one o'clock the storm burst. Our line was under arms, silent, motionless, yet all were anxious for the appearance of Sir John Moore. There was a feeling that under him we could not be beaten, and this was so strong at all times as to be a great cause of discontent during the retreat wherever he was not. 'Where is the General?' was now heard along that part of the line where I was, for only of what my eyes saw and my ears heard do I speak. This agitation augmented as the cries of men stricken by cannon-shot arose. I stood in front of my left wing on a knoll, from whence the greatest part of the field could be seen, and my pickets were fifty yards below, disputing the ground with the French skir-

mishers; but a heavy French column, which had descended the mountain at a run, was coming on behind with great rapidity, and shouting '*En avant, tue, tue, en avant tue!*' their cannon at the same time, plunging from above, ploughed the ground and tore our ranks. Suddenly I heard the gallop of horses, and turning saw Moore. He came at speed, and pulled up so sharp and close he seemed to have alighted from the air; man and horse looking at the approaching foe with an intenseness that seemed to concentrate all feeling in their eyes. The sudden stop of the animal, a cream-coloured one with black tail and mane, had cast the latter streaming forward, its ears were pushed out like horns, while its eyes flashed fire, and it snorted loudly with expanded nostrils, expressing terror, astonishment, and muscular exertion. My first thought was, it will be away like the wind! but then I looked at the rider and the horse was forgotten. Thrown on its haunches, the animal came sliding and dashing the dirt up with its forefeet, thus bending the General forward almost to its neck, but his head was thrown back and his look more keenly piercing than I ever before saw it. He glanced to the right and left, and then fixed his eyes intently on the enemy's advancing column, at the same time grasping the reins with both his hands, and pressing the horse firmly with his knees; his body thus seemed to deal with the animal while his mind was intent on the enemy, and his aspect was one of searching intenseness beyond the power of words to describe; for a while he looked, and then galloped to the left without uttering a word.

"I walked to the right of my regiment, where the French fire from the village of Elvina was now very sharp and our pickets were being driven in by the attacking column; but I soon returned to the left, for the enemy's guns were striking heavily there, and his musketry also swept down many men. Meeting Stanhope, I ordered him to the rear of the right wing, because the ground was lower; it was his place, he was tall, the shot flew high, and I thought he would be safer. Moore now returned, and I asked him to let me throw our grenadiers, who were losing men fast, into the enclosures in

front. 'No,' he said, 'they will fire on our own pickets in the village.' 'Sir, our pickets and those of the 4th Regiment also were driven from thence when you went to the left.' 'Were they? then you are right; send out your grenadiers,' and again he galloped away. Turning round I saw Captain Clunes of the 50th just arrived from Coruña, and said to him, 'Clunes, take your grenadiers, and open the ball.' He stalked forward alone, like Goliath before the Philistines, for six feet five he was in height, and of proportionate bulk and strength; his grenadiers followed, and thus the battle began on our side.

"Again Sir John Moore returned, and was talking to me when a round shot struck the ground between his horse's feet and mine. The horse leaped round, and I also turned mechanically, but Moore forced the animal back and asked me if I was hurt. 'No, sir!' Meanwhile a second shot had torn off the leg of a 42d man, who screamed horribly, and rolled about so as to excite agitation and alarm with others. The General said, 'This is nothing, my lads, keep your ranks, take that man away; my good fellow, don't make such a noise, we must bear these things better.' He spoke sharply, but it had a good effect; for this man's cries had made an opening in the ranks, and the men shrank from the spot, although they had not done so when others had been hit who did not cry out. But again Moore went off, and I saw him no more. It was a little in front of this spot that he was killed. The French pointed out the place to me two months afterwards. There it was he refused to let them take off his sword when it hurt his wound! that dreadful wound! poor fellow! Yet why poor fellow? Is death to be regretted when accompanied by victory, glory, admiration? rather let those sigh who live and rot, doing nothing, and having nothing to do, until, poor miserable drivellers, they sink under a tombstone!

"Lord William Bentinck now came up on his quiet mule, and, though the fire was heavy, began talking to me as if we were going to breakfast; his manner was his ordinary one, with, perhaps, an increase of good-humour and placidity.

He conversed for some time, but no recollection of what he said remains, for the fire was sharp, and my eyes were more busy than my ears; I only remember saying to myself, 'This chap takes it coolly or the devil's in it!' Lord William and his mule, which seemed to care as little for the fire as its rider, sheltered me from shot, which I liked well enough; but, having heard officers and soldiers jeer at Colonel —— for thus sheltering himself behind General ——'s horse at Vimiera, I went to the exposed side; yet it gave me the most uncomfortable *feel* experienced that day. Lord William borrowed my spy-glass; it had been Lord Edward Fitzgerald's, and was a very fine one; I never saw it more. He went to the 4th Regiment and was not seen by me again during the fight; nor did I receive an order from him or anybody, unless Sir John Moore's permission to move my grenadiers forward may be called one; neither did I see a single staff officer during the battle, except Sir John and Lord William.

"When Lord William went away I walked up and down before the regiment, and made the men shoulder and order arms twice, to occupy their attention, for they were falling fast and seemed uneasy at standing under fire. The colours also were lowered, because they were a mark for the enemy's great guns; this was by the advice of old John Montgomery, a brave soldier who had risen from the ranks. Soon the 42d advanced in line, but no orders came for me. 'Good God! Montgomery,' I said, 'are we not to advance?' 'I think we ought,' he answered. 'But,' said I, 'no orders have come.' 'I would not wait,' he said. The 4th did not move, the 42d seemed likely to want our aid, it was not a moment for hesitation, and John Montgomery, a Scotchman, said laughingly, 'You cannot be wrong to follow the 42d.' I gave the word, but forbade any firing, and to prevent it and occupy the men's attention made them slope and carry arms by word of command. Many of them cried out, 'Major, let us fire!' 'Not yet,' was my answer, for having advanced without orders, I thought to have them more under command if we were wrong, whereas, if firing once began we could not change. At that moment the 42d checked a short distance from a wall and

commenced firing, and though a loud cry arose of 'Forward! forward!' no man, as I afterwards heard, passed the wall. This check seemed to prove that my advance was right, and we passed the 42d. Then I said to my men, 'Do you see your enemies plain enough to hit them?' Many voices shouted, 'By Jasus, we do!' 'Then blaze away!' and such a rolling fire broke out as I have hardly ever heard since.

"After passing the 42d we came to the wall, which was breast high, and my line checked, but several officers, Stanhope one, leaped over, calling on the men to follow. At first about a hundred did at a low part, no more, and therefore, leaping back I took a halbert, and, holding it horizontally, pushed many over the low part; then, again, getting over myself, I ran along, followed by my orderly-sergeant, Keene, with his pike. As we passed four or five soldiers levelled together from the other side, but Keene threw up their muskets with a force and quickness which saved me from being blown to atoms; as it was my face was much burned. Soon all got over; yet it required the example of officers and the bravest men to get them over.

"Now the line was formed beyond the wall, and I, recollecting Voltaire's story of the Guards' officers laying their swords over the men's firelocks to keep their level low, did so with the halbert to show coolness and being cool, though the check at the wall had excited me and made me swear horribly. We soon got to marshy ground, close to a village, where the fire from the houses was terrible, the howitzers from the hills pelting us also. Still I led the men on, followed closely by Ensigns Moore and Stewart, with the colours, until both fell, and the colours were caught up by Sergeant Magee and another sergeant. My sword-belt was shot off, scabbard and all; but, not being hit, I pushed rapidly into the street, exactly at the spot where, soon after, I was taken prisoner. Many Frenchmen lay there, apparently dead, and the soldiers cried out, 'Bayonet them, they are pretending.' The idea was to me terrible, and made me call out, 'No, no! leave those cowards; there are plenty who bear arms to kill; come on!'

"At this place stood the church, and towards the enemy a

rocky mound, behind which, and on it, were the Grenadiers; yet no officer met my sight, except Captain Harrison, Lieutenant Patterson, and Lieutenant Turner, and my efforts were vain to form a strong body; the men would not leave the rocks, from which they kept up a heavy fire. No time was to be lost, we could not see what passed on our flanks, we had been broken in carrying the village of Elviña, and, as a lane went up straight towards the enemy, I ran forward, calling out to follow; about thirty privates and the above-named officers did so, but the fire was then terrible, many shells burst among us, and the crack of these things deafened me, making my ears ring. Halfway up the lane I fell, without knowing why, yet was much hurt, though at the moment unconscious of it; a soldier cried out 'The major is killed.' 'Not yet, come on.'

"We reached the end of this murderous lane, but a dozen of those who entered it with me fell ere we got through it. However, some shelter was found beyond the lane; for Brooks of the 4th had occupied the spot with his picket the day before, and had made a breastwork of loose stones, which was known to me, having been there and nearly killed the evening before, when visiting the picket as officer of the day. The heap remained, and about a dozen of us lodged ourselves behind this breastwork, and then it appeared to me that by a rush forward we could carry the battery above; and it was evident we must go on or go back, we could not last long where we were. Three or four men were killed at my side, for the breastwork was but a slender protection, and two were killed by the fire of our own men from the village behind. The poor fellows kept crying out as they died, 'O God, Major, our own men are killing us! O Christ God, I am shot in the back of the head!' The last man was so, for he fell against me, and the ball had entered just above the poll. Remembering then that my father had told me he saved a man's life at the siege of Charleston by pulling a ball out with his finger before inflammation swelled the parts, I thought to do the same, but could not find it, and feared to do harm by putting my finger far in. It made me feel sick,

and the poor fellow, being laid down, continued crying out that our men had killed him, and there he soon died.

"This misery shook us all a good deal, and made me so wild as to cry and stamp with rage, feeling a sort of despair at seeing the soldiers did not come on. I sent Turner, Harrison, and Patterson, the three officers with me, to bring them on, and they found Stanhope animating the men, but not knowing what to do, and calling out, 'Good God! where is Napier?' When Turner told him I was in front, and raging for them to come on for an attack on the battery, he gave a shout and called on the men to follow him, but on taking a dozen strides cried out, 'O my God!' and fell dead, shot through the heart. Turner and a sergeant, who had been also sent back, then returned to me, saying they could not get a man to follow them up the lane. Hearing this I got on the wall, waving my sword and my hat at the same time, and calling out to the men behind among the rocks; but the fire was so loud none heard me, though the lane was scarcely a hundred yards long. No fire was drawn upon me by this, for a French captain afterwards told me he and others prevented their men firing at me; he did not know, nor was he told by me, who it was; but he said, 'Instead of firing at him, I longed to run forward and embrace that brave officer.' My own companions called out to jump down or I should be killed; I thought so too, but was so mad as to care little what happened to me.

"Looking then along the field from the height of the wall, our smoke appeared to be everywhere retiring; but the French smoke was not advancing, which gave me comfort. However, it was useless to stay there, and, jumping down, I said to Harrison, 'Stay here as long as you can; I will go to the left and try to make out how the 42d get on.' No one was to be seen near our left from my standing-place near the wall; but there was some brushwood and a ridge with a hedge on the top which debarred further sight, and the thought came to me that, instead of being foremost, we might be in line with some of the 42d, and though the 4th had not advanced, if fifty men of the 42d and 50th could be gathered, we might still charge the battery above us; if we

failed, there was a house near into which we could force our way, and, as it was conspicuous from the English position, Moore would send me support.

"Telling this to Captain Harrison, I went off along a lane running at right angles from the one we were in, and parallel to our position; this exposed me to the English, not to the French fire, but being armed with only a short sabre, useless against a musket and bayonet, and being quite alone, short-sighted, and without spectacles, I felt very cowardly and anxious. Pursuing my course, however, for about a hundred yards, I came near a French officer lying on his back wounded, and being myself covered with blood and my face smeared, for two of the killed men had fallen in my arms, my look was no doubt fierce; and though I approached him out of pity, he thought it was to kill him; his feet were towards me, and as he raised his head he cried out to some comrades above him, pointing with a quick convulsive motion towards me. Those whom he addressed could not be seen, for the ridge was about six feet high, nearly perpendicular, with a thick hedge at top; but my danger was soon announced through the roots of the hedge by a blaze of fire, poured so close as to fill the lane with smoke. All went over my head, being evidently fired without seeing me, or my body must have been blown to pieces.

"Giving myself up for lost, the temptation to run back was great; but the thought that our own line might see me, made me walk leisurely, in more danger, indeed, yet less alarmed than when going forward without knowing what would happen. The whole excursion along the lane was the most nervous affair I ever experienced in battle; nor was my alarm lessened on getting back, for Harrison and the others were gone! They could not stand the fire. I felt very miserable then, thinking the 50th had behaved ill; that my not getting the battery had been a cause of the battle being lost, and that Moore would attribute all to me. The battle seemed nearly over; I thought myself the last man alive belonging to our side who had got so far in front, and felt certain of death, and that my General would think I had hidden myself, and would not believe me to have done my best. I

thought also my little party had been taken. Lord William Bentinck afterwards told me that he had ordered my regiment back, in direct contradiction of Moore's design, who had, he admitted, told him not to recall me, but send men to my assistance!

"In this state of distraction, and still under a heavy fire, I turned down the lane to rejoin the regiment, and soon came on a wounded man, who shrieked out, 'Oh, praised be God, major! my dear major! God help you, my darling! one of your own 50th.' 'I cannot carry you,' was my reply; 'can you walk with my help?' 'Oh no, major, I am too badly wounded.' 'You must lie there then till help can be found.' 'O Christ God, my jewel, my own dear major, sure, you won't leave me!' The agony with which he screamed was great; it roused all my feelings and, strange to say, alarmed me about my own danger, which had been forgot in my misery at finding Harrison was gone from the corner, and thinking the battle lost. Stooping down I raised the poor fellow, but a musket ball just then broke the small bone of my leg some inches above the ankle; the pain was acute, and, though the flesh was not torn, the dent made in my flesh remains to this day, and is tender to the touch. Telling the man of my own wound my course was resumed; his piteous cries were then terrible, and fell bitterly as reproaches for my want of fortitude and courage. Yet what could be done by a man hardly able to walk, and in great pain, with other duties to perform? I felt it horrible to leave him, but selfishness and pain got the better, and with the help of my sword, limping, and with much suffering, I arrived at a spot where two other lanes met at the corner of a church; three privates of the 50th and one of the 42d, an Irishman, were there, who said we were cut off, and indeed Frenchmen were then coming up both lanes—one party from the position of the 50th, the other from that of the 4th. The last appeared the least numerous and the nearest; they were not thirty yards from us, and forgetting my leg then, though I had not pluck to do so for the poor wounded man left behind, I said to the four soldiers, 'Follow me, and we'll cut through them;' then with a shout I rushed forward.

"The Frenchmen had halted, but now ran on to us, and just as my spring and shout was made the wounded leg failed, and I felt a stab in the back; it gave me no pain, but felt cold, and threw me on my face. Turning to rise I saw the man who had stabbed me making a second thrust; whereupon, letting go my sabre, I caught his bayonet by the socket, turned the thrust, and raising myself by the exertion grasped his firelock with both hands, thus in mortal struggle regaining my feet. His companions had now come up, and I heard the dying cries of the four men with me, who were all bayoneted instantly. We had been attacked from behind by men not before seen, as we stood with our backs to a doorway, out of which must have rushed several men, for we were all stabbed in an instant, before the two parties coming up the road reached us; they did so, however, just as my struggle with the man who had wounded me was begun. That was a contest for life, and being the strongest I forced him between myself and his comrades, who appeared to be the men whose lives I had saved when they pretended to be dead on our advance through the village. They struck me with their muskets clubbed, and bruised me much; whereupon, seeing no help near, and being overpowered by numbers, and in great pain from my wounded leg, I called out, '*Je me rends*,' remembering the expression correctly from an old story of a fat officer, whose name being James, called out, '*Jemmy Round*.' Finding that they had no disposition to spare me I kept hold of the musket, vigorously defending myself with the body of the little Italian who had first wounded me, but soon grew faint, or rather tired. At that moment a tall dark man came up, seized the end of the musket with his left hand, whirled his brass-hilted sabre round, and struck me a powerful blow on the head, which was bare, for my cocked hat had fallen off. Expecting the blow would finish me, I had stooped my head, in hopes it might fall on my back, or at least on the thickest part of the head, and not on the left temple; so far I succeeded, for it fell exactly on the top, cutting into the bone, but not through it. Fire sparkled from my eyes; I fell on my knees blinded,

yet without quite losing my senses, and holding still on to the musket. Recovering in a moment I regained my legs, and saw a florid handsome young French drummer holding the arm of the dark Italian, who was in the act of repeating his blow. Quarter was then given, but they tore my pantaloons in tearing my watch and purse from my pocket, and a little locket of hair which hung round my neck; they snatched at everything; but while this went on two of them were wounded, and the drummer, Guibert, ordered the dark man who had sabred me to take me to the rear. When we began to move, I resting on him, because hardly able to walk, I saw him look back over his shoulder to see if Guibert was gone; and so did I, for his rascally face made me suspect him. Guibert's back was towards us, he was walking off, and the Italian again drew his sword, which he had before sheathed. I called out to the drummer, 'This rascal is going to kill me; brave Frenchmen don't kill prisoners!' Guibert ran back, swore furiously at the Italian, shoved him away, almost down, and putting his arms round my waist, supported me himself; thus this generous Frenchman saved me twice, for the Italian was bent upon slaying.

"We had not proceeded far up the old lane when we met a soldier of the 50th walking down at a rapid pace. He instantly halted, recovered his arms, and cocked his piece, looking fiercely at us to make out what it was. My recollection is that he levelled at Guibert, and I threw up his musket, calling out, 'For God's sake, don't fire, I am a prisoner, badly wounded, and can't help you; surrender.' 'For why would I surrender?' he cried aloud, with the deepest of Irish brogues. 'Because there are at least twenty men upon you.' There were five or six with us at the time. 'Well, if I must surrender, there,' said he, dashing down his firelock across their legs and making them jump; 'there's my firelock for yez.' Then coming close up he threw his arm round me, and giving Guibert a push that sent him and one or two more reeling against the wall, shouted out, 'Stand away, ye bloody spalpeens; I'll carry him myself, bad luck to the whole of yez!' My expectation was to see them fall upon him, but John Hennessy was a strong and fierce man, and,

moreover, looked bigger than he was, for he stood upon the higher ground. Apparently they thought him an awkward fellow to deal with; he seemed willing to go with me, and they let him have his own way. In this manner we proceeded about a hundred yards beyond the corner where Harrison and the rest had left me, and found a large force under General Renaud. He asked me my rank and how I was taken. My reply was, 'Taken because my regiment would not come on!' I was in great anger, and altogether ignorant of Lord William Bentinck having ordered them back; for the staff officer sent by him had not chosen to come up to me. My thought was that the regiment had given way, which made me very unjust in abuse of the glorious old 50th, for they had gone farther than any other corps in the army. Had Moore's orders for the 42d and 4th to support us been obeyed by Lord William, we should have carried the hill in a few minutes; that this was the cause of their going back is true, for Lord William afterwards told me so himself. General Renaud ordered a surgeon to dress me, and he put a plaster on my head; but my leg was so swollen he could not get off my boot without cutting, which I would not allow, hoping to escape, in which case the loss of a boot would be irreparable. They took me up the hill to where the Spanish magazine on the top had been exploded.

"Soon after leaving Renaud, being supported by one of his officers and Hennessy, with a guard, we passed a large gap in a wall, on which the English fire was still very heavy. The French soldiers cried out, 'Don't cross there except on your knees, or you will be shot,' whereupon the French officer desired Hennessy and me to do so, but we refused, and Hennessy said low, 'Be Jasus, they're afraid.' My desire was to be seen by our own people, and therefore my walk with Hennessy and the officer was erect and slow; but seeing the French guard crawl on their hands and knees I said to the captain, 'Crawl you too, or you will be hit; I can't run away.' This anxiety for an enemy greatly amused the Frenchmen, and it was afterwards told to the Marshals Soult and Ney; Renaud also mentioned it when a prisoner in

London; however, the officer would only stoop, and none of us were hit. On the summit of the position my bodily agony was so great that Hennessy and the French captain, seeing some straw near a fire, laid me on it; my leg and side were giving me excruciating pain; it was dark, and Hennessy went away for a while with the captain; then a French officer came and stood over me, a tall handsome man; he looked at me for some time, and said, 'War! war! war! My God, will this horrid work never cease! Poor young man, I fear you are badly wounded.' He gave me some drink, and tears rolled down his cheeks; but then he turned away, and several others sat down round the fire without noticing me. Soon, however, came the man whose straw I had been laid upon; he gave me two kicks, and dragged me by the neck off his bundle, hurting me much. I said nothing except 'God damn you!' and two or three Frenchmen starting up took my part. Then the tall officer returned and was very angry, but the beast who kicked me would not let me be put back on the straw, which he claimed. The officer told them to take me into the ruin of a blown-up house or magazine, where some officers had had a fire in the remains of a room, the fireplace being indeed nearly all that existed of the building; he left me, and then the men took me into another ruined room, and threw me into the filth with which it was filled, and began to laugh at me. I was very angry, wished myself dead at once, and said something violent, whereupon they seemed to consult about killing me, and my hopes of life fled; indeed, my wish was not to live, but at that moment the officer came back with two or three more, and with two soldiers who had before left the place, I think to call them and save me. These officers were very angry, but my understanding was faint, and my desire was to be put out of misery, for I thought we had lost the battle, and my pain of body was past bearing. They, however, carried me to the other part of the building near the fireplace, and there was Hennessy. They offered me broth and wine; I could touch nothing from the agony of my wounds, and groaned at times, for the pain was no longer supportable,

even before an enemy. Not being able to lie down, Hennessy held me in his arms in an upright posture. The French officers did all they could for me, as far as kind words went, and soon one of their own officers was brought in wounded; it was the captain who had been with me when first taken. General Renaud now sent an officer with my sword, desiring me to wear it, for I had used it well. I wrote my name and rank on a piece of paper, and requested the officer to give it and my sword to Marshal Soult, with a request to speak to him. That officer did not return.

"Hennessy, having occasion to go out of the ruin, set me in an angle of the fireplace, and never came back, being seized and marched off, as he afterwards told me. Before he left me he unbuckled my spurs and whispered, 'The spurs are silver, the spalpeens would murder you for them.' When he did not return my idea was that he had made his escape, and took the spurs with that intention; at least my hope was so, that he might tell my brother George where I was, for what fretted me most was that no flag of truce came in for me. I thought Moore was angry, that myself and the regiment had been disgraced, and therefore he would not send in, nor let George come; then the fancy came that George was killed, but my thoughts were all wild and sad that night. Very wretched in body and mind was I now, and in about two hours after Hennessy had gone the French officers went away, one after another. The fire was out, and it was dreadfully cold, yet pain kept me from feeling it so much, and all that long and horrible night and next day did I lie wishing for death, and expecting it if a stray soldier should see me. There was no roof, only a few feet of wall standing, and the following evening, about dusk, being in less pain, I crawled out, reckless of being killed or not. Outside there was a Frenchman cooking; he was a kind man, and gave me some broth, but I could not eat it. He went away, yet returned with another soldier, and they made up a little more fire, rolled themselves in their greatcoats and other warm things, and lay down. Pain kept me waking, and the fire went out soon, for there was no fuel. I had no waistcoat

or drawers, only a uniform coat and torn trousers, and the cold was dreadful, for it was January, and the hill high. An oilskin was on my hat, I pulled it off to cover my head and face; then, putting my hands on my mouth, warmed myself with my breath, but could not lie down. My feet and legs lost all feeling, and the wounded leg ceased to pain me, except when moved. About midnight the two Frenchmen went their way, and promised to tell their commandant of my state, yet the second dreadful night passed and no one came. Next day, about three o'clock, a musician came near me, and I persuaded him to take me to his regiment, but to walk was agony. I was, however, very kindly received by all the French officers, who were seated round a fire, and especially so by their commander, a man with a very red face, and perfectly white mustachios and hair; they treated me well, and finally forwarded me on to Marshal Soult's quarters. We passed through Elviña, amidst all the bodies of my poor 50th soldiers, scattered about; and many wounded were still alive in a house, and very clamorous for food; scarcely able to speak from weakness I was supported by two men, yet at last reached Soult's quarters, and being shown into the kitchen, sat down in much suffering. Monsieur de Chamont, aide-de-camp to Soult, came to me; he was all kindness and attention, and offered me money, which was declined, but I told him his men had been expert in robbing me; that every one who met me as I was borne to the rear had asked, '*Est-il pillé?*' And the reply always was, '*Oh pour ça oui, joliment.*'

"It was impossible to be kinder than De Chamont, and that kindness was continued by the Marshal and his staff, and again by Ney and his staff. On my telling Soult of the wounded starving English soldiers lying in the village, he promised to have them helped immediately, and sent me to his own quarters, where a bed was provided, and food; the latter was, in truth, much needed, for none had been taken since my breakfast on the 16th, and this was the 18th. The pain in my side gave me little rest, and next morning, being ordered to go into Coruña, I was put on a horse, attended

by a dragoon, and entered the town with the troops. At the gate there was a crowd, and a Spaniard hustled against my leg, which put me to such torture I cursed him aloud in English, and gave him a blow on the head with as great force as the pain left me strength to do. The stupid brute knew of my wound, for I had pushed him twice away before, and showed him how my leg was tied up. The delight of the French soldiers at my striking the Don was very great; he deserved it. I was now very well treated. My billet was on M. Barrière, a banker, who lived with his brother-in-law, Marchesa, an excellent kind fellow, with a pretty Spanish wife. There my state was as comfortable as kindness on the part of my host and the French officers, particularly Baron Clouet, Ney's aide-de-camp, could make it—but I was a prisoner.

"Such were my own adventures in the battle of Coruña, told without modesty or concealment; for I write not this for the public, but from old notes for my wife and children, with no desire to make them think more or less of my actions than the reality. I felt great fear for a few minutes at one period of the fight; yet it was not such as to influence my conduct, and at no other period did a thought of my own safety cross my mind. It was when alone in the lane, and expecting to meet numbers in personal combat that my nerves were most affected; for, as my short-sightedness disabled me from seeing what was going on, and what was to be met, I feared to fall unseen and unknown. Afterwards, when wearing spectacles, the nervous feeling was not so strong, but the disadvantage of bad sight is tremendous when alone, and gives a feeling of helplessness. With all this, alarm was not my feeling when the men told me we were cut off; nervousness then ceased, and only the thought of how to break through the enemy remained; had it not been for the stab in my back, and the sudden lameness, I should have done it, for my resolution was that no man should go before me that day, and no man did, unless Hennessy. Where he had been, or came from, is to me unknown, I could never make it out from him; he spoke but little English, and explained himself with difficulty."

Such were his own adventures; but the story is incomplete without an account of those that still awaited John Hennessy and the pair of silver spurs. On leaving his major, as he thought, dying, he was at once marched off with other prisoners towards the Pyrenees. At Pampeluna he escaped and reached Oporto; being very hungry he sold one of the spurs on the way. He took part in the defence of Oporto against Soult, was again captured, but released soon after by the arrival of the British troops and the withdrawal of the French. He fought at Talavera, and having found George Napier there, showed the remaining spur, but would not give it up, for his major had said to him when he took it off, "When you escape, give that to my sister." The spurs had been given to Charles Napier by his sister, and were received with these words, "Now I am your knight." George Napier was, however, content to hear for the first time that his brother had survived the battle.

At the end of the campaign our friend John rejoined the 50th, and soon saw Charles Napier alive and at liberty again. Not a word passed as to the spur, but his major obtained for him the grade of corporal in recognition of his bravery. He soon got leave of absence to see his wife and child at Cork, taking with him a letter from Napier to the collector of customs. On reaching England he travelled about two hundred miles round to find Miss Napier, and delivered the spur to her. But, strangest of all, when at last he got to Cork, he delivered the letter to the collector before going to see his wife and children. The collector told him that Charles Napier had gone off to fight again in the Peninsula as a volunteer. "Ogh! murder! is he gone back and the regiment not with him? By my soul, they will never stop behind him; I must be off." "Well, Hennessy, you must do as you please, but go and see your wife and

child; come to me in the morning, and tell me what I can do for your wife and family if you do go back." "Ogh! good luck to the wife and child, I'll not go near them, but off this minute!" He went back with his regiment to Spain, was more than once punished for drunkenness and theft, and "afterwards behaved well, for him, and on all occasions showed the greatest courage, until in the Pyrenees a cannon ball carried off his head."

Guibert—the gallant, humane Guibert—received the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his good conduct. "It was, alas! a fatal reward for Guibert," says Sir W. Napier. "The result was thus told to the writer by a French sergeant-major who deserted to his regiment at the lines of Torres Vedras; and from different quarters afterwards came confirmation. An officer, or *sous-officier*, disputed Guibert's right to the cross, saying himself, not the drummer, had rescued the English major. Falsehood or favour prevailed, and Guibert, stung to madness, attempted to desert, was taken and shot! The saviour and the saved are now beyond human knowledge; but if spirits are permitted to commune, they have met where it will not be asked under what colours a noble action was performed."

We left Napier a prisoner of war. His family mourned for him as dead, but nevertheless induced the Government after three months to send to ascertain his fate. Clouet received the flag and hastened to inform Ney, who replied, "Let him see his friends, and tell them he is well and well treated. Clouet looked earnestly but moved not, and Ney, smiling, asked why he waited. "He has an old mother, a widow, and blind." "Has he? Let him go then, and tell her himself that he is alive!" [1]

[1] Hennessy, Guibert, and C. Napier are dead and gone long ago; but the poor little spur, after so many perils and an additional seventy years of travel and adventure, now rests quietly in the home of General Sir M. M'Murdo, K.C.B.

Charles Napier recovered his liberty on 20th March, his father's birthday—"one of many notable coincidences," says his brother, "attending him through life, and always accepted with a half-superstitious satisfaction." Wounds and sufferings were soon cured and forgotten; but he had not confronted death for nothing. "Up to this period his countenance had been very comely, yet grave and sedate; his dark lustrous eyes alone giving signs of the fiery spirit within. Previously he had been inclined to care for outward appearances, although without regard to fashion; but after Coruña dress was disregarded, and his manner became eager and restless, with sudden spasmodic movements, springing partly from his wounds, partly from previous ill-health." And again, "His countenance assumed a peculiarly vehement, earnest expression, and his resemblance to a chained eagle was universally remarked."

Ney, on releasing him, had exacted parole not to serve until exchanged. The English Government offered two midshipmen very improperly as an equivalent for the commander of a regiment. This occasioned some delay, and it was not until January 1810 that he rejoined his regiment, and renewed his letters to his mother. Almost the first recounts an addition to his chapter of accidents. "Got a devil of a tumble the day before yesterday, which makes me glad, because I could not do better than have my yearly accident without being really hurt; to run twelve months without some *petite chose pour passer le tems* is not for me." His poor mother, with three sons in the army and one in the navy, had a terrible load of anxiety to bear. "Are we cats that we live and bear such wounds?" said Charles of himself and his brothers. His two years of fighting in the Peninsula produced six wounds; and Marshal Beresford told him that Lord Wellington would not let him have a Caçadore regiment, "because the Napiers always get hit, and he will

be killed; they have had enough of wounds." By making light of their sufferings and by frequent letters the brothers did what they could to comfort their mother; Charles even goes so far as to argue that the number of their wounds is a sort of insurance against being killed.

"Last year's occurrences should do anything but frighten you, and your supposing that misfortune must come is a fault; riding out to meet evil is bad. Yet you bear it when it does come as you ought. My trust is that your fortitude won't be tried now, and that all will be safe. I also am anxious about my brothers, but it is not an anxiety that gives me uneasiness, it only makes me eager for news; predestinarianism is too strong in me to allow of my suffering from these things; it is only what can be altered by ourselves that agitates me. Do not make arrangements as if something shocking was decidedly to happen; no spirits can stand that. Your sons come home full of fighting and without clothes; we shall be very merry; and if George's ardent wish to lose a *fin*[1] be granted, we shall dress his stump. I join him not in that desire, and hope to see him *statu quo ante bellum* as to legs and arms."

In May 1810 he joined the Light Division as a volunteer, beyond the Coa, under Craufurd, "who with less than four thousand men was braving the whole French army on a plain, having only a fordable river between them." Great events had taken place in the Peninsula since Coruña. Wellington had committed his one serious blunder in advancing on Talavera, and had now retreated on Portugal, where he awaited Massena. He was very unpopular with the army, and was called, says Sir W. Napier, "a mere favourite of power, rash and unskilful. The deep design, the strong resolution, the far-seeing sagacity, the sure judgment, destined to amaze the world, were then un-

[1] George Napier afterwards had his arm twice broken in fight, and finally lost it at Ciudad Rodrigo.

known. Wellington was pronounced a bad General!" Charles Napier criticises the operations of Talavera, which Wellington himself condemned, but by no means joined in the general mistrust of his commander's talents. On his way to headquarters he passed through scenes that recalled his sufferings of the former year; his reflections on that and the campaign of Talavera are the subjects of two interesting entries in his journal:—

"*Journal*, 31*st May* 1810.—Once more at Sacavem. On the 28th October 1808 I was here commanding the 50th Regiment. What are the pleasures of memory! I greet her 'as the fiend to whom belong the vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.' Standing under an olive, my thoughts were of my friend; for under that very tree Charles Stanhope had then breakfasted with me, and hope of glory, and admiration for Moore, were our themes! Two short years, and lo! here am I again; but Moore! Stanhope! where are ye? Napoleon talks of peace; would to God he wished for it as sincerely as I do. Oh that I might pluck a branch and give peace to the world, as an offering to the manes of my friend! I feel low. Stanhope! Stanhope! every turn of this road, every stone brings you before my eyes, and often prevents my seeing them; and my dear brothers, how I long to reach you! Shall I see you even now? But what brings me here? honour! Damn honour! Falstaff is right, by Jove! Yet, can one be happy without honour? No, no; forward, then, and never reason while in low spirits. Of one thing I am sure, namely, that a man is a fool to live till he is old, for he loses the greatest comfort of life thereby, and gets cornuted probably into the bargain. Enough! old bachelors are fools notwithstanding!

"*Celorico*, 15*th June* 1810.—Waited yesterday on Lord Wellington, who was very civil, and signed my certificate of exchange. Dined with him. He told me the French made the most regular retreats he ever saw at Roriça and Talavera; query, did he follow their example? People say his march from Talavera to Alemtejo was very bad; but those who

criticise Generals do not always know their motives of action, and often have motives of their own for criticising. Nevertheless we must think, and I think, Lord Wellington committed a great error in that campaign by trusting to the Spaniards after what Moore had experienced; and another in advancing too far, when his retreat might be cut off. He was wrong also, I think, in fighting, when victory did him no good, and defeat must have destroyed him; his information was bad, and he trusted it too implicitly. Again, why did he stay in the destructive marshes of the Alemtejo until nearly the whole of his army fell from sickness? It is not easy to comprehend all this, and I have heard no good answer to it. Every officer I have seen and spoken to about the matter has told me the same story—viz. that the battle of Talavera was lost if the French had made one more attack; and that the whole army expected to be beaten next day. Now Lord Wellington might have had ten battalions more in the fight—viz. the brigades of Lightbourne and the two Craufurds. Why were they in the rear? The thing is not easily explained to his advantage; he did not expect a battle, and yet, had the French delayed a few days, he must have laid down his arms or been cut to pieces. Altogether his general operations are difficult to be defended. But his conduct in the battle showed great coolness and the most perfect self-possession; and by what I observe since I came here, he seems to have gained a lesson from Talavera. Still the whole of that campaign is discreditable to him as a great captain, and he appears to have deserved the epithets of rash and imprudent; not that of fool though, as many say; his errors seem to be more those of inexperience and vanity than want of talent. England has paid dearly in men and money for his education indeed, yet if he has thereby been made a good general, the loss is less; we have very few capable of being made worth a straw, though all the blood and gold in Europe and India were lavishly expended on them."

After the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo Ney advanced upon Almeida on the Coa; Craufurd received orders to put

the river between himself and the French, but disobeyed them, and remained with about 5000 men to fight 30,000 of the enemy. His outposts were driven in, 21st July, and "our cavalry," says Charles Napier, "retreated through Val de Mula, skirmishing till near Almeida, about two and a half miles; we lost seven or eight horses and two men wounded, and made one charge with our skirmishers, neither able in conception nor bold in execution, doing no honour to General or men. After that a more ridiculous attempt was made with half a squadron. I saw that Craufurd's ignorance of cavalry disheartened the men; some of whom got near broken ground, whence the French could in safety fire on them at twenty yards' distance. They were afraid to regain their own ground when Craufurd ordered them, whereupon I galloped up and called them to follow, and they did so, and we drove the French back, receiving a sharp fire. English troops must always be led, but they will certainly follow their officers, who will generally be as certainly ready to lead. Altogether we had much firing to-day and little danger. Craufurd does not please me as a General." On the evening of the 23d Craufurd halted at Almeida in a most disadvantageous disposition: most of his cavalry in an open plain in front, in his rear a deep ravine, at the bottom of which was the Coa, with only one narrow bridge for a retreat. Of the "bitter fight" that ensued on the 24th Napier gives a graphic account in his journal the same day, with a very severe criticism upon General Craufurd, of whom Sir William says that "at one time he was all fire and intelligence—a master spirit in war; at another, as if possessed by the demon, he would madly rush from blunder to blunder, raging in folly." On this occasion the demon of folly was strong.

"24*th July*.—At daybreak our pickets were attacked.

The French threw forward some infantry among the rocks, and were met by two companies of the 95th Rifles. In about two hours the enemy increased in numbers, our cavalry retired, the riflemen and Captain Campbell's company of the 52d covering their retreat, till we reached the guns, when a cannonade opened on both sides; but the enemy soon pushed men down both flanks, and our guns fell back. At this time we could count fifteen strong squadrons of French cavalry in line, besides detached parties and skirmishers, which may be reckoned at five more—altogether about three thousand cavalry. Their infantry we estimated at ten thousand, and they had the power of bringing up thirty thousand if they pleased. When our guns retired the light troops kept firing until we got close to Almeida, and a gun was fired from near a tower, 800 yards from that town; a subaltern and some men of the 52d occupied the tower, and our cavalry and artillery were drawn up in line behind. At this time the enemy closed on our infantry, and the action then began by the dislodging of Campbell's company and the riflemen from the enclosures. I was ordered to tell Colonel Barclay to fall back from the plain and regain the enclosures behind him, which he did, and the fire became very heavy. Barclay's horse was killed, mine was wounded, and threw me, but I remounted and rejoined Craufurd, who then sent me to tell the 52d, 43d, and 95th, to maintain the enclosures until he got the cavalry and guns over the Coa, leaving two pieces to cover the retreat. I gave Barclay and Major MacLeod and Colonel Beckwith these orders, but they were all hotly engaged, and could no longer keep their ground, lest the enemy should turn their flanks and reach the bridge before them. I had great difficulty to return, and joined the 43d, where I found Campbell wounded, and, fearing he would be taken, gave him my mare, making the best of my own way on foot through the vineyards. The fire was hot, and the ground very difficult for us, but much easier for the enemy, because we made passages for ourselves, and thus made them for the French also; this caused the 43d and 95th to lose many men. I think we retired too fast in this part; it was

owing to the murderous position which kept us in fear of being cut off from the bridge; but we were thus driven in among our cavalry, and the French cavalry got up to the 95th, and made some prisoners.

"Now we formed in rear of the cavalry on the main road and went down towards the bridge, firing the whole way. On arriving there Brigade-Major Rowan called to the Rifles and Portuguese Cazadores and part of the 43d to charge up a hill and to retain it; while I rode by order of Colonel Beckwith to draw off the 52d Regiment, then nearly a mile up the river on the right. The French were trying to push between them and us, and they would have done so had they been in force enough and that Rowan's charge had not checked them. I had little hope of reaching the 52d alive, but escaped, though a dragoon horse which I had caught and mounted was shot in the leg just as I reached Barclay, and at the same moment his cap was shot off. However, the 52d effected their junction, passed the bridge, and took the right of our position beyond the river, down to the edge of which my brother George's company was pushed, and from thence kept up a strong fire. The 52d were followed over the bridge by the 43d and 95th and Cazadores, covered by three companies of the 43d, Dalzel's, Lloyd's, and my brother William's; and then the French pushed down to the bridge, and a cannonade commenced from both sides of the river. The bridge was defended by the 43d and riflemen, with a long and murderous skirmish, destructive as it was useless, by which many men and officers lost their lives and many were wounded, amongst the latter my brother William. Finally this ceased, and the bloody business closed with as much honour for the officers and men as disgrace for Craufurd's generalship. His errors were conspicuous, and the most prominent shall be noticed for my own teaching:—

"1st. He fought knowing he must retreat from an overwhelming force, and having no object in fighting.

"2d. He occupied a position a mile in front of a bridge, thus voluntarily imposing on himself the most difficult operation in war—viz. passing a defile in face of a superior enemy

and in the confusion of a retreat! The result might have been destruction—it was great loss.

"3d. He detained the cavalry and guns in a position where they could not act till the infantry were beaten back on them; thus he risked the destruction of all three; for the defile became choked, and had the French charged down the road there would have been a bloody scene. This was so evident that I rode up to my brother William and asked him to form a square with his company to resist cavalry. The idea had already struck him, and Major MacLeod and Captain Patrickson also; it was general.

"4th. The position was amongst vineyards, with walls averaging nine feet high, and he ought to have thrown down enough to open communication to the rear. The want of this caused our chief loss, for while we were pulling down the enemy were firing, and followed our paths.

"5th. He sent no guns over to defend the passage and cover the retreat until after the troops had commenced retiring. Had one gun broken down, or the horses been killed on the bridge, the troops would have been delayed and exposed to a destructive fire from the heights around while in a mass of confusion.

"6th. He suffered the 52d to be nearly cut off, and never sent them an order to retire after having given them one to defend their post obstinately; his small division was therefore disjointed and nearly paralysed by extension.

"7th. His retreat over the bridge was confused, though every officer and soldier was cool and ready to execute any order, and there was no excuse for hurry.

"8th. When the passage of the bridge was made he left no men to defend it, and had I not halted some who were going up to join their colours, the bridge would have been for a quarter of an hour without being enfiladed or exposed to a single musket shot. This was afterwards rectified, but the 43d were placed in a most exposed position, when a few breastworks previously made would have covered them.

"9th. He made our guns fire at the enemy's guns instead of their men. In short, there seemed a kind of infatuation

upon him, and nothing but the excellence of his men and officers saved the division."

His journal in 1840 contains a picturesque description of the way he spent the night after the battle.

"This day thirty years I slept sound and happy on a rock, with my feet to a fire, on a Portuguese mountain. Having come away from the bridge about twelve at night with General Craufurd, Rowan, and others, I reached the 52d bivouac about one in the morning, wet to the skin, rain having fallen in torrents. George and his company were on an immense plate rock, the rain was over, they had a good fire, and a supper of beefsteaks with tea. I had not eaten that day, except a bit of bread George gave me during the fight, and was fairly done up, as the fancy say, being tired, starved, anxious about William's wound, and depressed at our having fought so uselessly, throwing away lives so recklessly. I stripped, and the soldiers, who were then dry and had supped, took—one my shirt, another my coat, and so on, to dry them. I sat, meanwhile, naked, like a wild Indian, on the warm rock. It was very pleasant, drinking warm tea and eating steaks half-raw, taken off the poor beast which had drawn our baggage all day. One cannot be sentimental about bullocks on such occasions. We regretted the poor fellows who were slain—there were a great many; but the excitement of battle does away with much regret; there is no time; it is idleness that makes people grieve long, or rather bitterly."

After the fall of Almeida the army retired. Massena followed along the line of the Mondego, and many skirmishes took place between his advanced guard and the Light Division, to which Charles Napier was attached. At last Wellington halted on the precipitous ridge of Busaco and confidently waited to be attacked.

"A very beautiful fight it was," wrote Charles Napier on a distant anniversary. "The French were in the valley, shrouded in mist when the morning broke, and the running

fire of the outposts began. Soon an irregular but very sharp musketry rang through the gradually dispersing fog, which, mingled with smoke, came up the mountain, and from it many wounded men broke out. The pickets then appeared, being driven back, but firing so hard that our line loudly cheered them from the crest above. Following fast came the enemy's columns, and eighty pieces of cannon opened with a roar from the summit of the mountain, sending shrapnels, shells, and round shot down on them. The battle was thus begun, and soon they reached us. The firing rolled loud and heavy, the shouts of our men were grand, and their charges in different parts of the line went fiercely home."

His own place was with Wellington, and he remained on horseback when the fire was so terrible that all the staff and all the volunteers, except his cousin, afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Napier, had dismounted. The sailor urged him to dismount, as he was the only man in a red coat. "No! This is the uniform of my regiment, and in it I will show or fall this day." He had hardly spoken when a bullet entered on the right of the nose, and lodged in the left jaw near the ear. As he was borne away Lord Wellington asked who he was; he could not answer, but took off his hat and waved it, muttering, "I could not die at a better moment." Apparently dying he was removed to the convent of Busaco. "Poor Napier!" he heard some one exclaim, "after all his wounds he is gone at last." "The observation," he says, "made me uneasy; for when a fellow has no life they are sometimes, on a field of battle, over quick in burying him; so with a slight twist I intimated, 'alive but not merry.'"

"I was carried into a small chapel of the convent of Busaco; it had a large arch in the wall, only partly built up from below, so that I heard people, officers high of rank, in the next room, eating and drinking though the battle was not

yet over! Some talked of my father and mother, praising them and their extraordinary beauty. I was so delighted at this as hardly to feel pain; but finally, disgust at these men for being out of the battle so excited me that I got up from the pallet on which I had been laid, walked clean out, and got to the convent door, looking for my horse. I was, however, seized instantly by Edward Pakenham, and led back with this expression, 'Damn it, Napier, are you mad to think you can go back in this state to the action? Be quiet, for God's sake.' I could not speak plain, as my jaw was broke, and blood flowed freely from my mouth, so my looks were worse than the reality.

"While these men were eating and drinking my two brothers were in the field, and sent me word they could not come to see me. How proud and happy this message made me! I gloried in them; yet, thinking I would not live long, I was very anxious to see them, especially as I heard George had been wounded. He was gallantly leading a charge, and while half turned, with his sword up, was shot by a Frenchman through one side of the antipodes to my wound. The muzzle was so close the fire scorched his clothes, and the wound, though not dangerous, was very severe indeed. William had been shot through the hip two months before, but did not go to the rear, and went into action here with his wound still open. Well, we are now (1849) all three still alive and old men. We were then young, strong, and as handy men as any in the army. We have had fifteen or sixteen wounds amongst us, and being very fond of each other, it made a talk amongst our comrades—noble, brave, and excellent comrades they were! Poor Edward Pakenham was wounded at Busaco, which was what brought him to the convent, and having been dressed, he was returning to the battle, when he caught me trying to do the same. We three brothers went into battle that day with sad hearts, for our cousin Lord March had told us our beloved sister Caroline, just twenty-two years of age, was dead! Our hearts sank with sorrow; we said nothing, but embraced each other and went to our posts; mine was with Lord Wellington."

In spite of his wound he was at Coimbra, a day's march, by next morning; but, as the enemy were still advancing, he made his way to Lisbon, a ride of several days, under a burning sun. The 50th Regiment passed him on its way to the front, and gave him three cheers. At Lisbon he rested some months, in great suffering from his wound; for, after the lapse of three months, he writes: "My jaws are crooked, and, the doctors say, will always be so; my lip is very uneasy, and will always be so. My cheek is better, and the swelling may go away. My mouth opens but stiffly. My eye still stares, yet is stronger, more easily shut, and sees farther; it is said that sight may be lost, but it is not dim, and if it goes—why, Hannibal had only one eye; I have a mind to pluck it out." In 1849 he says, "Now, thirty-nine years after, the horrid suffocation of that wound is scarcely endurable. Oh, it shakes my very soul, the horror of this feeling does!" Nevertheless, he made fun of it all to his mother, and did his best to comfort her in her many sorrows.

"20*th Oct.*—Children and parents, dear mother, should be friends, and should speak openly to each other. Never had I a petty dispute with you, or heard others have one, without thanking God for giving me a mother, not a tyrant. Such as your children are, they are your work. We are a vain set of animals indeed, yet feel the gratitude you deserve, though we don't bow and ma'am you at every word, as some do. The Almighty has taken much from you, but has left much; would that our profession allowed us to be more with you; yet even that may happen, for none know what is to come, and peace—blessed peace!—may be given to the world sooner than we think. It is war now, and you must have fortitude, in common with thirty thousand English mothers whose anxious hearts are fixed on Portugal; and who have not the pride of saying their three sons had been wounded and were all alive! How this would have repaid my father for

all anxieties, and it must do so for you. Why, a Roman matron would not have let people touch her garment in such a case. In honest truth, though, my share of wounds satisfies me; not that I agree with those who exclaim, 'How unfortunate!' There is no shame for wounds, and no regret where no limb is lost, no faculty gone; and if there were, many lose them in less honest ways. The scars on my face will be as good as medals—better, for they were not gained—O meritorious actions!—by simply being a lieutenant-colonel, and hiding behind a wall!"

The process of getting well was as tedious and wanting in incident as usual. He amused himself, as well as he could, by his own humour, which was always strongest under adverse circumstances, and was now stimulated by the presence of his eccentric sailor cousin. Black Charles, as the future admiral was called, left him in the winter, having written the following remarkable epistle to the First Lord of the Admiralty, asking for employment:—

"SIR—My leave of absence is just out. I don't think it worth remaining here, for I expect you will give me a ship, as I am almost tired of campaigning, which is a damned rum concern. C. N."

We have one comical glimpse of the wounded man's domestic economy at Lisbon. Having casually invited some friends to walk back to his lodgings and dine with him, he asked his servant if dinner was ready. "Quite, sir." "What is there?" "There's no soup." "Anything else?" "There's no sosingers." "What more?" "There's no pratees." "What next?" "There's no visibles—vegetables." "So it seems, go on." "There's no nothing." "Hum, a good negative dinner; you must borrow." "There's no time." "Buy." "There's no money." "Credit." "There's no tick." "Are there no rations?" "Yes, sir, I ate the beef."

During the winter of 1810-11 the British army had been resting securely in the lines of Torres Vedras; but in March 1811, Massena, having exhausted his means of subsistence, retreated, says Sir W. Napier, "with a skill which balanced the errors of his advance, justifying Napoleon's remark that it was only in danger and difficulty he became a General. On that retreat, day after day, Ney—the indomitable Ney—offered battle with the rear-guard, and a stream of fire ran along the wasted valleys of Portugal from the Tagus to the Mondego, from the Mondego to the Coa. Combat followed combat, the Light Division led in pursuit, and Charles Napier, with his wound still bandaged, rode above 90 miles on one horse, and in one course, to reach the army." His journal for 12th and 13th March contains the record of this ride: "Rode all night, and having made 92 miles, reached the army between Redinha and Condeixa. This distance was done with only three hours' halt at Tom Napier's quarters, who gave me a positively bad, but comparatively good dinner. My poor horse had 2 lbs. of Indian corn, on which he performed this severe journey in twenty-two hours, including the three hours' halt!" On the 14th he advanced with his regiment, and hearing the sound of the Light Division's combats in front, he had "hourly to ask," says Sir William, "if his brothers were living. Thus advancing he met a litter of branches, borne by soldiers and covered with a blanket. 'What wounded officer is that?' 'Captain Napier of the 52d—a broken limb.' Another litter followed. 'Who is that?' 'Captain Napier, 43d—mortally wounded;' it was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at them and passed on to the fight in front."

Massena retreated through a country which was already eaten up by his troops, and in consequence both pursued and pursuers were threatened with starvation. "I make

no apologies," says Charles to his mother, "for the dirt of this note; for flead, bugged, centipeded, beetled, lizarded and earwigged cleanliness is known to me only by name. Moreover, a furze bush makes a bad table for writing on, and a worse chair, when breeches are nearly worn out with glory—oh! oh!"

In May Wellington entered Spain, and, leaving a small force to besiege Almeida, which, with Ciudad Rodrigo, commands the northern road, he went himself to superintend Beresford's arrangements for the siege of Badajos, but was speedily recalled by the news that Massena was marching to the relief of Almeida. On his arrival the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro was fought, and the French evacuated Almeida after blowing it up. So little could Wellington trust his lieutenants that he had to hurry back at once to the south, but did not get there quite in time. The siege of Badajos had been raised, and the battle of Albuera fought, but "so hardly won that the master's hand was required to stamp it as success." Troops were called from the Northern Division to assist in renewing the siege; Charles Napier went with them, and soon found work for himself and his indefatigable steed, Blanco, in executing a confidential mission with which he was charged by Lord Wellington. "This mission displeases me," he tells his mother. "My duty will be to get information of the enemy; but I will not go near him to risk being taken, not being a spy. No danger, but great responsibility, which I don't like; be sure, however, of my keeping within safe bounds, not having the least desire to be taken in a ridiculous way, and my orders are not to risk anything. I have only a new coat and a greatcoat; the first was designed for smart days; but, lest the Spaniards should think me a spy, I wear my blazing uniform, and so wear it out. Blanco and I are like meteors; we cannot go near the French, and

so I send Spans. This, however, will only last the siege, and is because an active, intelligent officer was required. What a bore to be so clever!" The report which he made upon this mission was, says Sir William Napier, "adopted by Lord Wellington as ground of action."

Charles Napier complained much at this time that improper influences in high places were withholding his promotion. He seems to have had some reason to think so, for, although he had been a major throughout the war, and had seen much hard service, and received six wounds, he says, "In the latest *Gazette* I believe there has hardly been a major promoted who was not junior to me in standing; many younger as men, I believe—nearly all younger as soldiers. Several have been subalterns since I held the rank of major." However, about June 1811, he received official notice that he had been promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 102d Regiment; and the state of discipline in that corps required that he should join it without loss of time. The change was not exactly what he wished for; the glories and dangers of war under a chief whom he had now learnt to venerate were done with. He had to leave his brothers and the army, just entering on a career of victory, and take command of a regiment which had returned in a thoroughly bad state from Botany Bay to Guernsey. Nothing could be better than the spirit in which he accepts his altered position: "To get a regiment that is in bad order is agreeable; my fear was a good one, where no character could be gained and some might be lost. Caution is, however, necessary with these heroes; for, not making the regiment, I unmake myself. My way is clear enough, but my desire is not to see their faces for a year, staying quietly at home to recover my health. A little employment, however, with eagerness and anxiety, does good to body and mind; and it is my nature to have both about everything, to a certain degree."

He embarked for England on 25th August, with Blanco, who was doubtless glad of a change to plenty of forage and an easy life, instead of long marches and foodless halts, in which he "curls his nose into a thousand wrinkles, cursing Buonaparte," beside a master whose last biscuit has "run away on maggots' legs." Napier remained at home for some months, very happy in his mother's society, but suffering much from ague and the effects of his wounds and hardships. Lord Liverpool gave him the sinecure government of the Virgin Isles, an appointment which he resigned on the creation of pensions for wounds. He took the command of his new regiment in January 1812; and among the first letters which reached him in Guernsey, where he was quartered, was one conveying the news that his brother George had lost an arm while leading one of the storming parties at the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo. Two other letters conveying the news to other members of the family are a remarkable proof of the admiration excited by the gallantry of the Napier brothers.

Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Londonderry, writing to Lady Louisa Conolly, says, "The gallant spirit of those Napiers leads them ever in the foremost ranks to danger, and honour is sure to be their just reward. George Napier, commanding three hundred as brave fellows as himself, stormed one of the breaches in the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, and, sad to relate, received a wound in the right arm, which has been since amputated, and he is doing as well as possible. His conduct equalled that of his brother Charles, to surpass it would be hard; but the gallantry of the Napiers is as proverbial in the army as the fame of our chief."

The next letter is from the chief himself, and it is not the first occasion on which he had found time to give Lady Sarah the earliest news of the wounds, conduct, and safety of her sons.

"My dear Madam—I am sorry to tell you that your son George was again wounded in the right arm so badly last night, in the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo, as to make it necessary to amputate it above the elbow. He, however, bore the operation remarkably well, and I have seen him this morning quite well, free from pain and fever, and enjoying highly his success before he had received his wound. When he did receive it he only desired that I might be told he had led his men to the top of the breach before he had fallen. Having such sons I am aware that you expect to hear of these misfortunes, which I have had more than once to communicate to you; and, notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction which they are daily acquiring for themselves by their gallantry and good conduct that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you. Under these circumstances I perform the task I have taken on myself with less reluctance, hoping at the same time that this will be the last occasion on which I shall have to address you on such a subject, and that your brave sons will be spared to you. Although the last was the most serious, it was not the only wound which George received during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo: he was hit by the splinter of a shell in the shoulder on the 16th.—Ever, my dear madam, yours most faithfully,

"Wellington."

Charles Napier's hope of leading his new regiment to the Peninsula was soon extinguished by an order to embark for Bermuda. The only consolation he finds in this double banishment from glorious warfare and from his mother is "that not a day passes at Bermuda without opportunities of sending letters, and the ordinary run is but three weeks—two delightful things; for to be far from you is hateful, and with all my ill-temper at the cross ways of London, never do I go to bed so happy as under your roof, if you are there. Take care of my other dear mother, Susan Frost, and make her go into the country." The regiment left Guernsey in July, and, owing to the roughness of the

weather, did not reach Bermuda till September. On 10th August he wrote in his journal: "This day, thirty years old. In 1808 my birthday was spent in Lisbon; 1810, in the valley of the Douro; 1811, again in Lisbon; and now, 1812, in the midst of the Atlantic. Where next? Perhaps at the bottom. Well, when not with those I love, no matter where."

He now found himself on an island about 35 miles long, and varying in width from a few yards to about 3 miles, with a population of 11,000, half being slaves. Idleness and rum were the main difficulties he had to contend with as a commander. "My greatest dread is that the idleness of others will corrupt my *gents;* they are, however, now good, and proud of their military knowledge, which keeps up the military spirit. But to what end is all this work? To be starved in Bermuda, and become pioneers when tools come from England; it is hateful to think of. Every officer of mine, except three young ones, can now exercise a battalion; in one year of working parties they will be only thinking of making money and gardens, and the men will be ditch-diggers! How can we pester men with drill for that end? I only do it to keep them from drink and myself from rust."

News of the battle of Salamanca reached him in October, and made him "turn with disgust to the dulness of drill." In such times of inaction hatred of soldier-life always added itself to the longing for home which never left him, even amid the triumph of victory. For he was one who

> "Though thus endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
> To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes."

On the other hand, when the time for action came he could

not repress his inward sense of his capacity for command. Nor, indeed, even in Bermuda had he failed to make a deep impression on the minds and affections of those amongst whom he was thrown. Captain Robertson,[1] Royal Artillery, records that

"When the 102d landed in Bermuda even casual observers perceived it was commanded by no common man; while those of his acquaintances who enjoyed the edification of his conversation on professional subjects—and he delighted to dwell on them—could not but entertain something like prophetic views of future greatness. There was such earnestness of character, such a high estimate of his profession, such enthusiastic stern devotion, that he could not fail to influence all who had a spark of chivalry in their nature. He made soldiers of all under him, and had the rare quality of making the most familiar intercourse compatible with absolute authority. . . . The hills and cedar groves of Bermuda were his places of instruction, where men and officers were made to study ground and movements; and with infinite care, and a peculiar happy manner, he taught. Instead of condemning mistakes he would put questions, as if seeking for information, yet so framed as to bring conviction of error, where such existed, and to suggest improvement. His was no adjutant's regiment; he was himself drill-master, and master also of every detail; with exception of beating a drum there was no part of a soldier's duty, from the sentinel to the sergeant-major's, which he could not teach, and do as smartly as the smartest non-commissioned officer. Nor was his knowledge restricted to his own arm; he was conversant with engineers' duties, and with those of artillery, whose practice he generally attended."

It is only by keeping in mind the perpetual conflict in Charles Napier's breast between the promptings of his

[1] Father of the Rev. Fred. W. Robertson, who had a picture of Sir C. Napier hung in his study, and used to call it his household god. See his *Life and Letters*, vol. i. pp. 8-11.

genius and his affections that the foregoing account can be reconciled with his own letters to his mother, of which the following is a good specimen :—

"20*th April* 1813.—Now for your Christmas letter. A year's pay to have seen aunt dance—the idea is delightful; God bless her! Oh, my wish is to be dancing with those I love, or beating them, or anything, so as to be living with you, and to pitch my sword where it ought to be —with the devil! Henry says if it were so the wish would come to have it back; but my craving for rest is such that twenty years would hardly serve to satisfy me, and that is probably ten more than I am likely to live—a soldier nowadays is old at forty. I could get on with a duck, a chicken, a turkey, a horse, a pig, a cat, a cow, and a wife, in a very contented way. Why, gardening has become so interesting to me here as to force me to give it up lest neglect of business should follow. It is a kind of madness with me. Gardening from morning to night should be my occupation, if there was any one to command the regiment; it won't let me think of anything else. So hang the garden, and the sweet red and blue birds that swarm around; and hang Dame Nature for making me love such things, and women's company, more than the sublime pleasure of cutting people's throats and teaching young men to do so! Henry is wrong; I would not be tired of home. My fondness for a quiet life would never let me desire to roam in search of adventures. A few centuries back I should have been a hermit, making free, however, with the rules of the order by taking a wife instead of a staff: one cross-grained thing is as good as another. It is certain that a civil life would give me one thing which a military life would not—that is, I should never, my own blessed mother, get tired of the power of living with you; that would make up for all the affliction and regret of not murdering my neighbours, of living an exile, with the interesting anxiety of believing those I love suffer even to death, while imagination amuses itself with castles for months before it can be known what is their fate. How shocking to give

up such delights for the painfulness of peace and quiet and a beloved society! Be assured it will not be easy to persuade me of that; and quit the army with joy will I when the power to do so is mine; but my luck will not go so far."

Whatever the future might have in store, the charms of tranquillity were soon dismissed from his mind. Monotonous drill beneath the enervating skies of Bermuda was exchanged for the command of a brigade of marines, his own regiment, and a corps of Frenchmen enlisted from the war prisons. He was second in command to Sir Sydney Beckwith, and at once found himself "in most excellent tranquil spirits, having much to do." He was confident that his own regiment would do right, but for the marines he felt "all the anxiety of a lady sending her daughter to Court the first time; very anxious also I am to ascertain my own force in command of an awkward brigade, for the marines, being ever on board ship, are necessarily undrilled, and the foreigners under me are *duberous*. Fight these last shall; all men will fight when they begin, but delay enables rogues to evaporate. My self-confidence makes me wish for the chief command; yet am I fearful of estimating my powers too high, and much I dislike sacking and burning of towns; it is bad employment for British troops. . . . Nevertheless, a pair of breeches must be plundered, for mine are worn out."

General Beckwith's force was destined to take part in the desultory and not very creditable operations against the United States of America. The principal interest settled on the attack and defence of the Canadian frontier, but detachments of British troops made diversions at various points along the American seaboard.

The expedition with which we are now concerned chose Chesapeake Bay as the scene of its operations after some uncertainty, resulting from the naval and military authorities

having independent commands. "It was a council of war," says Napier, "and what council of war ever achieved a great exploit?"

The fleet anchored in Lynehaven Bay, with a view to attack Norfolk, but was driven by a storm to the mouth of Elizabeth River. Here Craney Island was seized, and, after some aimless night attacks, the town of Hampton was taken and disgracefully plundered. Napier was justly proud of the conduct of his own brigade, with the exception of the French war prisoners, who had to be sent away. He had some difficulty in keeping his own men in the ranks, but the marine artillery "behaved like soldiers; they had it in their power to join in the sack and refused." The following letter gives an account of the general character of the operations:—

"*Potomac.* — We have nasty sort of fighting here amongst creeks and bushes, and lose men without show —altogether above a hundred, with three officers. The Yankees, however, get their share, for at Hampton we killed on the spot above a hundred. It is an inglorious warfare. 7000 men are at Baltimore, and we have no such force; still my opinion is that if we tuck up our sleeves and lay our ears back we might thrash them—that is, if we caught them out of their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment—nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gun-barrels—everything that will do mischief. On board a 20-gun ship that we took I found this sort of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong. Man delights to be killed according to the law of nations, and nothing so pleasant or correct; but to be doused against all rule is offensive. We don't then kick like gentlemen. A 24-lb. shot in the stomach is fine—we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty twopenny nails, makes us die ungenteelly and with the colic. . . . Nothing can be more interesting than our landings,

which have been always by moonlight. Numbers of boats filled with armed men gliding in silence over the smooth water, arms glittering in the moonshine, oars just breaking the stillness of night, the dark shade of the woods we are pushing for, combining with expectation of danger to affect the mind. Suddenly 'Cast off' is heard, and the rapid dash of oars begins, with the quick 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' as the sailors pull to shore. Then the soldiers rush into and through the water. We have generally had two or three miles to row, the boats tied together and moving slowly; but when in reach of shot every boat casts loose and they pull furiously with shouts—the 102d excepted, which no shouting hath! I forbid all noise until they can rush on the enemy; then they have leave to give a deadly screech, and away! away!"

In August he was detached with Admiral Cockburn to the coast of North Carolina; but he was not allowed to have his own way, and the expedition was as fruitless as the rest. It provoked some bitter reflections in his journal on divided command: "I have seen enough to refuse a joint command if ever offered to me. It is certain disgrace and failure from the nature of things: the two services are incompatible. . . . A General in a blue coat, or an Admiral in a red one, is mischief." He was heartily glad when he was able to exchange back into the 50th. He received a sword of honour from the officers of the 102d, and sailed for England in September 1813.

The war in America had been a painful and inglorious experience. "It is quite shocking," he writes, "to have men who speak our own language brought in wounded; one feels as if they were English peasants, and that we are killing our own people." And again, "There are numbers of officers, of the navy in particular, whose families are American, and their fathers in one or two

instances are absolutely living in the very towns we are trying to burn." He had, in addition, the mortification of seeing confusion and mismanagement on every side, while he could obtain no hearing for his own suggestions and plans. One of these, which bolder men than Beckwith and the two admirals might well have shrunk from even discussing, was afterwards described by himself in connection with some remarks on the War of Independence in Greece.

"My proposal to Ali Pacha was the second great plan of war addressed by me to governing powers, both rejected with folly, though undoubtedly calculated for success. The other was made on my American expedition, where our landings on the coasts of Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina, made it soon manifest to me that we did no good to English fame, no real injury to America. I was then but thirty years old, but, having seen much of war, was confident of being able to execute whatever entered my imagination as feasible. My plan was as follows:—may it yet be executed!—Seeing a black population of slaves ruled by a thin population of whites, the blacks thinking the English demigods and their Yankee masters devils, I said to the authorities, 'Give me 200,000 stand of arms, and land me in Virginia with only the officers and non-commissioned officers of three black regiments—that is to say, about one hundred persons accustomed to drill black men. Let the ships with store of arms lay off while I strike into the woods with my drill men, my own regiment, and proclamations exciting the blacks to rise for freedom, forbidding them, however, to commit excesses under pain of being given up or hanged. The multitude of blacks who nightly come to our ships, and whom we drive back to death or renewed slavery, shows that we can in a week assemble a million—certainly 100,000 before any force can reach us—indeed before the American Government can be aware of our descent, as we shall lie hidden in the forests until the influx of blacks discovers us.

"'All the blacks can use arms, and in twelve hours can be

organised in regiments and brigades, each commanded by an officer more experienced than American militiamen'—for the American regular forces were then in the north, and even they had but small experience at the time. 'When this vast mass shall be collected and armed we shall roll down to the coast, and our large fleet can pass us into the Delaware country, out of which we shall instantly chase the whole population. Then, with half our fleet in the Delaware River, with provisions in the Delaware country—and a handful of corn or rice is all a black slave will want for that occasion—we shall people the deserted space, set all the women and children to cultivate the ground, and with our enormous mass of males will have entrenched a position across the isthmus in twenty-four hours, for the fleet will supply us with tools, powder, cannon, engineers, and marines.' Such was my proposal. Nothing could have approached us, and in a month a drilled army of 200,000 men, well appointed, would have been formed, with 100,000 in reserve to supply losses. At the head of that army I would have sallied from our lines and taken Washington, while Sir George Prevost from Canada followed the American army, which must, perforce, have retired on the first alarm either to the Indian country or to the south; the British force from Canada could then have joined my black force at Washington, and we could have dictated peace. Had this plan been accepted two things must have happened: we should have dictated peace and abolished slavery in America."

The vastness, originality, and astounding audacity of this scheme cannot but excite admiration; but we can hardly join Napier in his indignation at the folly of the Government which refused to adopt it. Such a conception was a proof that he possessed the creative and imaginative faculty which distinguishes a soldier of genius from the very ablest tactician. But it also reveals a weak point in his judgment—a weakness excusable indeed in a man of thirty, and which, if it reappears now and again in later years, was

kept in check by experience of affairs, and the matured reason of a really statesmanlike mind. He could not always confine the promptings of his genius as a soldier within the limits of political possibility. It is hard to say whether the success or failure of his negro scheme would have most embarrassed the British Government. The struggle with Buonaparte was at its fiercest; England had already shown that she had neither the power nor the inclination to throw much vigour into the American War; yet, if he had failed, the terror and hatred which his threatened overthrow of slavery would have excited throughout the length and breadth of a land already more bitter against the mother-country than at the time of the War of Independence, would have recoiled with a force that might have driven the last British subject back over the Atlantic, to say nothing of the vengeance that would have awaited the unhappy blacks. If he had succeeded, and had dictated peace at Washington, it is impossible to believe that a high-spirited and angry people would have adhered to a treaty which, however generous, must have included the abolition of slavery without compensation; there would have been another War of Independence; or, if the slave question had been waived by England, the blacks, with arms in their hands and a powerful military organisation, would have maintained a servile war.

When Napier reached England the war with France was over, and he was reduced on half-pay. He seized the opportunity afforded by the peace to enter the Military College at Farnham, where he was joined by his brother William. But hardly had he begun his studies when Napoleon escaped from Elba, and the astonished nations had once more to rush to arms. Charles Napier went, as a volunteer, to Ghent; but, doubtless to his intense disgust, Waterloo was fought and won before he could join the

army. He took part in the storming of Cambrai, and marched into Paris, where he stayed only a few days, and then returned to Farnham. As usual he was not destined to escape from a campaign, however short, without an accident of some sort. As he was leaving Ostend the ship sank at the mouth of the harbour. He swam to some piles, but the beam was too slippery to climb, and each swelling wave overwhelmed him. While thus slowly drowning, he was luckily spied and picked up by a boat.

War was now over, and the prospects of a soldier on half-pay were not cheering. But it was not in Napier's nature to be easily discouraged. Fortune might come late, but he was resolved she should not find him unprepared. Thirty years later he writes to Ensign Campbell: "By reading you will be distinguished; without it, abilities are of little use. A man may talk and write, but he cannot learn his profession without constant study to prepare, especially for the higher rank, because he then wants knowledge and experience of others improved by his own. But when in a post of responsibility he has no time to read, and if he comes to such a post with an empty skull, it is then too late to fill it, and he makes no figure. Thus many people fail to distinguish themselves, and say they are unfortunate, which is untrue; their own previous idleness unfitted them to profit by fortune."

He remained at the Military College from 1815 to the end of 1817, deep in military and political history, but with many an excursion, as his note-books testify, into general literature, agriculture, commerce, building, especially structures for the poor, and political economy. The sufferings of his countrymen and the tyrannous incapacity of the Tory administrations in the first years of peace were fast making a Radical of him. At the end of 1816 he writes to his mother, in words that show a degree of political sense

and an independence of judgment rarely possessed by men of his profession:

"Tell Aunt Conolly I won't attack her friend Lord Castlereagh to her; but reformation advances at the *pas de charge*, and no earthly power can arrest the progress of freedom. The people are in motion, and those who oppose them will be crushed like pebbles under a rolling stone. That the said stone may not swerve from the gravel walks of petition and reform ought to be the prayer of every one, and especially of those who wish the cause well, for thus all will be gain and no reaction—that is to say, there will be no going beyond justice. If this does happen the glory of England will become brighter than the battles of the last twenty years have made it. The freedom of this country being rendered complete, Louis XVIII. and his brood will be lost, for our example will be followed all over Europe. That excessive suffering to individuals will result is certain, but everybody who takes physic has the colic. As to your seeking for an asylum against coming troubles, you shall have my reasons for being in no fear for you. No revolutionary spirit exists in England; the starving people only seek bread. Those who have their confidence—and generally they place it justly—tell them parliamentary reform and food will come together: it is this they seek. The reformers, Cobbett at the head, tell them not to riot, not to be personal, not to commit excesses; but to petition daily, hourly, one and all, for in that is their safety, their remedy. They see this is true, and the great security against bloodshed and revolution is to tell the multitude truth. Show the real evils and the real remedy, and they will not be half so dangerous or so unjust as when suffering in ignorance of the cause, for it is then they go furiously ahead, and nothing can stop them.

"No power ever yet could stem popular vigour in action, and, as it is always just at bottom, it should be directed by timely information. Let a mob know that a minister is a villain, and give them to know him by sight, and they will not tear an innocent man to pieces by mistake; but if you do not give them this knowledge, they will tear any man to

pieces that anybody points at; and they will as suddenly fall on his family—ay, even on the street where he lives! All such excesses arise from the infatuation of treating the lower orders as if they were fools, when they have really a greater number of great men amongst them than the higher orders, in proportion to their greater numbers. England is instructed, the people see their remedy, thanks to Cobbett, Burdett, and others; and though these men have their errors, it will be to them we shall owe personal safety, and constitutional instead of revolutionary reform. It is easy to laugh at Cobbett, and to call him all sorts of names, but it is not easy to disprove his great abilities. A reform will be effected, though to resist it Lord Castlereagh would risk civil war, I believe; but I do not believe he has power. Should it be so, with three sons soldiers, one a sailor, another a lawyer, it will be hard if you don't swim, for these are the three finest trades in such cases; so don't trouble yourself with anticipating evils."

This chapter shall be concluded with a few extracts from his note-book, interesting both for themselves and as examples of his method of studying war and government. They were not all written at the Military College, but are selected from the note-books he used from 1809 to 1824.

"*Popular Wars*, 1809.—It is generally found that wars arising from popular enthusiasm have been excited by oppression, bad government, or bad faith—in short, that the populace has good cause for anger. Those who wish to direct popular troops, and those also who are inclined to lend assistance, must be very cautious, or else resign caution entirely, risking all on chance. The heated imaginations of enthusiasts, who are generally weak men, see no reverses; each has victory in his own plan, and all will make mountains of mole-hills, and mole-hills of mountains. The last is indeed a minor evil, for a man may dare any danger successfully, but must never forget to estimate accurately his own powers. False estimates are the cause of failure in all such enterprises. Those who engage in them always exaggerate their numbers and resources, and to deceive yourself is

to fight for the enemy. Another cause of failure is that when coming to action every man is confident in his own particular plan, and will not give it up, or at most but coldly acts on his neighbour's plan; hence dissensions, the cry of traitors, and all the evils of jarring interests. Military plans require despotism. Great men may when shackled by control do much, but they would do more if unshackled.

"In popular wars you must not attempt to form armies or combine movements unless a powerful body of regular troops is already embodied; in which case, a despotic government must direct all the operations. Spain furnishes the proof of this. Instead of attempting to meet the disciplined warriors of France in battle, she should have made a partisan war. Small corps of foot should have acted in the mountains, fought in the defiles, and watched the fords; small parties of cavalry should have eternally harassed the enemy's marches, and beat up his quarters when halted. At first these parties could not be too small; but in the towns every house should have barricades, be pierced with loopholes, and turned into a redoubt which its master should defend or die. Ten towns like Zaragoza, or Gerona, would save Spain; one, if that were Madrid. In the plains forage might be destroyed, or collected in towns. Cavalry could not get it in the mountains occupied by active partisans, who, as they acquired experience, would gradually become formidable corps equal to combined movements. The armies of France could then only gain ground with loss of blood, and their system of concentration be unavailing. Armies in mass could not pursue a hundred men; the bodily endurance of the Spaniards would tell, and their losses be supplied by a present population, while those of France could only be repaired from a distance, and scantily in comparison."

"*Commanders*, 1810.—A commander should concentrate his own forces, divide his enemies, and never think himself strong enough when he can be stronger. Yet he should remember that additional numbers do not always give strength. He should never voluntarily attempt anything where failure would be ruin, whatever be the temptation;

he may, however, be forced to do so. Attempt anything, the more daring the better, if you can bear defeat. But always when you do attack, do it with all possible fury; be sudden and rapid, and if possible, unexpected. Always attack if you cannot avoid an action. And when you do attack, throw your whole power also upon one point, and let that point be a decisive one; the day is your own if it is carried; your other points are safe, because your enemy cannot maintain his ground, much less advance, if the key of his position be in your power, even though he should be successful anywhere else. If the key point can be turned it is still better, and there are many ways of attacking a position abstractedly.

"Let your guiding principles be first to form plans of campaign on the largest scale possible, then to have your army compact and your movements well combined, concentric, and rapid. If your enemy is strongest, fall on his weakest points and avoid his strong ones. If you are more powerful, fasten on his vitals and destroy him. If he is strong, provoke him to separate; if he is weak, drive him to a corner. Never separate your own force unless your detachments are equal to the enemy's, and even then it is bad, though sometimes it must be done—the fable of a bundle of sticks ought always to be in a General's mind. The place to strike at your enemy is not so much when you are sure of success in battle as where your blow will be decisive in the consequences. Suppose an army has only one road by which he receives supplies; if he preserves that the beating his left or right or centre may be glorious, yet will be unavailing—he remains in the field; but once gain that road and all is over. These things appear simple, but how few Generals do we find able to act on them!

"Is your army of cavalry or infantry chiefly? If the former take the open plains if you can; if the latter an intersected country should be generally preferred; but that depends more on your enemy's force than your own. Indeed on so many things that to say absolutely what should be done is folly; circumstances must direct. However, the first of all

objects is the commissariat. Your troops may wrest arms out of the enemy's hands, and if they fail they can run; but if they want food the game is up, they must surrender. The means of securing food must therefore be fixed—not left to chance or promises. The General should be sure, if it is in his power; if it is not he must give up all at once, unless the nature of affairs demands the risking the destruction of his army. Lord Wellington did so in Portugal, whether properly or not is for those who know how things stood to judge. I do not.

"Discipline should be enforced with rigour. Death is the only effectual punishment on service. The life of a criminal must not be thought of when it gains a point of far more importance than a post, in attacking which a hundred honourable men may fall. Discipline is necessary for health, for safety, for combinations, for keeping up numbers, seeing that the loss of men killed or taken singly in consequence of plundering and drink is inconceivable. Policy and humanity to the wretched inhabitants of the seat of war command that marauders should die without mercy. But the supply of food must be sufficient or discipline goes; no man will starve for fear of being shot. The commissary is the very life of an army; if his department goes wrong the General can do nothing; disorganisation and disease follow his neglect. A General should also watch the drill of his army, but that is the easiest part of his duty. Regiments must, however, take all means of perfecting and adapting it to the country acted in.

"With these precautions a General may take the field with confidence in himself, if he is also cautious, daring, active, deceitful, searching his enemy with spies in all directions, but giving little credit to their stories, save where corroborated by circumstances or on proved fidelity. He should acquire accurate personal knowledge of the country, and make his staff departments do the same. When in movement let him be careful to prevent his troops being kept standing long under arms—waiting either for quarters at the end or for orders at the beginning of a march; nothing is more harassing

to men and officers, nothing so likely to produce sickness in hot, cold, or wet climates. Seize all intoxicating liquors when they can be found, and let them be immediately distributed as far as may be without injury; if that can't be destroy them, for to guard them with English troops is impossible.

"Guard well against surprise. To be surprised is inexcusable in a General, if it happens from his neglect of proper posts; if his troops are surprised in good posts they must be in a dreadful state, which can hardly be the fault of any one but the General. Never call a council of war; a General is to command his officers, not to obey them. This need not prevent his receiving the opinion of any officer, or of every officer, in regard to their peculiar duties. Leave every officer power and responsibility in his own post, according to his worthiness. A General publicly avows his embarrassments when he tells inferior officers he does not know what to do, and that they do; his army loses confidence, magnifies every difficulty, and either becomes panic-stricken or despises the chief, or both. In council also each will believe he knows better than his neighbours, and be dissatisfied if his advice is not followed. The man who says, 'Do that because I order you,' is obeyed with confidence and decision. What would not Marlborough have done but for the councils of war which the Dutch deputies forced on him! Lord Wellington assembled one council of war in the Peninsula, but only to hear all that could be urged against a resolution he had taken; for it was said the Generals were unanimous, and in two hours after orders were issued for a march directly opposed to their opinion! As to fighting battles, Marshal Saxe said they were won by legs more than arms, and certainly battles are decided by rapid well-directed marches more than anything else; but I do not see much wisdom in the apophthegm, for it is the head, arms, and legs united that win battles, and not any one of them. The head has clearly the best share, for the best legs and arms with a bad head will rarely conquer, whereas bad legs and arms with a good head may."

"*Bermuda—Alexander the Great.*—He warred against the Persians 334 years before Christ, and it is remarkable that the

two most renowned warriors of history should have commenced their great enterprises with such small armies. Alexander invaded Persia with only 30,000 foot and 5000 horse; Hannibal entered Italy with but 20,000 foot and 6000 horse. How much more depends upon the chief than on the numbers of an army! Alexander's mode of warfare indicates that the vast plan he executed was pre-calculated, and did not spring merely from success. At first he moved along the coast of the Propontis, because Mount Ida was naturally strong, and Memnon was there, well fortified, and having also prepared obstacles on the coast of the Ægean Sea. By this march eastward, which, being much longer, was quite unexpected, Alexander turned all those obstacles.

"At the Granicus, being opposed, contrary to Memnon's advice, he concentrated his force on the right and defeated the Persians—that is, the Persian king's army, for the forces were chiefly Greek mercenaries, and Memnon was a Greek. After the victory he divided his forces, and with one half took Sardis and all the towns along the Ægean coast; but by that time the enemy had collected on the frontier of Syria under Darius, whereupon Alexander concentrated his scattered forces, marched upon Darius and defeated him at Issus. Two things are noticeable here. First, Alexander had grown careless from conquest and from deficiency of intelligence. Darius, displaying talent and activity, got in his rear, seized the Armanic gate, and nearly got the Syrian gate also. These were the only passes through the mountains by which Alexander could retreat. The danger was seen and the fault remedied by a rapid night march, which placed Alexander's army at the Syrian gate before Darius could get it. Alexander could then have declined a battle if he chose, but that was not his game, and he attacked.

"The second noticeable thing was the judgment with which he did attack. Darius drew up his forces with his right to the sea, his left resting on the mountains, his front covered by the Issus. Alexander fell on the Persians' left with the greatest part of his troops, leaving Parmenio on his own left with the cavalry, to make the best fight he could.

If defeated Alexander could have gotten into the mountains, and by his right have reached the previously-conquered countries, or Greece by a detour; for his left being weak would have been first beaten, and its retreat have been protected by his right. Had he taken a different course his right would have first retired, and his whole army been thrown back on the sea, or into the plains of Mesopotamia, where it would have been destroyed. Victorious, he equally gained by this disposition; for he, as actually happened, threw the Persian army on to the sea and destroyed the greater part. Having won the battle, he marched along the coast of Phœnicia, gaining many ports and ships; then he took Egypt; and, thus getting the whole coast, formed a large fleet and cut Darius off from the Persian party in Greece, which, under Demosthenes and others, had been hitherto very dangerous; and it had been the able Memnon's plan to invade Macedonia.

"Few things more strongly mark Alexander's vast designs and genius than the way he treated the people of the conquered districts, always making them his warm friends. Pausanias says he never erected trophies, though usual then. The only difference to the conquered was that they changed an old king who made them pay heavy tribute and never saw them for a young one who was among them and exacted much less in tribute. He gave them great commands, and he was liberal, but withal very economical and anxious to prevent all expense that was not useful and just; very generous but not extravagant.

"Having secured his rear and all the sea communications with Greece, he pressed forward into the heart of Darius' empire, and beat him at Arbela by attacking, as usual, with his own force concentrated. Being much outnumbered he displayed two equal lines, so as to be able to form squares in case the Persians surrounded him; and with this formation first bore down on their centre, but so obliquely towards his own right as to compel them to make a flank movement to prevent his gaining their flank, and at that moment attacked them. The battle was well contested, but he won it. His motive for obliqueing when moving against them was, seem-

ingly, to avoid the ground they had cleared for their chariots. His subsequent movements were very rapid. After the battle he took Babylon, and pursued his conquests to India; and it is a proof of his wisdom that the towns he built have most of them remained to this day, showing that he foresaw the channels in which commerce would flow. The Egyptian and the Paropamisan Alexandrias were the most noted; but the works begun and proposed at Babylon, just before his death, evinced his design to make that the capital of the world.

"The battle of Granicus was won by placing the greatest force on the right, so that his attack was made with troops more concentrated than those of the enemy. This seems to be the main point in all battles; for you thus overwhelm a certain portion of the enemy, and, being always compact, can meet his subsequent efforts to recover the day with an advantage difficult to withstand, as the enemy must come up in detail to reinforce his defeated troops."[1]

"*Order of Battle.*—Jomini's method of forming three lines by dividing regiments into three grand divisions, one behind another, would sacrifice fire and be unhandy. For English troops the single line, two deep, has been found strong enough. If men have solid nerve that formation is sufficient; if they have not three lines will equally fail, and the rear line will be shooting the front lines. If you distrust your troops the column is best to break an adverse line, because disorder and flight from line is destruction; whereas the most frightened troops can keep in a body, and be able to make terms if not able to resist with effect, and in the attack they force each other forward; but no general rule can

[1] Marginal note written nearly forty years afterwards, when Commander-in-Chief in India:—

"It is curious that I should have written this in Bermuda, 1812, and be here in 1850, at Simla, having just returned from passing over Alexander's march from the Indus to the Hyphasis. I am at the head of an army larger than his; but I am more than double his age, having only half his strength, and none of his power. If I had his power I would, without a hundredth part of his genius, go near his glory, and would win all he won—and more; for I have a better army, and our Europeans amalgamate better with the natives than did his Greeks."

be given in these matters. Should I ever command an army it shall be kept, so far as the ground will admit, in a wedge-like form, which may, according to circumstances, be compressed to an oblong, or displayed as a line. When required to act it may be done by companies, regiments, or brigades, according to the need. Six regiments are in line; twelve may follow in straight column behind each flank, or divergent in *échelon*, thus offering the oblong or the wedge form as the ground dictates. Behind the centre should march the reserve."

"*Cavalry.*—In the British army we have not considered this arm much in a scientific point of view—that is to say, its use in the field and its equipment as suited to its duties and dependent on them. It appears to me that in battle infantry must have the greatest effect, but cavalry in the campaign. Infantry grow accustomed to cavalry, but the tendency of cavalry is to become fearful. This a good General should take great pains to obviate. The infantry soon learn that close formation and steadiness gives them safety. They take advantage of ground, and thus gain confidence; but the cavalry must lose it, because they find the foot-soldier grow firmer in resistance and delivering a closer fire. Thus attacks become more dangerous for man and horse, and both become faint-hearted. The dispute is finally decided by the complete superiority of the musket and bayonet over the sabre. One simple fact will account for this. The foot-soldier can kill his adversary at some hundred yards; the horseman cannot hurt his enemy until the latter is within reach of his sword, and then six foot-soldiers are opposed to each file of horsemen! Is it fair to expect they should cope with such odds for any length of time?

"I do not mean that cavalry are not to charge infantry; they must charge anything they are ordered to charge, and they will frequently break and annihilate infantry; moreover, it may be requisite to charge with the certainty of defeat. These are not points becoming for cavalry to consider; they wholly belong to the General. My aim is to show that infantry will have greater force in battle than cavalry. It may be said that artillery will break the infantry; but the latter

have artillery also, and my decided opinion is that infantry, even in line, may oppose cavalry, particularly when accidents of ground cover their flanks, in want of which a company wheeled back will answer the purpose. I will go further, and will, after a deal of personal service in the infantry, say that a line charged over by cavalry will, if the men do not endeavour to escape by flight, lose very few, and will finally beat the cavalry. Artillery therefore makes little difference, and solid formations are not essential, though preferable. Cavalry may, nevertheless, act with prodigious effect accidentally. Great conduct and great misconduct will not submit to principles.

"With regard to the equipment of cavalry, we could hardly alter for the worse. I will not enter into details, but the chief objects are to have two classes—viz. light dragoons and heavy dragoons; that is larger men, not heavier baggage. All should have straight cut-and-thrust swords, thirty-five inches in the blade, and light muskets for acting on foot, as the French do. No trappings; the horse must not be killed by useless weight. A dragoon should have no kit but a cloak, a pair of shoes, two flannel shirts, and a piece of soap. These, wrapped up in an oilskin, would go in the right holster pipe, and a pistol in the left. To make cavalry effective in the long run they must move rapidly, and for that they must be light; therefore good cavalry consists in the strong horse and light weight. This gives one beast fair play; and to give t'other beast fair play also, teach him to trust to his sword, by teaching him how to use it; then, when a rigid course of discipline has taught him to follow his commander in a charge, he will repay all trouble and expense at the enemy's cost. The absolute force of cavalry is very little; for what becomes of the force of a horse when struck by a shot? What of a squadron when many horses are down? No! it is certainly not force but rapid movement that gives cavalry value, the application of which requires *gumption* in the commander; the power of obeying him depends on the weight the horse carries; the courage of the rider depends on rigid discipline, in a collective sense, and on a knowledge of his weapons individually."

"*Commander of a Regiment.*—He should be steady in system, that which demands change must be bad: change is in itself an evil of magnitude. He should issue as few orders as possible; there is scarcely a greater evil than long and frequent orders. He should enforce the orders he does issue, a habit of obedience is the great spring of military arrangements; but when subject to constant orders men's minds, especially young minds, become fatigued and heedless; disobedience, or at best inattention follows, for no commanding officer can be a constant spy on his officers, nor would it become him if he could. How then can this natural weakness of men's minds be met? By not overloading them, by short, simple, and few orders, by seeing to their execution, and making severe examples of the disobedient in matters of consequence. Sharp reprimands for slight neglect are necessary, not because the matter signifies much in itself, but that a habit of disobedience grows, and steady checking makes men dread disobedience more than the trouble of duty. They reason thus: 'The orders are few, but necessary; I am bound in honour to obey them, and neglect subjects me to unpleasant treatment.' When this feeling arises a lieutenant-colonel has little to do beyond admonishing the careless; and on service he will find that while others are overwhelmed with exertion and yet disobeyed, he and those under him scarcely feel the difference.

"This is real subordination, real responsibility. It is not saying to a lieutenant-colonel 'I hold you responsible,' that succeeds; the same speech goes through each gradation down to the drummer; and when the thing is not done the lieutenant-colonel, being responsible to the General, cannot say, 'The major disobeyed me,' for that would bring the General and the drum-boy face to face to settle the matter, which would be the reverse of responsibility. The colonel should be able to say to the General, 'I cannot see this order executed with my own eyes, but, having taught my officers the necessity of obedience, I will be responsible for its execution.' Here is the true 'chain of responsibility,' which is not to be found by throwing your own duty on the shoulders of

your juniors. Let the commander do his own duty, that is the great secret; neither rewards nor punishments have so much effect as example. In battle a leader who cries 'Forward,' may see his men fly disgracefully; but he who, sword in hand, rushes on the enemy will generally be followed.

"The fewer reprimands the fewer punishments, and more effect; nothing more disagreeable to oneself, nothing more useless than scolding—it is weak and contemptible. The voice of a commander should seldom be heard in anger, and then it will be feared and heeded; if frequent it will excite ridicule, often indignation. Its course is first teasing, then impertinent, ungentlemanlike, finally unjust and insulting; then an apology is due to the misused person, and you are no longer respected. Such are the results of habitual *roaring*; but an occasional touch up is invigorating, only let it come out at once like the devil, hail, rain, thunder, and lightning. When this is justified by the matter it never creates enemies or discontent. British officers won't bear insult, but they know that duty must be done, and idle fellows are thus worked up."

"*Gibbon.*—He says, 'The principle of a free Government is irrecoverably lost when the legislative power is nominated by the executive.' What freedom can we boast of, then, when our members of Parliament hold places under Government? When our peers are placemen? When the power of voting at elections is restricted to a certain number of persons, instead of being the right of the people? When a seat in Parliament is so valuable as to make it worth while to expend £100,000 to carry one election? When the riches of the Treasury can be applied to the venal inclinations of a Parliament? When the higher offices of the executive are identified with those in whom the legislative authority is vested? And when the innumerable executive offices in the lower classes are held by voters who elect the legislative body—at least that part supposed to be the chief bulwark against tyranny? Our legislative is not only nominated by the executive, but

is in fact itself; the two powers exist in the same men, and the attempts made to assert freedom and the real spirit of the constitution are called treason—everything that is bad! Very natural however is this—we cannot expect thieves to condemn their own robberies. Ministers and opposition are alike interested to preserve this dreadful system, menacing destruction to the British Constitution; this system of aristocracy devised to make the crown a cypher and the people slaves. The remedy is to reform abuses by short parliaments, and an equal distribution of the right to elect members, having no placemen in the House. Able men have said that these things would be effectual, and I have heard no convincing argument against them."

"*Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini*, 1824.—When at Rome and Naples I thought those towns might be reformed, but was assured it was quite impossible by Sir W. Gell, with whom I had an argument, and whose talents do not appear to me to be above the blue-stocking description; however, knowing so little of him, I may be wrong. The recollection of what had been accomplished by Rienzi was not then fresh in my memory, but reading history again convinces me I am right and Gell wrong. All that Rome requires is a free press, which would have indeed less vigour, less enterprise, than the tribune, but would be less corrupt, more persevering, and would not die; he cured by the actual cautery, the press would be only an alternative—both would be best. But the press would soon produce a Rienzi in a town full of men with high natural talent and well-cultivated minds; full of noble feelings also, though great blackguards because it is a moral impossibility they should be otherwise. If you were to keep the most delicate lady in London for a week in a stable, she would smell as strong as a postilion.

"Rienzi forced the nobles to retire to their estates. If this was done now, and none allowed to live more than three months in the capital, except those whose estates were in the most dangerous parts as to health, where would the robbers be? Would the rich people, now shut up in their palaces at Rome or Naples, then suffer gangs of robbers? Would the

peasantry prefer robbers to nobles who spent fortunes amongst them? In a year necessity and interest combined would find means to destroy robbers; and in a few years cultivation would begin to conquer malaria; even the Pontine Marshes would be rescued from agues and frogs. What has been done there proves what may be done. . . . Farms would require hands, and the 50,000 lazzaroni of Naples would with good management diminish. By good management I mean corrections through a thousand channels—no one measure could purify that stagnant mass. Amongst the most obvious would be colonising other parts of the kingdom, and recruiting the marine force and the army from them; vigorous execution of the laws, establishing schools of industry, and enforcing laws against vagrants and idlers; finally, a free press would soon let you know a thousand secrets for clearing away the pests.

"The more I see of the countries of the world, the more certain it appears to me that morality, private and public, is the *sine quâ non* for good government; and the *sine quâ non* of morality is a free press. The fear of exposure deters man and woman from crime; both will risk death, any punishment, to gratify the ruling passion; we risk death for trifling gratifications, but fear of exposure acts constantly, and no punishment is more just, being generally exactly suited to the crime. Sometimes it may be hard, being, like all things, liable to exceptions; but it would be difficult to show an unjust outcry raised by the press against an innocent person, which the same press has not sooner or later exerted itself to redress. It also holds the tribunals of justice to such correct principles that the injured find a redress there, even against the press, which thus corrects itself. What makes the higher classes of English society more moral than those of other countries but being the butt of the press? The English peasantry are not superior to that of other countries in proportion. The peasantry are in all countries the best classes. But English gentlemen and noblemen certainly far exceed in honourable feeling the same classes in other countries, whereas the Spanish and French peasants are as good fellows

as those in England; not so independent, however, because no newspaper will expose the oppressor and report the poor man's sufferings.

"Whatever evils spring from a free press will, in the long run, be remedied by a free press. No other institution can say this, nor has any other so few evils to correct. In all things human there exists a perfect arrangement, a truth, because God creates not imperfections. I speak as a believer, not a sceptic. The universal search after this truth is best aided by a free press, which sifts and sifts till it reaches the desired point; and it unites talent and dulness, bad passions and good passions, prejudice and sound judgment, in the pursuit. Whoever first hits the truth gains at once an ascendency over his opponents, however feeble he may be, because a thousand pens of power start up to aid him. In a word, a free press is an emphatic term for unceasing inquiry, unceasing pursuit of truth and right, unceasing exposure of wrong. My opinion is that if the earth is to be regenerate and goodwill towards men to be universal, which I do not altogether believe, it is by a free press the Almighty means to work. War, indeed, it may put an end to, if it gains ground all over the earth, but that will require time sufficient to tranquillise the fears of all half-pay officers of the present day!"

CHAPTER III.

IONIAN ISLES AND GREECE.

SUCCESSFUL examinations at the Military College were held to give a claim for staff employment. But Napier, in spite of obtaining the first certificate in 1817, had to wait in enforced idleness until May 1819, when he was appointed an inspecting field-officer in the Ionian Islands.

He travelled across France to Geneva, and thence over the Simplon. "The vast precipices above and below, the overhanging rocks of stupendous magnitude, the wild savage appearance of nature, mingling with all that is beautiful, so far as wood, water, rocks, clouds, snow, ice, sunshine, rainbows, storms, in all their varieties, make beauty; in fine, all that imagination can paint as landscape is to be found between Geneva and Milan, until the eye and the mind alike grow weary of admiring."

His eye was as keen to observe the signs of moral and material welfare among the people, as to enjoy the solemn beauty of the Alps.

"Italy can be improved by forcing the gentry to live in the country; but to effect that it must be made their interest. A prince who would assist the agriculturist, and have the goodness of heart and nerve to grant a free press, would soon find himself the most powerful of Italian princes. The King of Naples thus acting would blow the Pope off and be King of Italy, despite of the Holy Alliance. A free press would tell him how to protect agriculture, would tell him also that

he would thus have rich farmers, that rich farmers would employ peasants, and so destroy brigands more than by all the executions. With rich farmers he could boldly attack the privileged nobles and equalise taxation. Then one step more! Let the people be represented in a Parliament, and the hearts of all Italians, if not their persons, would be devoted to him. . . . Very little feeds an Italian; the end of a tallow candle in a quart of hot water, with a tablespoonful of oil and some slices of bread, delights their insides. On twenty sous they can feast; and a halfpenny will purchase fruit enough to give a bowel-complaint for a week; hence the peasantry are not in want, and if they had but a very small share of freedom would be happy, become clean and industrious. Now they are idle, very! Perhaps climate has a share in this, but I doubt. No! it is the accursed government which lays a leaden hand on industry, and with privileges and monopolies crushes emulation; the spirit of enterprise is lowered, but the people have it in them, and strongly, though now down."

After a flying inspection of Rome, Naples, and Otranto, he reported himself at Corfu, the capital town and seat of government of the Ionian Islands. These islands, seven in number, had been placed under the protection of Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris (1815), and received a Constitution in 1818. England was represented at this time by a Chief Commissioner, Sir Thomas Maitland—a coarse, shrewd man, who did not allow the new constitution to interfere too much with the free exercise of a very despotic temper.[1] But even an absolute High Commissioner could not find much work for the new inspecting field-officer.

[1] On one occasion, the Senate having been assembled in the saloon of the palace, waiting in all form for his Excellency's appearance, the door slowly opened and Sir Thomas walked in, attired in a shirt, a red nightcap, and a pair of slippers. In this state he walked into the middle of the room with his hands behind him, looked round at the assembled senators, and then said, addressing the secretary of the Senate, "Damn them, S——y, tell them all to go to hell!" and walked back to his room with a grunt.

"I have nothing to do," was Napier's constant cry, and in consequence he caught the island fever. "Too weak still to go out, say the doctors," he writes to his mother, "and as they only get trouble and no guineas by patients they may be right. My head was shaved, my beard is enormous, as big as Ali Pacha's, and very black, which, with my dark eyebrows, gives me a patriarchal look." On his recovery he visited Ioannina, where Ali Pacha had his court; and the following year, as Greek affairs were engaging the attention of Europe, he was sent on a confidential mission to the wily Pacha himself, who had revolted from the Porte, and was most anxious to obtain the help, or, at least, the countenance of England. Napier's conduct of his mission, and the impressions derived from what he saw, are described by him in his report, and in a sketch of his connection with Greek affairs, written in 1825, when the command of the Greek army was offered to him.

"He (Ali) was a strange fellow. Cunning, cruel, resolute, enterprising, and faithless, he was fitted for the day and for the wild race he ruled, if we can call fit what is not directed to improvement. . . . Love of money made and unmade him; first it made him hoard until his riches gave him power, which enabled him to increase those riches; but when the hour of danger came he would not expend his money, and so fell.

"I brought him stores in abundance, his magazines were full, he had quantities of cannon; and though Ioannina is in a plain, mountains and the sea surround Ali's territory. I proposed to form for him a complete artillery corps of fifty pieces, which were, with all appurtenances, in his magazine; and also to drill and organise his troops, which he called 30,000, but never showed me more than 5000; however, all he had could have been organised before the Turks came. To this was joined a plan for the immediate establishment of telegraphs at each pass, but he would not let me examine his country. With this plan of communication my advice was to push small corps to each defile, and as far beyond as possible, with orders to harass

the Turks in flank, and when the latter reached the pass which they designed to force, to close on their rear and cut off their communication. Every pass was to have men strongly entrenched for defence, while his main body assembled in the plain of Ioannina. All this I offered to do for him. No! Ali would not. He would not have a regular army, though it was his only safe course, and might place him on the throne at Constantinople; he would not have his mountains entrenched, nor telegraphs; he would do nothing, it was too expensive, he was too poor! The Turkish army therefore passed the mountains unopposed, and Ali was besieged and taken, hoarding to the last!"

This bold but well-considered plan had a far nobler end in aim than the aggrandisement of Ali. Napier saw that the rebellious Pacha's only chance of success or safety lay in summoning to his aid the enthusiasm of the Greek nation, and, in advising Ali, he designed merely to use him as the humble instrument for the expulsion of every Turk from Greece. It is curious to note that his imagination as a soldier, once set free, bore him far beyond the limits his reason would have imposed, and presented to him the spectacle of a Christianised Ali at the head of a Greek crusade, which should storm Constantinople and be as fatal to the Turk as Marathon and Salamis to the Persian. His report to his own Government insists upon the importance of encouraging any insurrectionary movement in Greece in order to forestall Russia, whose blind tendency to expansion always seemed to him one of the gravest of political facts. If England did not encourage Greece, he argued, Russia would avail itself of the pretext to make a dependent province of it. "Russia must indeed go to war for this acquisition, but what legs has any system to stand on which depends upon peace between Russia and Turkey?"

England, on the contrary, would not be suspected of wishing to annex Greece, and might effect its liberation without actually joining in the struggle. She might then

compel Ali to accept a constitution favourable to the Greeks, and "form of those people a vigorous nation—strong from the nature of the country, strong in a fine race of men, and strong in self-opinion, because full of enthusiasm on getting free from foreign slavery."

When it was too late Ali sent for Colonel Napier, and offered him an unlimited command. He received the following answer: "Have you fortified the positions pointed out to you when I was at Ioannina? No! Then you have neglected to do that in time which would have saved you, and you must now abide your fate. You want to give my head to save your own, but you shall not." What astonished Ali a good deal more than this plain speaking was that the letter was accompanied by the sum of £6000, which had been given by him to Colonel Napier for recruiting purposes—an act of common honesty entirely inconceivable by the Oriental imagination.

Though this and two other visits to Ali had no direct results, Napier had seen much of the Greek character in all its strength and weakness. Of the latter he says, "Knowing that a man requires leading in the dark, and every Greek likes to be a leader, they all strive to keep a stranger in the dark, and tell him that all other Greeks whom he may seem to favour are the very rogues of God's earth. This is a natural result of their superior talent and abject slavery." But in spite of lies and roguery his heart was won to the cause: "On leaving Ioannina my mind was full of Greece, and how to serve her, and my feeling was that time, patience, and prudent conduct might so raise my character amongst the Greeks that they would call me to head their armies. Full of such thoughts, on approaching Arta I said to myself, 'Shall I succeed or not? Let chance decide! *Quo fata vocant.*' I always confided in it, and, seeing a large thistle, all gorgeous, prickly, and shooting up

high, said, 'If I can reach and cut off that thistle's head with my whip I shall command the Greek army some day; if not, my fate is to jog on my own sad worm-like life.' Striking at it then, and staggering my horse in the attempt, for it was far off, I cut it clean down, and from that hour have remained confident of going to Greece and succeeding. How weak is human nature! Why should this feeling influence my mind? Yet it has irresistibly done so." How far this most strange appeal to Chance was answered will shortly appear. Meanwhile he did not neglect less mysterious methods of preparing himself for the command which he felt to be his destiny, for in the spring of 1821 he obtained leave to travel in Greece. Making straight for Corinth he studied the military advantages of the isthmus with the enthusiasm of a genuine artist.

"*Corinth, 29th April.*—The isthmus is easy to defend. A steep ridge runs from the Acrocorinthus towards Cenchreæ; this ridge, the Acro itself, and some works between the latter and the sea, would present a position hardly to be forced. . . .

"1*st March.*—Rode along the ruins of the ancient walls, and traced the cut made by Cæsar, which is one-fourth of the way, and may be carried the whole length without difficulty. How it could be made to answer as a commercial communication I will not decide; but have little doubt of the utility in that way: in a military view it would present an immense ditch, which would be impassable. The rock in the hardest part seems of a rotten kind, generally a soft sandstone, and in some places shelly. Following the bend of a natural ravine would diminish the labour, and in one part the canal would be commanded by Mount Geranion; yet that part of the Mount admits of being strongly fortified as an advanced work, and would therefore strengthen the line. . . . A second line of great strength might be made by works either detached or connected from the north of Cenchreæ towards Hexamila, and north of it, turning down to the sea; these heights are strong, and in one or two places fortifications

were begun by the Venetians. A third line would be the great ridge of precipitous rocks extending from the tower towards the Acrocorinthus, and nearly perpendicular the whole way. These three lines, of such massive works, would be, no doubt, a vast undertaking, but the extent would be only six miles for one, and three-and-a-half miles for the other. And I am not looking for the execution to men hired by a Government, but to 200,000 Greeks in arms for liberty, labouring day and night to form a refuge for the whole nation, in which to defy the force of Turkey. A man who knows how to animate an army would make them work with enthusiasm, and they would cut the isthmus like magic!"

From Corinth he rode to Argos by the plain of Cleone, where, he thinks, "the Greek army should try one general action after losing the isthmus, because able, if beaten, to escape; and, if victorious, sure of destroying the enemy." After six days in the Morea his impression is that it "furnishes the strongest positions in abundance; the great difficulty would be to move guns, but industry and resolution would carry a 6-pounder wherever a goat could go: it is hard to say where guns cannot go. Mountain guns, 4-pounders, are very useful, notwithstanding the contempt with which some inexperienced officers of artillery treat them; this arises from forgetting that each arm must be an aid to the others, and all four united." Returning to Corinth he crossed over to the Piræus, where his attention was distracted between the means for strengthening the harbour and the "gentle pleasing manners" and unaffected conversation of the "Maid of Athens." Traversing Attica and Platæa he reached his northernmost point at Thermopylæ. "It is not the pass it was, but is still a great point; the sea has receded, but the marsh would defy the passage of an army; the pass is only wider, and could still be defended by 3000, instead of 300." He returned by Delphi, Lepanto, and Patras; and, being shortly after sent to

England with despatches, he published a pamphlet entitled the *War in Greece*. He had hardly left Greece when the insurrection broke out at Patras. He remarks thereon, 1825: "This was, however, nothing to me; my task was to wait long and patiently ere mixing with a people too vain to admit foreigners until misfortune should show them their ignorance. Every Greek robber thought himself a perfect general; and yet to me it was clear that good or bad events would be accidental on either side. Wherefore I gave no heed to the war as it went on, knowing it must go on, and details would not influence general principles; defeat would lurk behind victory, and in the despair following an overthrow I could see the groundwork of success. My conviction was that Greece must finally be victorious, but that her hour of glory could not be tolled unless foreigners taught her how to war, and defeats made her hearken to the stranger."

Colonel Napier returned to Corfu in the beginning of 1822, and in March of the same year was appointed Military Resident of Cephalonia. This office, created by Maitland, conferred almost absolute power on the holder, and was designed to protect the people against feudal oppression. The island was distracted by private factions; much blood had been spilt, and justice had become such a mockery that it was not unusual for a seignor to sit in court and direct the judges. "I know what prejudices will rise up in fury," writes Napier, "when I say the free use of despotic power is far preferable to law; nay, that it is absolutely necessary in these Grecian islands: yet I do say it. Foster all institutions which educate the people, schools, a free press, etc.; they are good, and they are compatible with the despotism I mean; but we have to deal with an ignorant, demoralised people, whose occupation is to rob and injure each other,—one fact of a hundred shall be adduced in

illustration: sixty-five peasants perjured themselves in one day, to take the life of a prisoner, innocent, but belonging to another faction."

Napier's tenure of his new office was probably the happiest period of his whole life. Endowed with absolute power over a people possessed of rare natural gifts, bodily and mental, and living in a land that would amply repay any labour expended on it, he could look nowhere without seeing the pressing need for reforms—political, social, and commercial; lawless habits, corrupt justice, abominable prisons, agriculture in primitive rudeness, inland traffic unthought of, commerce and fisheries languishing uncared for. The people were indolent, ignorant, and oppressed by their feudal lords, who were, without exception, bitterly opposed to any step in the direction of reform or improvement, which they recognised, truly enough, as so many nails in the coffin of privilege. Until the civil courts could be reorganised the population of Cephalonia, 60,000 people, was placed under martial law, so that the Resident had five or six civil suits a day to attend to, besides all the financial, criminal, and military business of the island. The margin of time and energy that remained for reforms would, in the case of an ordinary man, have been small. "My predecessor," he writes to his mother, "is going home half dead from the labour; but to me it is health, spirit, everything! I live for some use now." At the end of a month he is able to tell her that, besides having his government well in hand, a new lazzaretto is nearly finished and new quays are begun. "Now tell me all your goings on, dearest mother; every moment left me for thinking of you is so applied, and with regret that my otherwise pleasant life is passed far from you." Another month saw the civil courts established and martial law gladly put aside, and a great road begun across the range

of mountains that divides Cephalonia (5380 feet high). His next letter gives a lively account of his manner of life and work.

"10*th June*.—Health besets me. Up early and writing till eight; then feed and work in office till twelve, sometimes till three o'clock, swim, dine, and then horseback visiting the road-making. Sometimes on horseback at twelve o'clock; for having many public works in hand, other business must at times lie by for a day, but getting up at four o'clock brings up lost time. I take no rest myself, and give nobody else any: all were getting too fat, and my workmen must be watched or they would do nothing. I do watch and work. I have begun to dry up a portion of a large marsh near the town; this gives great satisfaction, as the summer-sickness comes from the marsh. Expect no letters from me save about roads. My head is so full of them that I think more of M'Adam than of anything else, save a pyramidal pedestal for Maitland's statue; that is very interesting because it pleases the people, who consider the statue itself a great effort of genius. Their pride is great on this subject, and my dislike of old Tom will not lead me to make war on his statue."

Every line written by him to his mother or in his journal breathes the same spirit—delight in the unsparing exercise of an overflowing and benevolent energy. In his public works he received invaluable assistance and counsel from Captain Kennedy of the Royal Engineers, a man of great capacity and taste as an architect, and well known in later years as secretary to the Devon Commission in Ireland, and as engineer of the Bombay and Baroda Railway. The relation of commander and subordinate was soon forgotten in the growth of a friendship which continued unclouded and ever-growing till Napier died.[1] But the Resident,

[1] "Never did we differ," writes Napier in 1843, "except in the slope of a road; but if he ever reads this journal he will learn that I

though he gained much by his friend's science and powers of designing, was his own pioneer and clerk of the works. When he returned three years later from his holiday, and found that his works had suffered by the withdrawal of his ever-watchful eye, he exclaims: "How entirely all things depend on the mode of executing them, and how ridiculous mere theories are! My successor thought, as half the world always think, that a man in command has only to order and obedience will follow. Nothing is more easy than to order, consequently nothing so easy as to command. In this light nine-tenths of the world view the matter, never dreaming of the constant reflection, constant watchfulness, writing, reading, consultations, and other details, required to ensure obedience and give vigour of execution to the most common commands. Hence they are baffled, not from want of talent, but from inactivity, negligence; vainly thinking that while they spare themselves every one under them will work like horses." Works conducted on such principles and under such an eye went on apace. His letters to his mother mark their progress through the autumn. In October he is able to tell her not only that he has finished his lazzaretto, but that it has given him the means of increasing the accommodation for his soldiers during the sickly season, and so no lives were lost, though forty had died at the same season of the previous year. There is also a bridge building, "which excites the people's curiosity; they never saw one before, having but one river, which is fordable, except in floods. . . . Meanwhile Cephalonia is

was right about the slope. He has it now all his own way in the north of Ireland; but, John Kennedy, a constant slope for 25 miles will not do. You have but one fault, you would keep a horse on the drag for 25 miles; and for that you will hereafter have to walk up a hot-iron slope, one in twelve, with bare feet!" Elsewhere he says: "If ever man or woman differs from John Kennedy they are wrong."

turned upside down with the quantity of my works begun, and gradually being completed. No going home for me now; it would be wrong to leave a place where so much good is being done until all is so advanced that it must go on. My market-place is roofed. My pedestal is a tremendous job, but two months more will finish that also. My roads will not be finished by me: four years are required with me, and six years without me won't do the job. The two months demanded by the pedestal will also suffice for laying the foundation of the prison, and raising it so high that it must be continued. It will not cost less than 80,000 dollars, but will be beautiful as well as useful. The courts of justice, of police, and the treasury, will all be included in the building; and the front will have a portico of eighty-seven columns, each of a single stone eighteen feet high."

This was very satisfactory progress for the first nine months of rule, and not the less so because his works appeared, by a comparison of accounts, to have been executed at a less cost than those in the island of Corfu, and owing to the remunerative character of some of them, such as the market-place, he found himself each year paying a handsome surplus into the Government Treasury.

Meanwhile pressure of work was not so great but that he found time to keep himself well informed of all that was passing in Greece. He received constant demands for advice from Prince Mavrocordato, whose brilliant defence of Missalonghi had lost much of its effect owing to the inaction of the Senate which controlled his operations. Napier sent the Greek Government a masterly memoir on the military situation, including a plan of operations and a strong recommendation to appoint Mavrocordato dictator; for "the first principle of war is unity, the concentration of moral and physical forces—that is, to unite in one man

much power, and as many men in one body as can be, to secure a favourable ending. All history teaches the necessity of confiding command to a single man, that he may direct the warlike energy of the nation with full effect."

In the summer of 1823 his interest in Greece was still further stimulated by the arrival in Cephalonia of Lord Byron. The letters to his mother during the following autumn contain many allusions to their pleasant intercourse. "Lord Byron is here, and I like him very much. He is going to Greece, but it is hard to get there, harder to get back; and if the Turks catch him off goes his poetical nob! He lives in his ship, but comes ashore to my house. . . . Lord Byron tells me he has touched up the Duke of Wellington in *Don Juan;* he means to write one hundred and fifty cantos, and he gets £2000 a canto! Good trade a poet's! . . . Lord Byron is still here (13th November)—a very good fellow, very pleasant, always laughing and joking. An American gave a very good account of him in the newspapers, but said his head was too large in proportion, which is not true. He dined with me the day before the paper arrived, and four or five of us tried to put on his hat, but none could; he had the smallest head of all, and one of the smallest I ever saw. He is very compassionate, and kind to every one in distress." Napier soon discovered that Byron, besides being a poet and a humorous, agreeable companion, was capable of proving himself a vigorous man of action; while the poet, in his turn, was not slow to see that Napier's great military abilities and resolute character marked him out as the very man to lead a nation in arms. Writing to the Greek Committee in London, Byron says:—

"Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous of me to speak; of his personal, I can say from my own knowledge, as well as from all rumour and private report, that it is excellent as

his military. In short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. He is our man to lead a regular force, or to organise a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army! ask anybody! He is, besides, the personal friend of Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself; and in such concord with all three that we should pull together—an indispensable as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present."

The impression made by him on Byron was lasting. Mr. Trelawny (*Records of Shelley, Byron*, etc., vol. ii. p. 158) says, "When Byron was on his deathbed, and wandering in his mind, Napier was uppermost in his thoughts; he cursed the mercenary and turbulent Zuliotes, exclaiming, 'When Napier comes I will have them all flayed alive.'" Shortly before he became insensible he remarked on a letter from Loriotti to the Prince, "This is their damned Greek policy; they are all rascals; but when Napier comes I will work them all." The bold vigour of Napier's advice must have been very refreshing after months of dawdling correspondence with the ignorant and impracticable enthusiasts on the London Committee. He warned him the Greeks would want to get hold of his money, and that if he wanted to do good he should take into his pay some foreign troops. "With this force seize Napoli, and open the gates to all the people of Greece, but exclude the warlike chiefs. Invite all the civil chiefs, whatever faction they belong to, but hold the sword and the purse yourself. A few enlightened men, like Tricoupi and Mavrocordato, will see that you are doing what alone can do good, and they will stick to you and support you, particularly while you hold sword and purse, which secures your power and the faith of the mass of men. Once established in that impregnable fortress of Napoli, and allied with Hydra, etc., use every means in your power to conciliate, short of giving up the purse, which in

your case I would not trust to my own brother." He was then to send out troops, both to put down anarchy and to fight the Turk; and when the government was consolidated the purse might be handed over. "Indeed, you would be obliged to do so, because you could only retain it as a sovereign, and I question whether the army would consent to that, unless your were your own General. Then, indeed, you might clearly possess yourself of all you conquered; but yourself, or your General, would perhaps find your fame and safety both increased by remaining simply members of a republican government." He was at the same time maturing his own plans, which were, says Sir W. Napier, "if he could obtain acknowledgment and support as a commander from the Greek Committee in London, first to fix himself at Napoli de Malvasia, or some other stronghold in the south of the Morea, where he could defy attack from the Turks. There he designed to gather men willing to be controlled and disciplined, having beforehand combined the means for collecting them, in number according to the pecuniary sources available; for, being resolved to command as well as lead, he would have no more soldiers than he could pay. With a regular force thus formed, he designed to force his way as a conqueror to Corinth, and there establish a great base, according to the plan laid down in his notes on that isthmus."

In the beginning of 1824 he returned to England and put himself in communication with the Greek Committee. But as that body was much occupied in sending out brass bands and boxes of Newman's water-colours to develop the martial and artistic talents of the people, he thought he could spend his time more profitably in writing a second pamphlet to enlighten the public as to the situation and its real needs. He also published a memoir on the roads of Cephalonia, with observations on the best sites for barracks.

Poor-law problems and the management of prisons also received a careful study, with a view to his own works in Cephalonia. In May 1825 he was back again in his own kingdom, and found Sir Frederick Adam High Commissioner in the place of Maitland, who was dead. He received a cheerful welcome in true Homeric style.

"My subjects of Luxuri have given me a magnificent dinner in my own market-house, the room being above a hundred feet long. There was also a boat-race. One boat was moored far at sea, while close under the window of the market-house a flag floated with my name on it, and from the flag a lane of several hundred yards towards the distant boat was formed by two rows of ships and small craft, chiefly filled with ladies. Four twelve-oared boats started, and came dashing in towards the goal in a beautiful and exciting manner, for there was a dead calm, and they strove to break each other's oars. On the other side of the room the windows looked on the market-square, where, from a large booth, six men threw provisions and handed wine to the mob for four hours; you see how handsomely the affair was conducted. About 8000 people received me with cheers on landing, and I could not help saying to a foreigner near me, 'How lucky it is not for my execution; these things are all accidental, and equally entertaining to the spectators.' We drank horrid Greek radical toasts, such as Prince Mavrocordato, Orlando, the cause of Greece. But to neutralise that we screeched for the King and Sir Frederick; and as to the Resident, his health was drunk every half-hour while we were sober, every half-minute when drunk, and my fear was they would take to kissing him. The Greek way of feeding the peasants while the gentlemen feast has a kind appearance, and belongs to old times; there were some six or eight pipes of wine given to the people."

The next letter alludes to his promotion and other pleasant matters:—

"*6th July.*—Not sorry to be a full colonel, but less pleased at my own than at George's promotion, as he wished it so

much. As to my works here, they go on. Twenty columns have been cut, in single stones, from my quarry; they shall be boiled in oil to hinder the sea-air injuring them, and when cooked they will be sausages for the giant who bobbed for whales. I have built eight bridges since my return, and made a road from the quay to the town of Luxuri—3 miles. My long quay, a mile long, is completed, and looks magnificent. Meanwhile, to bless us, we have got a bishop appointed—an excellent pious man, who formerly lived by sheep-stealing, which he now calls his pastoral life. His depth of learning and length of beard are both admirable; he piques himself on a thorough knowledge of the canon law of Justinian, which chiefly rules the Greek Church, and he assured me the said Justinian wrote the Code Napoleon out of friendship for Buonaparte, as they had been at the school of Brienne together. Disputing this fact, I asserted that Justinian was King of England in the reign of Solomon, and that an ancestor of mine had been sent to Jerusalem to teach logarithms to the architect who built the temple. This greatly disturbed my bishop's theory as to Brienne; but he is comforted by Adam giving him about twice my pay—an extravagance not to be accounted for. I am only fourth in salary here, though governors are generally the best paid. We Residents are, however, paid enough; it is the others who are overpaid."

About this time he made the acquaintance of another ecclesiastic, as singular in his way as the new bishop, but a man of real worth and even genius. The Rev. Joseph Wolff, afterwards so famous for his adventurous travels as a missionary through Persia, Bokhara, and Afghanistan, passed through the Ionian Isles in 1825, on his way to Palestine. His ship was dashed to pieces on a rock off Cephalonia, and he reached the harbour in an open boat, perfectly destitute. He was thus accidentally thrown across the man for whom he subsequently conceived such an extraordinary admiration that he believed him to be a prophet with a special divine mission. The following

account of their first meeting is taken from Dr. Wolff's own narrative (vol. i. pp. 401-405):—

"Soon after their arrival the greatest man whom not only England but all nations have for centuries had—a man whose fame resounds from England to Bokhara and to the walls of China—made his appearance on the shore, with convulsive eyes and shoulders, with fire-flashing glances, and a pleasant countenance. The first thing that extraordinary man said was, 'I know your sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Long, very well. She is one of the prettiest women I ever saw.' This was spoken to Wolff through the iron grating of the lazzaretto, in which all new-comers are placed before being allowed to go on shore. He then added, 'Now, Wolff, I know you, too, very well. I know that you are going about preaching that the world is to come to an end in the year 1845. It serves them right!'"

Poor Wolff, thus abruptly challenged, hastens to explain that 1847 was the correct date, and that he foretold the renovation, not the destruction of the world, the coming of the Messiah, and the restoration of the Jews.

"Now, Wolff," he continued, "you are not allowed to land, but I and my friend Kennedy and Dr. Muir will often come to see you. I shall send you victuals from shore, and you can do just what you like. You must remain here twenty-six days, for we don't wish to catch the plague, though it's all a humbug. But we must submit to humbug. I shall come to-morrow, with the Jews and Greeks, to whom you may preach. You may tell them that there is no difference between Jew and Greek—for they are both rogues alike!"

"Next day he actually came with a great crowd of both Jews and Greeks, and said, 'Now! here I am come to stand by you. If you cannot convert them, they shall get a d—d licking!' Wolff reproved Napier for swearing,

to which he answered, 'I deserve the reproof, for I swear like a trooper.'"

After Wolff had been for some days in that horrible lazzaretto he wrote to Napier a long letter, giving six reasons why he should be let out sooner than the twenty-sixth day. His answer was, "You gave me six reasons for letting you out; I will give you seven reasons for keeping you in. One of the reasons is—that if I let you out the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands would cut off my head!" Having at last been liberated, Wolff became the guest of the Resident, and maintains that he never saw "a man who set a better example by having daily family prayers in his home." Wolff read the service and preached on the Sunday, under circumstances as strange and unconventional as any that befell him in Bokhara. Himself a converted Jew, his most strenuous efforts at this time were directed to the instruction of the rest of his race. The despotic Resident, in honour of his guest, summoned all the Jews to his house. The sensations of the unhappy Israelites must have closely resembled those of their brethren on Holy-Cross Day at Rome. To those who could read Napier gave the Bible. One of the Jews asked for one. "Do you know how to read?" "Yes," said the Jew. Napier then said "Read," and put a Bible into his hands. The man did not know how to read, upon which Napier exclaimed, "I have a good mind to give you a d—d licking!—the soundest licking you ever got." Neither preacher nor prophet relates how many souls were rescued from darkness by these singular efforts. Wolff went his way, and Napier probably felt unequal to such labours single-handed.

In September the event for which he had confidently waited since he cut down the thistle on the road to Arta came to pass. Barely twelve months had elapsed since the

London Committee had refused his proffered services. But the man whose masterful spirit and irrepressible energy frightened steady-going officialism in calm or prosperous times was destined more than once to be entreated to come to the rescue amid disaster and confusion. Ibrahim Pacha was now ravaging the Morea, and the Greeks turned to Napier for safety.

"From Mavrocordato and Tricoupis," says Sir W. Napier, "in Greece, from Orlando and Luriotis in London, and from others of the islands, came letters saying that his capacity and energy, his military knowledge and resolution, and, still more, the nice judgment with which he had performed his duty to a neutral Government without losing the goodwill of the Greeks, had attracted the attention of the Hellenes, and they expected their salvation from him. Greece wished for and expected him. Such were the phrases used, and they were enough to stimulate a great spirit to a rash course; but truly he said of himself that a wild enthusiasm was no part of his nature; he could grasp and appreciate all the calculable chances of a great enterprise, and dare anything; but he would not accept any uncertainty capable of being solved beforehand."

The following conditions were sent by him to his brother William, who, with Mr. Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, negotiated on his behalf:—

"1. £12,000 deposited in your hands for me, as remuneration for sacrificing thirty years' service, rank, and future prospects.

"2. £2000, to be paid in the proportion of £1000 to each of two scientific officers, who have agreed to accompany me, and who are masters of modern Greek.

"3. £150,000, or at least £100,000, to be secured to the satisfaction of Mr. Ricardo, for the exact payment of the soldiers during the first six months, or as long as that sum lasts.

"4. 10,000 muskets, bayonets, pouches, and belts, must be immediately sent to Napoli di Romania, each pouch to contain sixty rounds of ammunition.

"5. The £12,000 for myself is to be considered as definitive, and precluding any further demand on my part for pay, allowances, or remuneration; for that I bind myself to the Greek service, except in the event of a war with England.

"6. At least 500 Englishmen, or Irishmen, or Scotsmen, equipped and armed like British soldiers, are to be sent to this island to accompany me to Greece."

But it was not to be. The Greek Government allowed themselves to be persuaded by the London Committee to spend on a fleet, which could do nothing effectual, the money which might have furnished Napier with an army. They were still, however, so eager to secure his services that they offered him a larger amount of remuneration than he had stipulated for; but to be a hireling dependent on the mismanagement and intrigues of the Greek Government was not his aim, and there was nothing for it but to forget his disappointment in renewed exertions for the civilisation of Cephalonia.

There, with all his zeal for public works, he found himself obliged to preach moderation and economy to Sir F. Adam, who was desirous of raising a loan. The following is an extract from the Resident's memoir in remonstrance:—"Bacon, in his essay on Colonies, says, 'Speedy prosperity is not to be neglected, so far as it may stand with the good of the plantation, but no further.' In this view all money, above a small sum retained in the treasury to meet unforeseen expenses, should be employed; but to borrow money for increase of production when a large sum exists in the treasury seems absurd. The progress of improvement should be steady and vigorous; all projects should repay expenses, and follow, not precede, public wants. Improvements should be gradual; when

forced they cost too much, and generally fail. The exertions of a state under an energetic administration with good management are natural; those stimulated by foreign loans are unnatural and detrimental." He himself had lately been able to reduce his expenditure on public works by £100 a month, without impairing in any way the efficiency of that department. Indeed, he had further added to the list of his undertakings a model vegetable garden and the settlement of a colony of Maltese agriculturists, which were occupying his time very pleasantly, when he was suddenly called to England by the terrible news of Lady Sarah Napier's death. She was in her eighty-second year, but to those who have seen in his letters how passionate and ever-deepening was his affection for her, it will not seem strange that her loss almost crushed him.

In April 1827 he married a widow, much older than himself, and returned with her in July to Cephalonia. His chief correspondents henceforward are his sisters, to whom his accounts of good work accomplished are resumed, with occasional exclamations of joy at hearing that the Duke of Wellington was Premier at home. "The best chance for England is having the greatest man of Europe for her ruler. He has done all he ever had to do well, and we are too far gone to care about Whig or Tory; it is an affair of existence. 'But he is a fool!' Ay! but then how got he there? as Mrs. Siddons said of the French minister who died in his bureau, which she interpreted an escritoire." He dwells with much pleasure on the success of his agricultural experiments. "I feel proud of this colony; it is being of use to our kind—to have taken three hundred starving people and made them turn a desert into a garden." But his benevolent enjoyment of power was now suddenly turned to mortification and anger by the interference of the High Commissioner. For some time he had felt conscious of

having aroused the jealousy of his superior; he was constantly thwarted in slight matters, and a little incident occurred which boded ill for the continuance of friendship. Adam drew Napier's attention to a regulation of the Horse Guards forbidding officers to wear moustachios. Napier, who was working fourteen hours a day, and had not much time or inclination to peruse regulations of such a kind, was indignant at their application in such an out-of-the-way place, and at a time when a coolness between himself and Adam made the order look like an affront; so he cut off the offending appendages and despatched them with his compliments to Government House, Corfu. The ill-feeling was fomented by feudal proprietors, who complained of Napier's tyrannical conduct in making them accept the duties as well as the privileges of their position; and the affair assumed a very grave aspect, for him at least, when Adam passed an Act for taking the roads and other public works out of the control of the Resident without consulting him or giving him any notice, and declaring, so Napier was told, that he meant it to "tie up Napier's hands." Apart from all personal matters, Napier felt that the measure must be fatal to the progress of all his best schemes.

"Allowing the regent and municipal body to decide on works is a sure way to stop all improvement. They will never tax themselves. My mole and market-place, and other improvements of Argostoli, were effected in despite of that body, which moved heaven and earth to baffle me. Had this Act been passed seven years ago Argostoli would be now what it was then. And the mode of raising the funds by the new Act leaves the country gentlemen to value their own property; consequently the greatest liar is least taxed, for the municipal body will not swear him to facts, unless from some family feud, or because the lie is too outrageous. They do not want to call forth remarks on their own pro-

perty." Feeling that the time was over in which he could hope to effect real good for the island, he sums up what he had done in his six years of office for Cephalonia:—

"1. I have built two market-places, and established two markets. Before my time she had none.

"2. A mole from the bridge to the lazzaretto—one mile and a half. It was previously a dirty sea-beach.

"3. More than 100 miles of road—40 miles blasted out of the solid rock.

"4. Spacious streets constructed instead of dirty lanes.

"5, 6, 7. More town improvements.

"8. I established Dickson's school for girls at the expense of the convents.

"9. The Maltese colony at Prousos has been planted by me, and a barren waste without inhabitants, though naturally the most fertile district of Cephalonia, has thus been rendered the best cultivated of the island.

"10. My new prison, nearly completed, and the market-place at Luxuri, are magnificent structures."

Other points are enumerated, among them the introduction of spinning-wheels, and the list is closed with the remark that for all these things and some more his pay (four dollars a day) was good, "more than enough for my labour; for as to labouring for pay we are none of us better than we should be."

A summary account of his road-making shows what energy, audacity, and economy he brought to bear on his works. 134 miles of road had been constructed over a rugged mountain range more than 5000 feet high, and only 21 miles were incomplete when the control was taken out of his hands. 113 miles were fit for carriages, 96 miles having been cut or blasted through the living rock. Many bridges had been cast, milestones and guarding parapets raised. Much of the road led over ground where none but goats had been before, and yet the gradient was never

steeper than one in twelve. This stupendous work was executed by labour on the *corrée* system, and at the marvellously small cost of £150 a mile. The *corrée* system was established by the supreme Government; but the Resident was responsible for the details of its organisation. Every one was made to work or pay, he himself doing both.

"Had it admitted exemption for a privileged class it would have been an insufferable cruelty and injustice. Still this question remains, How far may forced labour be justly demanded by a Government? My conviction was that four days in a month was not too much for men who can in three months earn full subsistence for a year, the other nine months being spent in idleness or worse. The general Government decided that one day in a fortnight should be the rule, and so it was for six years." Of the moral effect of the system he says, "The Resident worked, the engineer worked, British sergeants and soldiers worked: who then could laugh at or contemn work? No one did. Having worked for Government, they now in numbers work for themselves; and the women of several districts praise the *corvée*, saying, 'Our men do not leave all the digging to us, and we have time at home to spin.'"

In spite of mortification and diminished power, he had grown too much attached to his work and his people not to struggle to make the best of things. The portraits he draws of himself for his sister are still those of a hard-worked man, though the extravagant style is, as usual with him, a sign that he is ill at ease.

"I am so thin, so sharp, so black, so Jewish, so rascally, so knavish a looking son of a gun, that mayhap Nature never turned such a one before out of her lathe. She could not have turned me, the tools would have been blunted. The north-east wind turns south-west when it meets me on the mountains; the thermometer falls to freezing-point under my

look, and while shaving I admire my courage in trusting a razor in the hands of such an ill-looking rascal as the glass reflects. Well, God send I may not be hanged, for unless more fat and less modesty comes, it will be impossible for me to assert my innocence at the gibbet. My horse kicked me yesterday for no apparent reason; he must have thought I was going to steal his shoes.

"I am glad you mean to live a hundred years. My wish is for all I love to outlive me; yet I think my life will last until unable to walk without treading on the tombstone of some one dear to me. One thing is, however, certain: I shall never waste away until mummies perspire and skeletons grow greasy. What makes you think I overwork myself? When I reflect how well England pays us, my feeling is that the account cannot be fairly balanced, much less that more has been done for it than there ought to be. If those who employ me are satisfied that my work is enough, well and good; at the same time I hope they won't ask my own opinion on the subject."

The judgment he passes, in his private journal, on the career of usefulness which he now felt to be over is still more severe.

"On a conscientious examination of my six years' government, four may be called lost from dawdling—or rather, two lost and two that a more decided, energetic man would have made more of. Yet I have seen others lose the whole six years! How idle men are! Two years ought to have sufficed for all my works, and yet I have a name for being active, and am so compared with the drones around, but not when conscience is called in to witness, and when the sense of what a man can do if all his energies are put forth is consulted. Man! man! thou art a beast in whose sides the spur should be ever plunged!"

Early in 1830 Mrs. Napier became so ill that her husband was forced to take her to England, and accordingly left Cephalonia, never to return. They touched at Corfu,

where the High Commissioner bade them good-bye, saying, "Stay as long as you please, but remember that the longer you stay the worse for us." Unhappily, his deeds did not correspond with his words. The works in Cephalonia were at once stopped; and five months after the departure of the Resident the High Commissioner visited Cephalonia, called there by a religious disturbance. This he attributed to Colonel Napier's oppressive and illegal conduct; and, in a report to the Home Government, brought seventy specific charges against him, publicly declared he could not allow him to return, and seized his public papers. Lord Goderich, being appealed to, called for a specification of the offences. Nineteen were selected, the rest acknowledged to be false. Those adopted hardly required an answer, the gravest being that he had suspended the Act abolishing the *corvée*, whereas he had left the island some time before the Act referred to had been promulgated. None of the charges had been made before his departure, although many Cephalonians held high office at Corfu; and Lord Goderich must have been fully satisfied with the answers given to the whole nineteen accusations, as he offered Colonel Napier the Residency of Zante, a higher post than that of Cephalonia, in amendment. But Napier considered his character would not have been vindicated unless he was restored to Cephalonia. This was refused; and he thus found himself driven into retirement in the prime of life and the full maturity of his powers.

That he had done much for the prosperity and civilisation of the island the foregoing pages will have shown. That, in his enthusiasm for public works, he had overstrained the resources of the people is sufficiently disproved by the following facts:—The annual revenue of Cephalonia, the means for raising which were devised by the general Government at Corfu, averaged from 1820 to 1827 £32,111. The

yearly expense of the local Government was £13,385; leaving a balance of £18,726 to be paid into the general Treasury at Corfu. Colonel Napier had further undertaken to reduce the expense of his government to £10,000, while the revenue was steadily growing. No doubt, in his hatred of feudal oppression, he had done many things which to the feudal chiefs must have seemed nothing short of the grossest tyranny; but the opinion of the bulk of the population was very different. One day a poor man bought a very fine fish in the market of Argostoli, but a great signor's steward came up and insisted on having it for his lord. The peasant and salesman hesitated, but at that moment Napier was seen on horseback at the farther end of the market, and the salesman instantly said to the poor man, "Take your fish; we have laws now, and here comes the man who will enforce them!" Finally, he could not have left behind him the reputation of a harsh and oppressive ruler, for, when he had left Cephalonia for ever, the Greek peasants voluntarily cultivated a small piece of land which he had left uncared for, and year by year they never failed to transmit to him the value of the produce, without disclosing their names. It is not thus that the memory of the oppressor is cherished by the oppressed.

CHAPTER IV.

RETIREMENT—NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Loss of employment and income under singularly mortifying circumstances; an invalid wife and two children to support; future employment rendered doubtful by the hostility of the official world—such were the disagreeable facts to be faced when Napier returned to England in his fiftieth year. The extreme simplicity of his habits made the reduction of income a small matter so long as his life was spared; but enforced idleness never failed to plunge him in melancholy and seriously affect his health.

After short sojourns in Berkshire and Hampshire, where he devoted himself to gardening and the care of the poor, he settled in Bath, and continued there until the autumn of 1833. The state of the country at that time was not calculated to soothe him. "I hate to think of our state altogether," he writes, "and, if my wife were young, would go to New South Wales to get out of the way, and rear young kangaroos to play with Susan and Emily." The composition of a book on his government of Cephalonia, and a severe attack of cholera, prevented his taking an active part in politics; and soon a most terrible shock almost overset his mind: on the 31st of July 1832 his wife died. The agony of his grief finds vent in a few sentences in his private journal. "O God! merciful, inscrutable Being, give me power to bear this thy behest! Hitherto I had life and light, but now all is as a dream,

and I am in darkness—the darkness of death, the loneliness of the desert! I see life and movement and affection around me, but I am as marble. O God, defend me, for the spirit of evil has struck a terrible blow! I too can die, but thus my own deed may give the dreadful spirit power over me, and I may, in my haste to join my adored Elizabeth, divide myself from her for ever! My head, my head seems to burst. Oh, mercy! mercy! for this seems past endurance."

He soon removed to Caen, in Normandy, and devoted himself to the education of his two girls. He considered the subject with his usual thoroughness and independence; and if his theories are sometimes singular—his daughters were to learn cooking in case a revolution should throw them on their own resources—it must be granted that he was ahead of his age in perceiving that the possession of accomplishments was not the sole or proper aim of education, even for young ladies. He sketches his plan in a letter to Miss Napier:—

"29*th January* 1834.—I will teach my girls only useful things. French, for example, because it will be of real use, and it would be painful to them not to know what so many fools know. But my object will be to teach only one thing at a time, and useful things first; you remember my father always said the advantage of Scotch education was that it taught but one thing at a time. By useful I mean:

"1. Religion as the foundation; to this I trust for steadiness.

"2. Accounts, to teach the value of money, and how to regulate a house.

"3. Work, that spare hours may not be lost if rich; and, if poor, that they may make their own things.

"4. Cooking to a certain extent, that they may not be at a loss if a revolution throws them on their own resources; and also to guard against servants' waste.

"5. French, that they may not be dumb in a foreign land,

which would kill them. These things I can teach them, if I live until they are fourteen; then they shall learn anything to which their tastes incline. They begin to make out French when they like. Walking in the street a French lady made an observation not intelligible to me, but Susan whispered, 'Papa, I know what that lady said.' 'What, my dear?' 'What two pretty children those are;' then after a while added, 'I think that was a very pretty woman'—she being very like an ourang-outang."

A little later he reports progress, and says:

"My children's next acquirement shall be arithmetic, one not sufficiently attended to in women's education. If they are taught French, dancing, needlework, and to be good accountants at twelve years old, they will have enough learning and accomplishment. Knowing two languages they can teach themselves any other, and be at home in any country. My object is to give them means to work, and then they may become as *blue* as burning brandy."

Time and an increasing interest in his children were now doing their work of consolation; and, meanwhile, his public reputation opened the prospect of a new career of usefulness. In August 1834 an Act was passed, declaring that certain parts of Australia were waste and unoccupied, the natives' existence being ignored, and a company received a charter to settle there, under certain conditions as to government. Amongst the chief parliamentary promoters of the enterprise was Mr. Charles Buller, who proposed that Charles Napier should ask for the governorship. Napier refused to ask anything from a Whig Government, but said he was ready to go if a great body of colonists thought him worth asking for, and so got him appointed. Though the colonists petitioned for his appointment many months of suspense elapsed, chiefly owing to changes at the Colonial Office. The time thus lost was employed by Napier in composing a work on Colonisation, in which he explicitly

declared his resolution to protect the rights of the Aborigines in property and life. But while he was still preparing himself thus an insurmountable bar to his colonial projects was interposed. He was in May officially informed that his nomination was ready, but his terms would not be complied with by the Commissioners: these were, the right to draw for £100,000 for the colonists, in case of distress, 200 soldiers, and a ship of war. He told the Commissioners that, while there was sufficient security for the supply of labour, there was none for supply of capital to employ that labour; and, if not employed, the consequences must be disastrous. That to provide against that, and other unforeseen but inevitable dangers, there must be a reserve of money and soldiers; for he would not attempt to govern a large population in a wilderness, where much inconvenience must be suffered, without a force to protect the good against the bad; the colony would be as an army without discipline; suffering privations, yet with plenty of liquor; danger might not arise, but he would only go prepared. Unmoved by this reasoning, the Committee designated their scheme as founded on a self-supporting principle —a fine phrase, which he instantly demolished by showing it to be a loan-supported principle. The Commissioners had their way, chose a new governor, expended actually more money than had been asked for as a reserve, and finally were compelled to send soldiers. Unforeseen difficulties abounded, and the colony floundered on amid debt and distress, until the discovery of gold changed the aspect of the whole community.

"Having refused this government," says Sir William, "he was again cast adrift on the ocean of life. Sink he could not; but he was to struggle for a long time with an augmented family and diminished means; for, having placed the savings of his life in the Philadelphian funds,

he was temporarily, in common with so many others, made the victim of a national dishonesty which at once disgraced and bewildered civilisation."

While the negotiations with regard to the colony were still proceeding he married the widow of Captain Alcock, R.N. This lady, who survived Sir Charles Napier some years, was the devoted companion of his remaining life, and was loved by him, as their correspondence testifies, with the full strength of his ardent nature. With her and his children he once more settled in Bath at the end of 1836; and in the following January he and his brother George, who was soon to become Governor of the Cape, became major-generals by brevet.

At Bath, which was at that time one of the most vigorous reforming cities in the kingdom, Charles Napier entered warmly into the politics of the day and avowed himself a Radical. But his political opinions, though decided and well defined, were not of the kind to make it easy for him to co-operate heartily with any party. He had that aversion to party government, as an institution, which is not uncommonly met with in men who are conscious of a capacity for ruling their fellow-men, and have put it to the test. His views on the merits of Tories and Whigs are set forth in a letter to his brother William, who was taking a most active part as a reformer, and had been invited to stand for Bath, Nottingham, Birmingham, and Glasgow, among other places: "A Tory, well chastised and taught that he is like other people, is well enough; but Whigs have all the Tory faults, and their own besides. . . . Tories by birth are not to be hated, Tories from subserviency are. The institutions of the country make the first; he has no choice, unless he be a man of extraordinary talent and character. A high-born Whig, who has not courage or talent to be a Radical or Tory, is hateful." His

programme was unmistakably radical. All Members of Parliament were to be required to pledge themselves to the ballot, short parliaments, an extension of the suffrage far beyond what had just been granted by the Reform Bill of 1832, and protection for the factory children; he regarded with horror and alarm the evils, moral and physical, which were growing with the growth of the new manufacturing centres; but, with the keenest sympathy for the people and their sufferings, he combined the most fervent loyalty to the Crown and the principles of constitutional monarchy. "I was an ultra-radical," he said, "and not a republican." Republics, he thought, were contrary to nature. "God has created us of different sizes, both morally and physically; He has also ordained that we should walk upon our feet, and under the direction of our heads. Now, a republican form of government seems as if we were all to agree to be cut to an equal length, and that all who had heads and feet left should walk on the one or the other, according as the fashion should be decided by a general vote passed every four years! Now, this I do not like. I am very fond of my feet; I buy good worsted stockings and good boots for them; I keep them warm and dry with great care; but I have no idea of their pretending to wear my hat, and making my head do their work."

The question of home politics which interested him most continuously and most deeply was that of Ireland. He and his brothers bore through life a passionate affection for that unhappy country; its name brought back to them the recollection of the few years of home life that had preceded their early entrance into the army; of their mother, before age, and sorrow, and blindness had marred her beauty; of the noble presence and lofty character of the father under whose guidance they had first learnt to reflect

on the great principles of war and government. In Ireland they first donned their uniform, and had been something more than spectators in the dreadful troubles and misery that preceded the Union. Their sympathy with the people, first awakened by the stories of their nurse, Susan Frost, and old Molly Dunne, the witch of the village, was quickened by the example of their father, who many a time stood between a harsh government and a misguided people. Finally, when Charles Napier grew to be a man, and had practical experience of the effect of a just and vigorous policy on alien and misgoverned peoples, he could not repress his indignation at the injustice and want of statesmanship which had marked English rule in Ireland during his life.

"Oh the Whigs! Oh that Stanley! Oh that Lord Grey!" he exclaims in 1832 to his sister. "They are the men who are sending more bayonets and bullets to Ireland, justice halting a long way after military execution. God forgive me, but if one did not know the King is a good fellow himself, this is enough to shake loyalty! Reform tithes, establish poor-laws, and drive absentees home to do their duty to starving labourers; and then, if outrage continues, send your bayonets, and welcome; but then they would never go, for Ireland would be quiet and happy. I am of no party, but when I see people starving in the midst of abundance my blood first runs cold with horror, and then boils with indignation. It is said there is over-population. Mr. Nimmo, the Government engineer, affirms that he has surveyed five millions of acres, which he will engage to put into complete cultivation for nine guineas an acre, and the first crop shall sell for ten guineas an acre. Sir Humphrey Davy said every acre of this ground could be made a mass of manure! These five millions of acres could support fifteen millions of people, and all Ireland has but eight millions. Yet they are left barren, and the Almighty, who has sent such means, is accused of over-populating! I have had ten years' experience in

governing, which is something, and I would stake my life to make every sixpence of tithes be paid up to the parsons without the aid of a soldier or policeman; and in six months not a man should starve. Stanley would make blood flow to produce love! Coercion, damnable coercion! What has been the ruin of Ireland but this accursed coercion, which those Whigs have been crying down for forty years, and now cry up, being in office! Had Stanley said, 'Every parish that pays up its arrears to the parson shall be relieved from tithes,' he being at the same time prepared with another church establishment for the future, all would have paid at once. O'Connell is called a devil, but he is doing an angel's duty. Fools that the Whigs are! Can they put down famine with bayonets? Starve my wife and children, and see if bayonets will put me down, except by death."

In 1838 he made a short tour in Ireland, and visited with delight his friend Captain Kennedy's model farm at Glasnevin—the commencement of a scheme for combining useful education with an improved system of agriculture. One of the results of this visit was a pamphlet, entitled "An Essay addressed to Irish Absentees on the State of Ireland," in which he gave an interesting sketch of Captain Kennedy's scheme: "Under the auspices of the Education Board, to which he is attached, he proposes to divide Ireland into twenty-five districts of about 35 miles square, and attach to each a principal model farm of 40 acres; another farm of 5 acres he gives to each secondary educational school; and to each primary school a farm of 1 acre. For the instruction of the directors of these farms he has already formed a central school and model farm of 75 acres at Glasnevin, where many directors are in training for the subordinate farms. They are taught not only to be schoolmasters, but overseers of public works in aid of the new poor-laws, by preparing estimates and organising employment; and they are also rendered capable

of becoming bailiffs to large estates, being instructed in draining, road-making, building, and farming scientifically." This remarkable plan did not receive the support it deserved, and went no farther than Glasnevin, though, with a little encouragement, it might have prevented or done much to mitigate the horrors of the potato famine. During that awful time, when the magnitude of the Irish problem seemed more than ever beyond the grasp of parliamentary government, the thought passed through many minds, What a blessing for all if Ireland could be put under the strong and benevolent hand of some great Indian administrator. "People write to me," says Napier in 1847, "that I should be made Dictator of Ireland; that would be worth living for. In one year it should be the quietest country of Europe, and one of the happiest in two; but sectarians in politics would crucify me for saving their lives and properties; for such is bigotry, and such the result of mixing Church and State together, against the Divine command! Were I Dictator, the whole of the bishops and deacons, as by 'law established,' should go to New Zealand, there to eat or to be eaten by the cannibals. The poor tenant should be secured, Kennedy's system of agriculture enforced, and all uncultivated land taxed; noisy editors of newspapers should hang, and their property be divided amongst their relations, who should also have places to make them bless my justice in execution. I would bestow grape on the first mob, and hang the leaders, especially if they were Catholic priests; and I would make the country keep the families of the slain in great luxury. These, and a few more steps of the kind, would make Paddy as tame as a house cat."

1838 found Napier in his fifty-sixth year, still unemployed and in bad health. His activity found vent, however inadequately, in literature; among the works published by

him at this time were, *A Dialogue on the Poor-Laws*, to which he was stimulated by a dispute with O'Connell; *An Essay on Military Law; Lights and Shadows of Military Life*, a volume containing translations of Count A. de Vigny's *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*, and Elzéar Blase's *Military Life in Bivouac, Camp, Garrison, etc.*, to which he added original essays combating the French author's notions of the military character, obligations, and feelings as false if applied to the British army. But his principal work was a military romance suggested, during his residence at Caen, by the many vestiges of William the Conqueror in that country. The book, entitled *Harold*, was sent to Mr. Colburn for publication; that gentleman was unwilling to publish it without the author's name, and this Napier would not consent to. Years after, when Napier was in India, Lytton's romance of the same title appeared; and Napier's manuscript, which remained hidden away until some time after his death, was finally published under the title of *William the Conqueror*.

In July 1838 he and his brother George received the rank of Knight-Commander of the Bath. "I do feel proud of this," he writes, "and wish my father had lived to see two of his sons Knights of the Bath, and to know that a third will also be one. Have I a right to supporters? If so, one shall be a French drummer for poor Guibert's sake."

But honours without work could not cure his melancholy; he writes the same month to his brother William, "All things in Ireland look threatening, but whether the storm will burst in our time God knows. Would to God I had been a farmer, thick-skinned and without a thought beyond my plough, and that always going in the same track; interests, habits, feelings, all in one furrow, going on. You and I and George are broken off like worms chopped by

the spade; we twist about, heads and tails separated, and not knowing where to look for each other; yet we are better off than many, and so must jog on till the hour of peace arrives. The anxieties of life press closer as we grow old, and we are less able to bear them; but with me the strong conviction of a future state gives me a philosophy to bear that I should not possess without it; this conviction is never shaken, though I confess we are so bepreached sometimes that it provokes me almost out of my opinions."

But early in 1839, to use his brother's words, "The road to fame was open again, and instantly he strode along it with a giant's step."

The ten years which had passed since Charles Napier put off his harness had been years of exceptional suffering and misery to thousands of his fellow-countrymen. Steam-engines and power-looms had enormously increased production, stimulated population, and thoroughly disorganised the industrial world, without bringing any immediate compensation to the working-classes. Year after year, too, the fields were deluged with rain, until bad seasons and the iniquitous effects of the Corn Laws brought the people to the brink of starvation. It was not merely the idle, the improvident, the unskilful, who were starving. Thomas Cooper tells us in his autobiography how he was converted to Chartism by finding some of the best artisans in the Leicester stocking-trade working far into the night for wages at the rate of four and sixpence a week. "At this moment," writes Napier in 1839, "the best hand-loom weaver can only earn five shillings a week, the price of food being such that this will not give him bread, without firing, clothes, or lodging; hence a good workman in full wages must starve!"

When such men saw their wives and children without bread, and their own redoubled efforts and lengthened

hours of toil of no avail, what wonder that they laid the blame on bad laws! They thought they had been shuffled out of their share in the benefits of the Reform Bill by the selfishness of the Whigs. Consequently they were eager to follow those who told them that, until the people had gained effective control of the national counsels through the franchise, Parliament would govern in the interest of the governors—the landowners and the trading community, and never in the interests of the governed—the great mass of producers of the national wealth. Thus Chartism, which after all was but a reproduction of the programme of Charles Napier's uncle, the Duke of Richmond, offered a valuable means of organisation to many who, without being political enthusiasts, were bent upon finding some remedy for the misery and hunger in their homes; and Chartism was a serious popular movement only until some better means of making existence tolerable could be found. The Chartist leaders saw this plainly enough, and therefore denounced the formation of the Anti-Corn-Law League. "Win the charter," they said, "and the Corn Laws are doomed; desert the charter, and you are only repeating the sacrifice of yourselves for the benefit of the middle class that you made in 1832."

But until the famous league had fairly asserted itself there was real danger of an appeal to physical force. In the manufacturing districts of the north there were constant riots, and, owing to the utter inefficiency of the police force of that time, the military were in as constant request. There had been a few cases of shocking outrage. The Duke of Newcastle's house was burnt; that of Mr. Musters was attacked by the same mob. "His wife—Byron's Miss Chaworth," says Sir Charles, "was very ill in bed; her children and servants threw themselves on their knees, entreating the rioters to take everything but not to go into

their mother's room, as the fright would kill her. They drove the children into the woods on a dark night, locked up the servants, went into the sick woman's room, and set fire to her bed! A few—no one knows whether one, two, or three—rushed into the room, rolled her in a blanket, and got her out through a window!"

In 1839 the command of the troops in the northern district was vacated by Sir Richard Jackson, and was offered by Lord Hill to Sir Charles Napier. The month or so which intervened between his acceptance and taking over the command was spent by him in collecting trustworthy information, in maturing his own opinions and plans, and in preparing by anxious self-examination for the awful responsibility which would rest on him, when a single act of indiscretion, a moment's loss of self-control, might bring on himself the blood of his countrymen, or, as seemed possible, might plunge England into the horrors of civil war. He was in a peculiar position, in some respects, for he held, and had openly avowed, political opinions practically undistinguishable from Chartism; but he had also dwelt in his writings on "the folly of riotous assemblies assuming to represent the whole people of England and the right to change laws by violence." The conflicting emotions of commiseration for the people and military zeal find admirable expression in his journal:—

"*Journal, March* 1839.—The northern district embraces eleven counties, and it is said arms are being provided for insurrection: this is a result of bad government, which has produced want, and the people are rather to be pitied than blamed. They are indeed putting themselves in the wrong, but that does not make those right whose misgovernment has produced this terrible feeling, leading them to believe in every demagogue who preaches violence as a remedy for distress. Poor people! It is very painful to those who, like

my brother William and myself, have long foreseen the result of Whig and Tory policy, to find now what we feared come to a head; however, the Crown and the Constitution are not to be overset because a portion of the people follow the mad counsel of men like O'Connor, when by a juster course they could gain their rights without convulsion. My hope is that some better advisers will keep them quiet; for, though of all misfortunes of this nature the most terrible is to fire on our countrymen, there is no shrinking from duty, and mine shall be done at all hazards; but accursed be they who cause or begin civil war.

"I expect to have very few soldiers and many enemies; hence, if we deal with pikemen, my intent is to put cavalry on their flanks, making my infantry retire as the pikemen advance. If they halt to face the cavalry the infantry shall resume fire, for if cavalry charge pikemen in order the cavalry will be defeated; the pike must be opposed by the musket and bayonet, in which the soldiers must be taught to have confidence: it is the master weapon. I am inclined to use buckshot, which would seldom kill or wound dangerously; yet with mobs it would hurt so many that fright would cause dispersion. The great point is to defeat without killing. With a foreign foe, who recovers to fight you again, we must kill; but insurgents we should seek to save, not destroy, because the chances are that the rebellion will be over before the wounded can reassemble; having no hospitals they will fly to their homes. A General brings up his recovered men; an insurgent chief does not even know where they are, and they will not come back of their own accord; a brave enthusiastic man, here and there, may rejoin, but generally wounds will be an acquittance of further fight which men will profit from."

"27*th March*.—A summons from Lord John Russell.

"29*th March*.—In London twenty-four hours after receiving the summons! Well done steam! Smoke, thou art wonderful, and a reformer! The Government seem to be alarmed, and yet not vigorous. My hope is, if civil war begins, to moderate that monstrous spirit of inhumanity which

history and my own experience teaches me to have prevailed on such dreadful occasions."

"*Journal.*—Sir Richard Jackson, my predecessor, writes to Lord Fitzroy that in half an hour he can tell me all he knows; and for all the light got from the Home Office I am as blind as a new-born puppy. If insurrection is going to break out, Government is strangely ill-informed. However, nearly 4000 men are under me, and if May is to produce a rising they shall be gradually drawn together, lest the insurgents should begin by picking off small detachments—a danger that does not seem to have been considered here. These pikes are but six feet long, which shows their military advisers are not much up to their work."

The District under his command comprised the eleven northern counties. An outbreak was expected to take place in the month of May, and might occur at any point; consequently every place, and almost every magistrate, was nervously calling out for military protection. To deal with this wide area and these uncertain dangers he had a force of rather under 4000 men, but so dispersed that, on his arrival at Nottingham to take the command, he found they were in twenty-six detachments, spread over half England. Nor was this the worst: at Halifax there were forty-two troopers in twenty-one billets! Writing to the magistrates to remonstrate, he says, "Fifty resolute Chartists might disarm and destroy the whole in ten minutes; and believe me, gentlemen, that a mob which has gained such a momentary triumph is of all mobs the most ferocious and most dangerous to the inhabitants." Such a state of things arose from the anxieties of individual magistrates, whose nervousness, together with the danger of raising disputes between the civil and military authorities, and the strong party feelings which divided the magistrates one from another, demanded infinite tact, firmness, and patience on the part of the General. The wisdom of his plans was at

once recognised by the Home Secretary, Lord John Russell, who gave him his cordial support. The three points on which he insisted most strenuously were: the concentration of troops, and, where detachments had to be granted, proper quarters for them, so as to keep them together; that magistrates, instead of clamouring for troops, should rally loyal citizens round them for self-defence; that the army should be used as a reserve force, and that, therefore, it was the duty of Government to establish a strong police force throughout the country—a measure which was soon to be dealt with by Sir Robert Peel.

On the first two points he says, "I lay down as an axiom, and our first, greatest principle, that the Queen's troops must not be overthrown anywhere, because the effect in the three kingdoms would be fearful. If only a corporal's guard was cut off, it would be 'total defeat of the troops' ere it reached London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; and before the contradiction arrived the disaffected, in the moral exaltation of supposed victory, would be in arms."

On the third point, the necessity of a proper police, he writes fully his thoughts in his journal:—

"As matters stand, I am for a strong police; but the people should have universal suffrage—it is their right. The ballot—it is their security and their will, and therefore their right also—and the new poor-law should be reformed; but while doing these things, I would have a strong police to stand between the soldiers and the people. My reasons for this are as follows: Good government consists in having good laws well obeyed. England has abundance of bad laws; but is every man to arm against every law he thinks bad? No! Bad laws must be reformed by the concentrated reason of the nation gradually acting on the legislature, not by the pikes of individuals acting on the bodies of the executive. The law, good or bad, is to be obeyed, and the magistrate is to enforce obedience. How? By his con-

stables. But there are now so many people who think the law ought not to be obeyed, who have armed themselves for disobedience, and are, moreover, so well instructed in the quibbles of law, by which it may be safely broken under cover of its own protection, that the magistrate is frightened, morally and physically. How is he to be obeyed? Where are his constables? Two or three, perhaps two or three dozen shopkeepers, quailing under fears of all kinds—natural fears, fear of exclusive dealing, of private vengeance. Men as helpless as their magistrate are thus opposed to a rough set, who are perfectly aware that these constables are helpless, and are themselves, therefore, every man a hero in the crowd, ready to commit any crime his heart may devise. What is the result? Outrage! Call in the troops! But to that there are two objections.

"First, you must have an immense force, with its expenses, to give every magistrate a guard—all the troops in the northern district would not furnish a single county; and then the second objection arises: dispersion of troops, which destroys discipline. In a few years they would become amalgamated in opinion with the people; you would have a Chartist army, not a royal one, and one you had armed and drilled! What then would become of the throne and constitution? Lost! There would be no 'kicking against the pricks,' the bayonet would be master.[1] My principle is not to risk such danger. Correct bad laws, and do the people justice; this is indispensable, if we would have peace. But I am talking of supporting the laws as they are. To avoid danger to the throne, you must keep the army clear of the people, and fortify it in principle against treason. How then are you to support the magistrates? By an effective police force, constituted either on the principle of concentration or that of local election; or, if you please, a compound of both. Manufacturers have formed an artificial state of society—a dense polluted population, dependent for food on accidental variations of trade, one day in full work and high wages, the

[1] Talleyrand was of the same mind: "On peut s'appuyer sur les baïonettes; il ne faut pas s'y asseoir."

next neither work nor wages, and all willing to break the laws. For these reasons we should, in our present state of bad government, public debt, manufacturing and general discontent, have stipendiary magistrates and an armed police.

"Let us suppose the whole people wanted, and could force, a republic. What would result? A desperate struggle between the manufacturing and landed interests, ending in a civil war, to be decided finally by a military chief, who would not be fool enough to wear a hat when a crown was in his hand. Nor such a rogue either; for what patriotic man would let his country be governed by dozens of squabbling republican fools, when his own good sense and single will could rule and guide her aright?"

In the beginning of April he entered on his command at Nottingham, feeling, as he said, "like a bull turned out for a fight after being kept in a dark stall."

However, by the end of a week he had formed his opinion of the general situation, as may be seen from the following letter to his brother William:—

"*Colonel W. Napier, 9th April.*—I have drawn a plan of the district, containing only the towns where detachments are, and marking the number of troops in each; thus, if suddenly turned out of bed by the Chartists, my hand can be laid on the soldiers without fumbling for half an hour through a brigade-major's returns, smothered in the details of his craft. The troops are in twenty-six detachments, spread over half England, some 200 miles from me! The magistrates are divided into Whigs, Tories, and personal enmities; and every mother's son of them ready to go any length for his sect and creed. The town magistrates are Liberal from fear of the populace; the country bucks are too old, and too far gone Tories, to have hopes of gaining popularity now by being Radical; so they labour to get troops near their own houses. *Funk* is the order of the day, and there is some excuse, for the people seem ferocious enough. But this fear has produced a foolish dispersion of the troops, these magistrates being powerful fellows. Jackson could not manage them,

and probably I shall be also obliged to give way, seeing that in their ranks are the Dukes of Portland, Newcastle, and so forth. Nevertheless, my efforts shall be to get my people together. Detachments of one hundred, well lodged, do not alarm me; but having only thirty-six dragoons amongst the ill-disposed populace of Halifax, with a man in billet here, and his horse there, that does. My intent is to talk to these magistrates thus: 'If there is danger, as some of you insist upon, instead of finding safety from soldiers, you will only get them killed like sheep. If there is no danger, a great expense is incurred, and discipline injured without reason.' This, and insisting on quarters which will make the troops very cosy, and be very troublesome to the magistrates, may produce a rational view of the subject, for no doubt there are many gentlemen and sensible men among them.

"The state of the country is bad enough, but in the distress of the people is the great danger; they make pikes, but it is doubtful if they could turn out 10,000 armed men, and not 1000 in any one place. There appears less fear of a rising than of the growth of a base, murderous, servile character, for these qualities were distinct in the mob here when they burned the Duke of Newcastle's house. Remember, however, that this is my first *coup d'œil*, and may be a very erroneous one; I would not give it to Lord Fitzroy, or Lord John, as that might commit me to views which may be reasonably changed."

Unlike the "bull turned out for a fight," he was by no means friendless. His predecessor, Sir Richard Jackson, whom he describes as "a very good and a very clever man," gave him the benefit of his experience; he was fortunate, too, in his subordinates, Sir Hew Ross, who lived to be a field-marshal, and Colonel Wemyss, and he cordially recognises their claim to his confidence. They were generally at some distance from headquarters, and the state of the country made it probable that they would have to act to a great extent on their own discretion. Sir Charles gives Colonel

Wemyss his views at once on the relations to exist between himself and his lieutenants.

"*Colonel Wemyss*, 22*d April*.—As to your writing freely, why, that is just what I wish beyond all things; I am not such a vain fool as to think a General has more brains than his neighbour because his head is under the dreadful plume they have stuck in his hat! No! I want both you and Ross to write to me just what you think; and heartily I rejoice at having two men so well known to me, and for whom I have such regard; but this will be of little use unless you write like old comrades, freely, and at your ease. I do not promise to be always guided by either, because we may differ in our views, and I must pay the piper if anything goes wrong; but I think we all three hold nearly the same views, and if we differed I should feel great mistrust of myself, being just come, and as yet ignorant."

But the man most after his own heart was Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, and at that time in command of the 98th Regiment. When things were at their worst the General writes, "Great anxiety about the collieries in the north. I have sent Campbell, 98th, there from Hull. The colliers had better be quiet, they will have a hardy soldier to deal with; yet he will be gentle and just, or he should not be there." And later on he says, "If we have a war Campbell will be a first-rate leader of a brigade," —a prediction nobly justified in the Punjab and the Crimea. "Campbell, on his side," says General Shadwell in his *Life of Lord Clyde*, "conceived an esteem and respect for the noble soldier under whose command he had been so fortunate as to find himself placed, which speedily developed into a feeling of affectionate regard, well-nigh amounting to veneration; for Colin Campbell, the most sensitive of men in all matters affecting his professional reputation, was deeply moved and honoured by the confidence which Sir

Charles Napier, ever disposed to encourage zeal and military talent in a subordinate, forthwith extended to him."

The manner of their first meeting was so characteristic of the one, and so highly creditable to the other, that I cannot resist giving it in General Shadwell's words :—

"The 98th had been ordered from Hull to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was marching in three divisions. The head-quarters had reached York on a Saturday, and were halted for the Sunday, as is the custom of the service, in that town, where accommodation had been provided in billets. Sir Charles Napier, who happened to be returning from a tour of inspection in the northern part of his district, arrived by the coach at noon, and descended, in his ordinary travelling dress, at the inn, where dinner was provided for the passengers, and in which Colin Campbell was billeted. Seeing a bugler of the 98th at the door, he inquired if the commanding officer was inside, and, on being told he was, at once introduced himself. Looking at his watch, and remarking that the coach stopped so many minutes, the appointed time for dinner, he asked if it would be possible to collect the men under arms before the coach resumed its journey. Without any hesitation Colin Campbell replied in the affirmative, remarking that the billets were pretty handy, and that it was just the hour when the officers would be visiting the men at their dinners. The 'assembly' was sounded, and as the men were being collected and formed up in front of the inn Sir Charles Napier invited him to partake of the meal, cross-questioning Colin Campbell the while on various points connected with the interior economy of the regiment. He then inspected the troops, and on finishing the last company, just as the horses were put to, he mounted the box, remarking 'That's what I call inspecting a regiment.'"

Signs of disaffection were now visible in every direction : a considerable number of firearms and pikes were being made and circulated ; small bodies of men were constantly

surprised at drill; fragments of a letter were found showing that barricades were contemplated, and men were overheard planning the surprise of soldiers in billets, and the necessity of cutting the railroads between towns.

Under these circumstances Sir Charles wrote to Mr. Phillipps, the Under-Secretary at the Home Office, giving his plans in case of a general rising. After a summary of events and suspicious signs, he says:—

"With the foregoing general view of the subject I have constantly asked myself, What is to be done by me as a military man? The answer is—Secure your detachments from surprise as far as practicable, seek for information, and abide events.

"As to positions for occupation, they must depend on the enemy's operations, holding always as a general principle the maintaining of my communications with Ross or Wemyss, or both, rather than with London; and, if requisite, calling for aid from Ireland, which I am authorised to do. My reason for abandoning the communication with London is, that the force which could be drawn round the capital is large enough to hold its ground, and if the insurgents moved in that direction the forces under my command would press their rear and flanks, and protect the country from being widely ravaged."

In a subsequent letter to the same person he goes into the question of the proper way to act against towns when in the possession of the mob, and points out the necessity of concentrating the troops:—

"All detachments should be composed of infantry and cavalry, none ought to be less than two companies and a troop; none should be in barracks situated amidst houses in the centre of a town, because fire applied to the houses would burn out the troops, who would probably be massacred while escaping the flames; the cavalry horses would inevitably be destroyed. Shut up among houses, even if not fired, soldiers

could not profit from discipline, and attempts to issue forth would generally be destruction, as the enemy, being prepared to prevent escape, would oppose barricades and have marksmen in the opposite houses. If a detachment remained shut up, it would be useless as a protecting force, and its own danger great. Officers with small detachments are generally separated from their men, and in a night attack would be killed while seeking to rejoin their soldiers. Small detachments are easily shut up, and may be forced to surrender from hunger and thirst before they can be succoured, especially as their sixty rounds of ammunition would be quickly exhausted.

"A strong detachment quartered on the outskirts of a town is free. It can make head against an enemy, keeping him at gunshot distance; it can get out, if necessary, and attack; it can receive other detachments which strive to unite from the country. In case of arson the soldiers can issue and take possession of other buildings, or keep to the country. It can send a part to aid the inhabitants, or retreat if necessary to some other post; in short, a strong detachment lodged in the outskirts of a town commands that town, whereas, posted in the middle of a town, it is commanded."

Later on he answers some inquiries from Sir Hew Ross on the same subject:—

"In answer to your question, I think a mixed force is the best; because, if the Chartists take proper means of fighting in a town, we know cavalry can do little better than get out of it with all possible speed. Horsemen cannot charge people in garrets, and they cannot sit in their saddles while chests of drawers, bedsteads, stones, tiles, etc., to say nothing of musketry, are poured from the said garrets. Therefore cavalry are only useful to bully a mob and save the life of those who compose it, by chopping them a little instead of destroying them by firearms. A hundred fellows may get ugly-looking gashes that would frighten a thousand of their companions into the vigorous use of their legs; but ninety of the chopped hundred men would be as well as ever in a

week, and so proud of their wounds as to resolve to live all their lives on their past glory, and never again look a dragoon in the face. My own opinion is that, had a troop of horse alone been at Newport, the men would have been destroyed or defeated, and a pretty *flare-up* would have run like wildfire to Carlisle. I have been long preaching to the Government to unite both arms, but they will not, though they give me no refusal. I am shackled by 'Will be fully considered'—there is no such a pair of manacles in all Newgate as that sentence. I only hope that the full consideration may not be given in shape of a coroner's inquest over the bodies of thirty dragoons in billets. There are things which will not bear the future tense, and this is one. I am for joining horse and foot together on all excursions. If hard pressed the dragoons could take the infantry behind them for 10 miles, which would enable the latter to make 30 miles a day without any great fatigue. It would be well to practise them at this. I will do so here, and tell you how we get on. But though I have given you my opinion, let it not bind you. We are too far asunder for any interference, should we be turned out."

Although he was too good a soldier not to provide for every possible contingency that could suggest itself, one is glad to find that he thought a general rising highly improbable, and that his efforts to prevent it were as strenuous as his preparations to quell it if it could not be avoided. On 1st May he writes: "My command is better in hand now. At first all was darkness; I groped about like a mole. Will there be civil war? My opinion is that it will only be a row at Manchester and its vicinity, which will be put down; but that will not put down the sufferings of the people, nor their hatred of the rich, and winter is to be feared more than now, for they will then suffer more."

The Chartists were now making great preparations for a monster meeting on Kersall Moor, near Manchester, and talked confidently of mustering 300,000 men. The neigh-

bourhood was much alarmed at the prospect, and Sir Charles took the bold step of getting a secret introduction to a meeting of Chartist leaders, whom he addressed as follows:—"I understand you are to have a great meeting on Kersall Moor with a view to laying your grievances before Parliament. You are quite right to do so, and I will take care that neither soldier nor policeman shall be within sight to disturb you. But meet peaceably, for if there is the least disturbance I shall be amongst you, and, at the sacrifice of my life, if necessary, do my duty." The terrible day came and passed quietly enough. Not more than one-tenth of the expected numbers arrived, and the speakers expressed orderly political opinions, which Napier characterises as "very much like my own." There is an account of it in his journal a fortnight later:—

"Too busy to keep my journal for a month. From the 10th of May my time has been constantly employed, and the various reports which came in from all quarters, to the effect that the intended meeting would decide the fate of the country, were harassing. All the best informed of the rich people and the magistrates asserted that this district could easily turn out 300,000 people on Kersall Moor, and the Chartist newspapers asserted that they would turn out 500,000. I did not believe this, but secretly thought 100,000 might be assembled—quite enough to render my position very dangerous. My 2000 men and four guns were indeed enough if well handled, but not enough to afford mistakes. I had been long out of practice myself; my troops had been but lately brought together, were all young soldiers, and not a dozen of the officers had ever seen a shot fired: all this was awkward. But, allowing that no error occurred, what a slaughter! Good God, what work! to send grape-shot from four guns into a helpless mass of fellow-citizens, sweeping the streets with fire and charging with cavalry, destroying poor people whose only crime is that they have been ill-governed, and reduced to such straits that they seek redress by arms,

ignorant that of all ways that is the most certain to increase the evils they complain of.

"The redoubted 25th of May came, and not 300,000 but 30,000 assembled. At this meeting Wemyss addressed a few of the people in high Tory oratory, and argued with a drunken old pensioner, fiercely radical and devilish sharp. In ten minutes an eighth of the whole crowd collected round Wemyss and cheered him. These certainly were not Chartists. Some days before this I had a meeting with a gentleman intimate with the Chartist leaders, if not one himself, and begged him to show them how impossible it would be to feed and move 300,000 men; that armed, starving, and interspersed with villains, they must commit horrid excesses; that I would never allow them to charge me with their pikes, or even march 10 miles, without mauling them with cannon and musketry, and charging them with cavalry when they dispersed to seek food; finally, that the country would rise on them, and they would be destroyed in three days. He said peace had put us out of practice, and we could not use our artillery; but he was soon convinced that was nonsense, and reported my observations to the leaders. I offered him no abuse, said many Chartists who acted on principle were to be honoured, others to be pitied as acting from ignorance, and certain to bitterly repent when they saw the terrible mischief that would ensue. This, I believe, had a good effect, and, saying only what in my conviction was true, it is probable I spoke well, for he seemed struck with the evils pointed out as inevitably attending even a disciplined army. At all events, my meaning was good, urged by my dread of the havoc impending; for every one believed that 300,000 men would assemble. Such a force in one mass had never met my eyes, and I was resolved not to let them come near me, but to fight with my guns, keeping cavalry on their flanks to prevent small parties foraging.

"How small accidents affect men's minds and decide events! The 1st Dragoons and 10th Foot came from Ireland with the 79th, but the last, being in kilts, terrified the Chartists more than a brigade of other troops. Again, not

being sure if the first outbreak would not be at Birmingham, where the mulcibers are bolder than the weavers, the 10th were kept at Liverpool as a reserve. Birmingham was quiet, and the 10th came to Manchester by wings—one with the band, the other marching with drums and fifes: so I had ordered. The Chartists thought two regiments had joined, and Mr. B—— says this supposed increase of force decided them not to attack. Thus the kilt, which was no force at all, and the division of the 10th, which was weakness, contributed largely to our security."

The terrors of the 25th of May having been so happily dispelled; the district quieted down. The Government regarded Chartism as extinct, and those who had been loudest in proclaiming the peril of the State and in clamouring to have the mob chastised with grape-shot now spoke slightingly of what real danger there had been, and of the man who had done so much to avert it. For, considering the character and size of the population he had to deal with—the "lambs" of Nottingham, the weavers of Lancashire, the miners of Durham and Northumberland—it was surely not wholly due to good luck that, while there had been serious riots outside his district, at Newport, Devizes, and Birmingham, on no occasion had a soldier under his command acted against his fellow-citizens.

His time was still much occupied with routine work, and especially the revision of the decisions of courts-martial, of which "four or five a day come, and some are very difficult. This is earning bread dearly, because unnecessary; it is doing badly what a regimental commanding officer would do well, and is, with my extensive command, oppressive, and not to be rightly done."

Another time, when rendered more desperate than usual by the piles of reports around him, he complains that, "if Napoleon, Alexander, and Cæsar were one man, he could not fill up one inspection return honestly, examin-

ing everything he signs, and I have eleven." In June he found some relief in making a tour of inspection, which led him through the Lake country; and the sight of its fresh summer beauty stirred up in his breast a longing for the quiet English home life, which had such attractions for him whenever his active benevolence was thwarted or unprovided with an adequate sphere.

"*Journal*, 19*th July*.—Lancaster delighted me, so far as a flying visit enabled me to judge. Westmoreland and its lakes are delightful. The beauty of all that scenery is great. Those gems of bright waters, in their rude mountain setting, bursting on one's sight in fresh changing forms, with all their lights and shadows, their mists and showers, exhilarate the spirits, and give a calmness and happiness to the aching mind which seems like the peace of heaven still lingering on earth, though driven from the usual haunts of man. My mind wants peace and quiet. I could live on the banks of one of those lakes and feel happy. I always am so when calm scenery and calm people are around me; but my lot is cast in trouble, or rather it has been so chosen. Nothing happens to man that is irksome but what he has himself chosen; all may be traced to his own folly: and yet, who made us foolish? Let that pass, suffice it that we are so, unless we take the only course that is left for wisdom: take things as they are, and make the best of them; there is no real wisdom but that."

The sight of York and its noble minster aroused similar reflections. "How many hypocrites have entered there to preach and blaspheme and oppress the poor; it almost makes me wish the burning had been complete; but it is so pretty! What a magnificent pile! I would like to live near it, and go in and pray and be calm, if but for an hour. Yet it is not God's palace! The border of the lake, the top of the mountain,—there, there is calmness, there is God's temple! There He may be worshipped, there one

can live in peace and die fearlessly, the soul unruffled! My command is great. No, not command: responsibility, great and irksome, but no power. I see wrong, but dare not put it right, and that is called command. There is nothing to flatter ambition, absolutely nothing; it is, indeed, better than a miserable lodging in Bath or Dublin, but it is not so good as the healthy and more noble one of a country life." In the matter of lodgings, it may be remarked, his command had wrought no great change for the better, as may be judged from his reply to an officer, who complained that one half of the accommodation for himself and his detachment was stone-floored. "My dear sir, I have been for nine months in a lodging with stone floors, and my wife and daughters bear them very well; soldiers must not be so delicate; my own room is just seven feet by ten, and stone-floored!" But, in spite, or perhaps in consequence, of his hardiness, he was suffering much from rheumatism, ague, and weakness in the eyes, which made him dread blindness, and "forced from him," says Sir William Napier, "the one and only groan of his life for himself."

In June he went to London to be invested with the insignia of the Bath. The picturesque account he gives of the scene shows how exhausted was his worn and battered frame, and how entirely he seemed to feel that his work was done, and that he already belonged to the past.

"In the midst of embroidery, gold lace, stars, orders, titles, and a crowd of soldiers, I met many an old comrade of the Peninsular war,—worn, meagre, gray-headed, stooping old men, sinking fast! I, too, have one leg in the grave. When we had last been together we were young, active, full of high spirits, dark or auburn locks! Now all are changed, all are parents, all full of cares. Well, the world is chained hand to hand, for there were also young soldiers there, just fledged,

meet companions for their young Queen; they, too, will grow old, but will they have the memory of battles when, like us, they hurry towards the grave?

"There was our pretty young Queen receiving our homage, and our old shrivelled bodies and gray heads were bowed before her throne, intimating our resolution to stand by it as we had stood when it was less amiably filled: I wonder what she thought of us old soldiers! We must have appeared to her like wild beasts, and I dare say she looked at us as she looks at the animals in the Zoological Gardens. Lord Hill is old, and has lost his teeth; poor Sir John Jones looked like a ghost, and Sir Alexander Dickson is evidently breaking. Thinking how these men had directed the British thunders of war, I saw that Death was the master, the brilliance of the Court vanished, and the grim spectre stared me in the face; his empire is creeping over all! Yes, we are in the larder for worms, and apparently very indifferent venison!"

As the summer wore on his district was once more thrown into a panic by a resolution formed by the Chartist leaders of keeping August as a "sacred month," in which no one was to labour, in order that the ruling classes might be brought to discuss the Charter in a better frame of mind. "Egregious folly," said Napier; but, nevertheless, it vastly increased his labours and his impatience at the magisterial terrors.

"*Journal*, 30*th July*.—Alarm! trumpets! Magistrates in a fuss. Troops! troops! troops! north, south, east, west. I *screech* at these applications like a gate swinging on rusty hinges, and swear! Lord, how they make me swear!"

But, as for the idea that the "physical force" Chartists, as they were called, were really to be feared, he laughed it to scorn.

"Poor people, they will suffer! They have set all England against them and their physical force; fools! We have the physical force, not they. They talk of their hundred thousands

of men. Who is to move them when I am dancing round them with cavalry, and pelting them with cannon-shot? What would their 100,000 men do with my 100 rockets wriggling their fiery tails among them, roaring, scorching, tearing, smashing all they came near? And when, in desperation and despair, they broke to fly, how would they bear five regiments of cavalry careering through them? Poor men, poor men! How little they know of physical force!"

On the day he completed his first year of command, the remainder of which proved happily uneventful, his journal records a growing weariness of routine work and a longing to find a worthier field for his restless energy. "This day year my command of the Northern District began. My time has been one of labour and anxiety without reward, for nothing can be shown! I have ten times the pen-work that Cephalonia gave me, and nothing to show. There I protected the poor, regulated justice, and executed really great works. Forty miles of road hewn out of the living rock, and many fine buildings, and horses with carts introduced into a country previously without them, were things to make a man feel he had lived for some good. Here my time is lost in drivelling correspondence and reading courts-martial, with much additional gribble-grabble! I command 10,000 men, but never see them together. Well, patience! duty must be done. What have I to do with ambition?" How little his dislike of official drudgery interfered with the proper discharge of his duty may be judged from a letter written by his brother, Captain Henry Napier, R.N., to Sir W. Napier: "Charles works too much; he is often not in bed until one or two, and always up at five or a little after, and is eternally writing, at an average about fourteen or sixteen hours a day. He has a cough, complains of short breath and weakness, and is allowing his zeal to carry him too far for his own health. I doubt his being able to go on

thus. The fatigue of reading and writing is very great, for I see that, as corporal punishment has diminished, courts-martial have increased, and he reads every word of all. His purse, too, is pretty well pulled by these visits of inspection, for he receives a travelling allowance that will not cover the bare posting when forced to take four horses; and he and his aide-de-camp, all things included, cannot get out of an inn much under two pound a day, although he burns tallow candles, and left the best hotel in Manchester because they objected to give them to him."

1840 was occupied by continued quill-driving and manful struggles against his increasing infirmities, in the midst of which he makes a curiously exact prophecy: "My life has but twelve years to run." At times he seemed to feel that he had lived his life, and had done with ambition and glory; but the news of his cousin, the Admiral, fighting in the Levant, and rumours of wars in India, joined to the unsettled state of England and the mutterings of the coming storm on the Continent, rekindled his military ardour, and on his fifty-eighth birthday he exclaims, "I dare swear few men have had more adventures than myself, and yet, eventful as my life has been, my present high position and the threatening state of the country render it probable that the short portion which is left for me of life may be the most eventful of the whole!"

CHAPTER V.

INDIA, OCT. 1841—DEC. 1842.

HARDLY had the room "just seven feet by ten and stone-floored" been exchanged for more luxurious quarters at Calvelly Hall, near Chester, when the following entry occurs in the journal:—

"21*st April* 1841.—My scheme for passing some years here is already ended. Lord Fitzroy Somerset has called to offer me, from Lord Hill, a place on the Indian Staff, but he gives me leave to decline the offer, which is very honourable treatment; it must be considered, but my wish is to go."

He consulted his brother William, who replied, "Go if you feel a call for such a service; if not, remain at home." His mind was soon made up.

"The appointment is accepted. My hope is to get there safe, but to move my family is fearful! I go overland, and shall insure my life for two years. If there is war in the Punjab, which seems likely, a good command may fall to me; it will be sorrowful to leave you all, for it is late in life, and I am much worn."

A few days later, however, he writes again: "My spirits were very low until my mind was fixed for India, then they rose." And yet his prospects were not such as would tempt most men to elation. In his sixtieth year, with a body worn by wounds and toil, with two children unprovided for, he was going forth to expose himself to

fresh dangers and undertake arduous duties in a land where the climate alone, in the opinion of those who knew him, would be more than he could bear. He tried to get his life insured for two years, but no office would accept him: "My conviction that the objection is sound is just why I wish to insure." In after years he said, "When I look back to the desperation which made me come to India at sixty years of age, and on the dreadful journey to Marseilles with so many women, I feel how strong is my love for my girls. Had I then died, not a farthing was left for them. My passage to Suez was paid beforehand perforce, and my pockets were empty. It was one of those bold adventures which amount to rashness, but my resolution was to risk all for my girls. At Bombay the purser received my last money, a bill for £500, in payment of the voyage from Suez, and returned two pounds!"

He resigned his command of the Northern District in October, and assumed command at Poona on 28th December. Being new to Indian life the difficulty of getting settled was great, and drew from him the reflection that "a soldier should not have wife or daughters; his hat should cover his family." But private troubles were soon forgotten in the absorbing interest of public affairs. Never had our arms and statesmanship in India been so tarnished and disgraced. The folly and injustice of Lord Auckland's interference in Afghanistan had ended in the most terrible military disaster. Elphinstone's army had been massacred in retreating from Cabul. Sale was besieged in Jelalabad with the Khyber Pass between him and Peshawur; Colonel Palmer was shut up with 1000 men at Ghuznee; Nott was at Candahar, opposed by the main body of the enemy; and Brigadier England was at Quetta, in support of Nott, but with the Bolan Pass between him and the nearest British force, at Sukkur on the Indus. With the army thus dis-

membered and disheartened by disaster, with the central government paralysed by the greatness of the calamity, the new year (1842) dawned gloomily on British India. At the critical moment, however, Lord Ellenborough arrived to supersede Lord Auckland, and the first person to whom he turned for advice was Charles Napier. This was the starting-point of the best known and most brilliant portion of his career; and, as there are still men who remember him at this time, we may pause to view him more closely before he goes forth to battle.

Charles Napier was now sixty years old, and had been forty-eight years in the army; but although eight deep wounds, much sickness, and the hardships and exposure he had undergone, had burdened him with many infirmities, he could tire out many a younger man, and still did not know what it was to feel fatigue in the saddle. In appearance he was as unlike as possible the statue in Trafalgar Square—a short, lithe man, without an ounce of spare flesh, muscular and springy in his gait; a tendency to hollowness in the chest gave him the appearance of being a little bent when standing. He was quick and energetic in all his movements, and had a nervous habit of tightening his elbows into his sides. The spare frame was surmounted by a head which, without being regularly handsome, had a noble and strange appearance that caught the eye and awoke interest; quantities of dark hair standing well off a bold, expansive forehead; the nose "curved, cut, and coloured like the eagle's claw"; a falcon's eye, flashing with a brilliancy intensified by the spectacles which he could not do without; the mouth firm and regular, but with a smile of remarkable sweetness. His terrible wounds at Coruña and Busaco had left behind a spasmodic jerking of the head and jaws, so that the teeth would often snap together. He was scrupulously neat and orderly in his habits, but im-

patient of luxury and self-indulgence, and had a wardrobe probably of smaller dimensions than that of the poorest subaltern under his command. Temperate and abstemious by inclination and on principle, he rarely took wine, and would often go many days without meat. His powers of work were prodigious, he seldom gave more than five hours to sleep; to do his utmost in the service of the State and of the community in which he found himself was an imperative necessity of his nature; yet when fourteen, sixteen, or even eighteen hours had been given to the public service, there always remained a margin of time and energy for a large correspondence, a minute diary, professional study, and religious self-communings. Exercise, which could generally be combined with inspection and supervision of work, was taken in the saddle. The wilder the horse's spirit, the better he was pleased; rider and steed seemed one, and the only pace known was full gallop.

When at home and at leisure he loved to get young people round him, and keep them in roars of laughter at his odd stories and grotesque humour, though he sometimes flavoured both rather too strongly after the manner of Rabelais. Many of his young relations, however, had to thank his warm and affectionate nature for much more than laughter and fun. On one occasion he heard that one of his nephews, who was prevented by misfortune from earning his own living, had not the means to marry; he at once sent him £5000, at a time when he himself was sacrificing health and ease, and struggling against age and infirmities, in order to provide for his own children. In fact, though he practised the strictest economy as one of the duties of a good father and a good citizen, he never counted the cost when a kind or generous action was to be done. When one of his subordinates in Scinde wished to get home to see a dying and only sister, but had heavy financial

responsibilities which were an obstacle to his leave, Sir Charles, learning the difficulty, became his security for eleven lakhs of rupees.

In general society he was very gentle and courteous. He had not the brilliant conversational powers of his brother Sir William, yet if the talk turned upon questions of war, government, history, or kindred subjects, on which he had read much and thought deeply, he would join in readily; and the vehement earnestness of his voice and manner, the flashing eye, the vivid language, and quaint illustrations, gained him a ready hearing.

Endowed with keen practical insight and power of sustained thinking, he clothed his ideas with peculiarities of manner, and sometimes with a half-humorous exaggeration, that gave a colour to the vulgar charge of eccentricity. Impracticable he may have been. His independence, his fearless honesty, and passionate hatred of injustice, brought him frequently into conflict with the official world. That it should be so is one of the inevitable drawbacks of our political institutions. On the one hand, you have a man with a heroic sense of duty and patriotism, with talents vastly superior to those of ordinary men, of clear insight and indomitable will, driven by an irresistible instinct to do the work appointed him in the manner which seems to him best. On the other hand, you have a Government subject to the constant, and often factious, criticism of its opponents and of every section of the community whose interests are threatened by the action of the Government's servants—a Government brought into power by a bare majority, and depending for its existence very largely on its skill in conciliating opposing interests, and, in spite of patriotic aims, compelled to rest content with half measures and halting progress. Under such conditions Napiers and Gordons, even supposing them to be burdened with a less than ordinary share of the

infirmities incident to such natures, will always be called impracticable.

Revolt against oppression, a longing to set the crooked straight, was Napier's ruling passion. He would, like a Paladin of old, go forth to redress the wrongs of the world with a high hand, and if the oppressor withstood him, topple him over, horse and man. Faults of temper he had, and he was fully conscious of them. "We are a hot, violent crew," he says; "but if we Napiers are violent, it is only for a moment; neither George, nor Richard, nor Henry, are the least revengeful; William and myself are, but only where resistance continues." His explosions, though pretty frequent, were sometimes designed, and very rarely ineffectual. "No man," he was fond of saying, "can command without having a bit of the devil in him;" and certainly no man was ever better obeyed. He could not help being conscious of his power as a leader of soldiers, but ever fought against it as a temptation of the devil. "Charles Napier," he wrote when he was sent to Scinde, "take heed of your ambition for military glory; you had scotched that snake, but this high command will, unless you are careful, give it all its vigour again. 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'" Though he hated war he was devoted to the study of it as an art, both from natural inclination and from a deep sense of his responsibility for unnecessary bloodshed. "To this my great and admirable father reared me; to this he, whose like I have never seen for grandeur or for gentleness of nature, whose body and mind were both cast in the richest forms of strength and beauty, reared me, not as a ruffian to delight in blood, but as a soldier to save blood where it could be saved; and to wage war for England with a heart bent to soften its miseries to man." And again, speaking of his professional studies: "How else could I command with honour? How answer for the lives

of those entrusted to my charge? An ignorant General is a murderer; all brave men confide in the knowledge he pretends to possess, and when the death trial comes their generous blood flows in vain! Merciful God! How can an ignorant man charge himself with so much blood? I have studied war long, earnestly, and deeply, yet tremble at my own deficiencies."

His military enthusiasm, strong as it was at times, was transient, and always followed by a strong revulsion of feeling; it excited, but never satisfied his nature. "The exercise of the creative faculties is my nature, my bent, my happiness. War is natural to me, but I love it not, I hate to destroy." Undoubtedly the years in Cephalonia were the happiest of his life; and no sooner was Scinde conquered than he grew glad with the hope of setting to work again to "do good, to create, to end destruction and raise up order." Few men had done more to prepare themselves for government, as far as that can be done, by reading; and to reading he had added close observation of human nature in many countries, and the actual test of experience in Cephalonia. It has already been seen, in relation to English politics, that in his desire to see political rights conferred on the greatest possible number of his fellow-citizens, in his belief in the beneficent power of public opinion finding utterance through a free press, in his respect for honest labour and hatred of privilege, he was a radical of the radicals. His trust in the people was implicit. Going beyond Burke's declaration that in all disputes between the people and their rulers "the presumption is, at least, upon a par in favour of the people," he writes in Scinde in 1844:—

"The poor people come to me with earnest prayers; they never come without cause; but are such liars, and so bad at explaining, that were their language understood by me it would be hard to reach facts. On all these occasions my

plan is a most unjust one. For against all evidence I decide in favour of the poor, and argue against the argument of the Government people so long as I can. My formula is this: Punish the Government servants first, and inquire about the right and wrong when there is time! This is the way to prevent tyranny, and make the people happy, and render public servants honest. The latter know they have 'no chance of justice' if they are complained against, and consequently take good care to please the poor. If the complaint is that they cheat Government, oh! that is another question; then they have fair trials and leniency. We are all weak when temptation is strong. Your '*doctrinaire*,' who is incapable of ruling men, looks awfully grave when the poor complain, even majestic. He holds the scales with the dignity of Minerva herself; he puts all the arguments of one side—the lies which he cannot perceive, but which, nevertheless, exist—into one scale, and all the blundering falsehoods of ignorant suffering into the other. But he leaves out human nature—he leaves out the gross ignorance of the sufferers, whose agonies break down vulgar powers of compression, and, combined with terror of the great, drive them to desperation almost convulsive in their efforts for redress."

It was the indignant revolt against the doctrine that self-interest is a trustworthy guide for men—against the assumption that men not only know their own interests, but are capable of following them—that separated him from the radicals of his time. He felt and worked in the spirit which inspired Carlyle's "Chartism," with as vivid a belief in the necessity for the vigorous interposition of Government to remedy and prevent the mischiefs that followed in the train of the industrial revolution which was changing the face of the world; convinced, like Carlyle, that the meaning of the clamour for popular rights was not the desire to be let alone, but the longing to be truly and wisely governed. Considering our Factory laws, Education laws, and Land laws, considering the rather unexpected tendency of Democracy to hero-worship, who shall say they were false prophets?

The faults of such a character are not hard to discover; they arise, to a great extent, from a certain excess of those very qualities which excite our admiration. It is far harder to appreciate the unwearying watchfulness with which the temptations of that eager, masterful spirit were met, or the depth of the conviction that every act was done under the eye of God. When warring with the predatory tribes of Scinde, he says, "As if some outward power moved events, all my minutest projects have come to pass. Errors, neglect, and sound calculation—all have turned out right in the end! Can I, then, feel proud of my ability? No! It is a power unseen, though to me evident, that has guided me!" His was a faith that had no need of dogmatic theology; always a "swallower of formulas," he had the greatest aversion to what he considered the pretensions of the priesthood. "When men become their own priests, and have death before their eyes, they will take the right road without promptings. When men allow priests to think for them, they pursue their own interests, leaving their souls to the priests. Men now daily find they must think for themselves, and are becoming really religious, and casting dogmas to old women of both sexes; in time they will act rightly in the eyes of God, and then Christ will rule the world." The essence of Christianity to him was the life of Christ. "Whatever may be the arguments of some who question His divinity, one thing they cannot deny—that He was the most perfect character the world ever saw before or since, and His teachings from the Mount are sufficient guidance to any man." His journals contain many passages in the same strain, generally accompanied by passionate longings for the life beyond the grave, where he would again find all he had loved. "This is the twelfth anniversary (April 1847) of my marriage with my present wife, who is all goodness and virtue. God spare her to me

till He takes me out of this world. She will rejoin me hereafter in the *central sun*, where I suppose we shall all go. For there must be a centre to the heavens as to all things, and in that centre we may believe the Deity dwells, and there receives His creatures after death. May my sins not prevent my being there, with all of mine who have gone before in recognition and love. What is to happen to us? A very short time will now let me into the secret, and curiosity is strong within me, increasing as the time draws nearer. I do not think my balance-sheet will be white; no man's is. I try hard to do my duty, but do not satisfy myself; and God will not make me judge my own soul, or I am a lost man. Yet, if so, there must be a purgatory, for I could not honestly pronounce myself worthy of heaven nor altogether of eternal damnation."

In war and government opportunities are seized most successfully by those who have taken most pains to prepare themselves in time of leisure. It is too late to think out political problems when one is called on to administrate; and in war though chance plays so great a part, yet nothing should be left to her that human foresight and ingenuity could prevent. This was a guiding principle of Charles Napier's life; his family motto—"Ready, aye Ready"—was exactly made for him. No sooner was his family housed at Poona than he put his principle into practice. "My wish is to be left quiet a little while in each day, to obtain an insight of Indian wars, history, and country; for knowledge and thought only can enable us to act wisely in such positions. This the world will not believe, and idle talk is thought more important than reason and reflection. If my morning hours only were secure from worry it would content me; but only by snatches can needful knowledge be obtained."

His energy in command seems soon to have provoked hostile criticism. His journal (20th June) says:—

"The worries of command here are great, it is a bore to be thwarted by fools who will stand up against what is good and useful; one shakes, indeed, finally into ease, but a horse just taken from grass don't like harness and a fool for coachman. All the stuff in the *United Service Gazette* about myself and my drill is pure nonsense; they are very few, and more to get my own hand in than anything else, for it requires habit to move large bodies; there are two awkward things to think of in a field—viz. what to do, and how to do. These three arms have never been worked together, and the infantry only in the same dull formal round on the same smooth piece of ground, which tired them to death. Now, they go out all together and over the hills, which they like; my belief is no one before did this, so it makes a talk. The sepoys are capital soldiers."

Like a true pupil of Sir John Moore, Napier attached the greatest importance to obtaining a moral influence over his troops by cultivating personal relations with them. In order to find out what stuff his officers were made of, he called for volunteers to bring him in surveys of various portions of district embraced by his command. How he secured the confidence and kindled the enthusiasm of the men two anecdotes will show.

The first has reference to a feat, not so uncommon now as it was then, and which I have seen at assaults-of-arms described on the programme as "Sir Charles Napier's." At a public festival at Poona a sword-player offered to cut an orange in halves on a man's hand, without injury to the member. No one coming forward, the General offered his right hand, but the swordsman declared it was unfit for the experiment; he presented the left hand, and it was admitted to be properly formed. Still the man was nervous and refused to display his skill on a man of such rank, but Napier sternly insisted, and then the swordsman, with a deep-drawn breath, cut downwards, and the orange fell in halves,

the skin below being slightly razed, but not cut through. The second story is told by himself in a letter to Sir W. Napier:

"You ask about the muskets. I found everybody running mad about the superior range and accuracy of the matchlock," —the Afghan weapon, hence the peculiar danger of the idea —"and it seemed a settled point that the musket had no chance. To put an end to such a silly and dangerous opinion, I bet five guineas with a great stickler for the matchlock that I would with a common musket beat the best Mahratta matchlock man he could produce. I got some officers and privates to practise with me every day, until the best shot was ascertained. He and myself then contended. He put in eleven out of twenty rounds at one hundred and fifty yards; my hits were only eight; but the whole camp thus got interested, and at the end of two months Captain St. John owned that no matchlock man would have a chance, and paid his bet. He could not reckon upon firing above five or six shots in half an hour, as the matchlock takes so long to load and prepare; we reckoned on sixty shots in that time, and at least twenty in the target. I cannot describe how entirely it was settled before that the musket had no chance; the soldiers were persuaded they would be shot before they could get within range of their own arms. I explained that the error arose from having fought matchlock men ensconced on high mountains, where a shot downwards reached and hit the uncovered climbing man, while his musket could neither reach nor hit when fired almost perpendicularly upwards at men well covered; the strength of the position was thus taken as the measure of the weapon. It was my firing myself with the soldiers that did the job; preaching till doomsday would have been useless."

On hearing of the Cabul disasters he drew up a plan of a campaign, "being mad to see so many lives thrown away by foolish men;" but it remained in his desk until Lord Ellenborough reached India, and wrote to him asking for a statement of his views on the military situation. The

memoir was at once despatched, with an informal letter summarising its contents. After recommending the prompt relief of Sale as the first object to be attained, and paying an enthusiastic tribute to his splendid defence of Jelalabad, he recommends the formation of two strong columns to move on Cabul—one from Peshawur, the other from Candahar, by Ghuznee.

Cabul retaken, what should follow? "Perhaps, if a noble, generous, not a vindictive warfare, be pursued by our troops, as I sincerely hope, it might be very practicable to retire immediately with honour from Afghanistan, leaving a friendly people behind us. The Afghans are a noble race, and although their mode of warfare is abhorrent to civilisation, a sanguinary inroad would be disgraceful to us and would not give them more humane ideas." Alas! that one should have to compare these noble words with the destruction of the bazaar at Cabul, and the vindictive spirit which characterised the operations by which our disasters were retrieved. The memoir concluded by pointing out the advantages of abandoning Afghanistan, occupying the left bank of the Indus, and putting back Dhost Mohammed on the throne. It was despatched 4th March 1842.

In the following month the Bombay Government applied to have Napier in command of Upper and Lower Scinde, and in August he was ordered to take the command there. He was under the impression that the appointment was made in view of approaching war in the Punjab, and his distrust of "these widespread combined movements" was so great that he recorded in his journal his intention of following his own reason in a manner which might have excited considerable uneasiness at headquarters.

"My design and hope is to find excuses for acting on my own responsibility, and going right before there is time to set me wrong! Assuredly, if there be war, I will not

wait for orders, as Pollock and Nott have done, letting the enemy gather moral and physical strength, while both run from us in streams."

At the outset he had to contend with an evil which in after years he did much to remedy. "Being determined to cut down the baggage of the Indian army I must begin with myself; it will be a job, but shall be done if I live; a trencher more or less in my train seems a trifle, but the source of the Indus is but a stream melting from a handful of snow! Unless a man be right himself his house is not built on a rock, and cannot stand; the words of Christ are true even in our unrighteous calling."

But baggage was not the only difficulty. "What a government, what a system! I go to command in Scinde with no orders! no instructions! no precise line of policy given! How many men are in Scinde? How many soldiers to command? No one knows! I am, if sharp enough, to find that out when there! They tell me I must form and model the staff of the army altogether! This is easy to do; but is it in 1842 that the Indian staff should be modelled? our empire being nearly one hundred years old and existing by military force! That I must act for myself is clear, or rather by my own lights in their interest, for they know nothing. Feeling myself but an apprentice in Indian matters, I yet look in vain for a master." However, preparations were made with his usual alacrity, and on 3d September he set sail from Bombay, noting the date with a half-superstitious satisfaction.

"*3d Sept.*—Off in three hours, and this is old Oliver's day—the day he won Dunbar and Worcester, and the day he died; and a very good day to die on, as good as the second or the fourth! 'A crowning victory.' Strange! Why are we superstitious? Why is there a devil? It puzzles man, and so he is superstitious."

Fortune was anything but favourable on the voyage. Cholera broke out at starting, and many died. "The darkness of the night, the pouring rain, the roaring of the waves, the noise of the engine and the wheels, the dreadful groans of the dying, all in horrid convulsions, the lamentations of men and women who were losing wives, husbands, children, the solemnity of the burial service read by the glimmer of a solitary lanthorn held up to the book, presented altogether a dreadful scene. No man knew whose turn would be next."

Fifty-four lives were lost before Kurachee was reached, and then, "on making the land, both mates got drunk, and such a night scene of confusion I never saw. We were nearly as possible on a reef of rocks; we fired guns and rockets, but no help came; had we struck, all must have perished—at least, all the sick, eighty in number; at last we cast anchor, and luckily on good holding ground."

Three days after landing he took the opportunity afforded by a review of the Kurachee garrison—2000 in number—to try some rockets he had brought with him. The first went off well, but the second burst, and inflicted a severe wound on the General, tearing right through the calf of his leg. In ten days he was walking about again, but it was a severe trial to his strength at his age and in so hot a climate. Three weeks later he says, "My leg is swelled and painful, it ought to be well. What an unlucky devil am I! 2000 soldiers were standing around, every man within reach of mischief, and I alone was hurt! Sinclair and Munbee were close—Sinclair, a giant, rather closer than me. How did we escape being blown to atoms? Our hour was not come! The blow was like that of a bruise; it has given me a shake." In spite of the wound, however, he was only a week at Kurachee before he started up the Indus; and in that time he had taken vigorous measures

for the health of his fellow-passengers and of the troops, who were suffering from scurvy as well as cholera. He had also framed a report on the great commercial future of Kurachee, including projects for a boat-bridge over the creek, a better water-supply, a lighthouse, and vegetable gardens. But as he is now fairly launched on his new command, it is time to take a short survey of the political condition of the people with whom he had to deal.

The population of Scinde, which numbered rather more than one million, contained four distinct elements: Scindians proper, Hindoos, Beloochees of the plain, and Beloochees of the mountains. Scindians and Hindoos had long been accustomed to alien rulers. Among the fierce and unmanageable settlers, who at different times left their mountains for the fertile banks of the Indus, came a Belooch clan called the Talpoorees, who dethroned the reigning dynasty near the close of the last century, and established their own chiefs as Ameers or Lords of Scinde. The chieftainship was divided, and, at the time we are now dealing with, there were the Ameers of Khyrpoor or Upper Scinde, the Ameers of Hyderabad or Lower Scinde, and the Ameer of Meerpoor, on the borders of the desert which formed the eastern boundary of the country. These chiefs, of whom those at Hyderabad were the most important, had exercised the supreme power, after the usual Eastern fashion, for nearly seventy years. The Scindians and Hindoos were treated with the grossest tyranny, ground down by taxation, while their most fertile land was taken for the hunting-grounds, and their daughters for the zenanas of their masters. The Beloochees of the plain held lands by military tenure; those of the hills vaguely acknowledged the Ameers as their feudal superiors.

Our intercourse with Scinde received its first public recognition in the treaty of 1809, which provided for

mutual intercourse by envoys and the exclusion of the French. On the renewal of this treaty in 1820 an article was added settling disputes as to the border on the side of Cutch, which then formed the frontier province of the British Empire; it is to be remarked that this article was not obtained without an armed demonstration on the part of England. The next important step was an exploration of the Indus, ordered by the Board of Control, and undertaken by Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Alexander) Burnes in 1831. "The mischief is done, you have seen our country," cried a prophetic native to the traveller. Burnes was followed the next year by Colonel Pottinger, who negotiated the first treaty which gave England positive rights in Scinde. Its chief provisions were: That the Indus should be free for commerce, but not for ships of war or military stores; and that a tariff should take the place of arbitrary tolls. It was reserved for Lord Auckland definitely to overstep the boundary, never very scrupulously attended to in our dealings with Indian States, between commercial treaties and political interference or dictation. In 1836, alarmed by the steady growth of Russian influence in Asia, Lord Auckland set to work to obtain an active influence over the Afghans, and as a first step to the attainment of his aims he resolved on strengthening British influence in Scinde. An opportunity soon presented itself. The Maharajah of the Punjab threatened to invade Scinde, and the warlike Beloochees were fully prepared to face him unaided, and let him do his worst. Before commencing operations, however, the Maharajah applied to the British for a supply of arms to be sent to him up the Indus. His attention was at once drawn to the article of the Scindian treaty whereby the conveyance of military stores up the Indus was forbidden. At the same time Colonel Pottinger was sent to Hyderabad to offer British protection to the

Ameers against the Sikhs, and to suggest the introduction of a British force into Scinde. This proposal, which was quite uncalled for, was subsequently embodied in a modified form in the treaty of 1838, whereby England undertook to mediate between Scinde and the Sikhs, on condition of the Ameers receiving a political agent at Hyderabad, with an escort of British troops, of such a number as the British Government should deem suitable—the troops to be paid by the Ameers.

The desired footing in Scinde having been obtained, Lord Auckland was free to execute his measures for checkmating the Russian invasion of India. How was this to be done? "Surely," says Sir W. Napier, who accurately expresses Sir Charles's thoughts on the subject—"surely by cultivating the goodwill of the high-spirited Afghans, the wild Toorkmans, the keen-witted Persians. To speak to their self-interest by commerce and by presents, to their sagacity by missions, and to trust their instincts of self-preservation for the rest." Lord Auckland thought otherwise. He resolved to invade a nation which at that time bore us no ill-will; and further, to injure that nation in the most offensive manner by setting up an unworthy puppet in the place of the vigorous, popular, and not unfriendly Dhost Mohammed. We have not here to tell again the shameful story of the first Afghan War, but only to point out how it affected our relations with the Ameers of Scinde. Lord Auckland, who does not seem to have been much troubled by military considerations, became a party to a triple treaty with Shah Sooja and the Maharajah, whereby the latter accepted English mediation in his quarrel with Scinde, while Shah Sooja relinquished his rights as suzerain over that country on condition of receiving arrears of tribute. The object of this treaty was to secure a line of operations against Afghanistan through

Scinde—that is to say, a line about thrice the distance of the Punjab line, through the terrible Bolan Pass and the barren highlands of Afghanistan, with communications threatened by the incensed Ameers and the Belooch tribes of the hills, and with the strong fortresses of Candahar and Ghuznee to pass before reaching Cabul. Well might the Duke of Wellington say, "The troops will force their way through a wild disunited people, only to find the commencement of their difficulties." The march, however, was executed by Lord Keane, with the loss of hundreds of soldiers and about 40,000 camels on the way.

Meanwhile the tripartite treaty was sent to Pottinger, who was instructed to tell the Ameers that Shah Sooja would be at Shikarpoor in November, that the arrears of tribute must be paid then, or the town and district of Shikarpoor would be seized. He was also to announce the suspension of the article forbidding the transport of military stores by the Indus, and that any connection with Persia would be considered an act of hostility to England. Pottinger replied that he "would not fail to tell the Ameers that the day they connected themselves with any other Power than England would be the last of their independence, if not of their rule; and neither the ready power to crush and annihilate them nor the will to call it into action were wanting, if it appeared requisite, however remotely, for the safety or integrity of the Anglo-Indian empire or frontier." Considering our relations with Shah Sooja, no one will wonder at another remark in the report with respect to the tribute, that "many besides the Scindees will believe that we are making a mere use of Shah Sooja's name to revive a claim which has been long obsolete." So the Ameers thought, and if they had any doubt as to our further designs it was soon removed. Burnes was sent to Khyrpoor to arrange for the passage of the Bengal army

through Upper Scinde, with instructions to demand the loan of Bukkur, a fortified rock in mid-stream of the Indus, but to evade any question as to remuneration. During these negotiations Lord Auckland determined on sending 5000 men from Bombay to seize Shikarpoor. Pottinger advised delay, for he saw what danger to our communications with Afghanistan would arise if the Ameers were driven to extremities. He was fairly staggered, too, by the Ameers producing formal discharges from Shah Sooja of his sovereign rights over Scinde—a fact which put him in the position of asking them to pay for a second relinquishment. But the Governor-General would not pause. One army was descending the Sutlej; another reached the mouths of the Indus from Bombay. Pottinger then boldly urged the seizure of the district between the Hala mountains and the Lower Indus, to give "a compact territory, complete command of the river, and the only seaport; when, Sukkur and Bukkur being occupied by British troops on the Upper Indus, and British agents placed in Khyrpoor and Hyderabad, British supremacy would be as fully established in Scinde as though it had been entirely subjugated." Roostum, the head of the Khyrpoor Ameers, surrendered Bukkur, and declared his territory a British dependency; but no sooner had the two armies put themselves in motion than Lower Scinde broke out into open violence. The British stores at Hyderabad were plundered, and Lieutenant Eastwick, the sub-agent, was driven from the Residency, whereupon the British seized Kurachee. The Ameers, however, did not feel themselves strong enough to fight, and on 11th March 1839 was signed the treaty which, together with that already concluded with Roostum, formed the basis of the relations between Scinde and the Anglo-Indian Government when Sir C. Napier arrived upon the scene. It was distinguished from all former treaties by the circumstance,

that it dealt with the Ameers no longer collectively but separately. Roostum had acknowledged British supremacy and the right of the British to occupy Bukkur in time of war. He undertook to have no foreign policy but that dictated by England; to accept arbitration in case of disputes; to render aid, if required, in the Afghan war; to co-operate in the development of the commercial advantages of the Indus; and to receive a Resident. He received in return an assurance that England would not covet his possessions, that he should be absolute in his own territory, and that complaints from his subjects should not be listened to.

The main stipulations of the treaty with the Ameers of Hyderabad were as follows:—

A British force to be quartered in Scinde, its strength to be determined by the Governor-General.

Noor, Nusseer, Mohammed, each to pay one lakh towards the maintenance of the force; Sobdar to be exempted as a reward for previous friendship.

The Ameer's territories to be under British protection.

The Ameers to be absolute with respect to their subjects; but quarrels among themselves were to be referred to British mediation.

Their foreign policy was to require the sanction of the English Government, and they were to furnish a force for defence when required.

Tolls on trading-boats up or down the Indus were abolished.

On the conclusion of these negotiations, Pottinger records his opinion that if ever the British military strength was to be again exerted in Scinde—an event which he did not anticipate—it must be carried to subjugating the country.

In 1840 he was succeeded by Major Outram, and there was a brief respite, until the disaster at Cabul threw our

Government into such confusion that the nations on our borders thought the end of our rule was at hand, and the Ameers took courage to prepare for the opportunities for vengeance which the general commotion seemed so likely to offer. Suspicion was aroused by the discovery of a correspondence between Nusseer Khan, the head of the Ameers, and the Sikh chief of Mooltan, and between Roostum of Khyrpoor and Shere Sing, Maharajah of the Punjab. But at this moment Lord Auckland was succeeded by Lord Ellenborough, and hesitation, panic, and confusion were at an end.

The new Viceroy, in spite of his well-known vanity and inordinate love of oratorical display, had the vigour of mind and body, the unfailing self-confidence, the unflinching hatred of corruption, that fit a man for a great emergency; and those qualities had never been more needed in India. An army had been annihilated, Ghuznee surrendered, Jelalabad was not relieved, Brigadier England had been driven back upon Quetta, and Nott was in the utmost peril. Within our frontiers the Anglo-Indian community was in a state of prostration, and there was the greatest need for a strong will to check abuses and infuse fresh energy and public spirit into the civil service.

Accepting the political situation of Scinde as he found it—and, indeed, he could hardly have done otherwise, considering the perilous position of the troops to be rescued—he lost no time in giving Major Outram a clear indication of the policy he meant to pursue:—

"The Governor-General is led to think you may have seen reason to doubt the fidelity of one or more of the Ameers of Scinde. He therefore forwards three similar letters to be addressed, according to circumstances, and at your discretion, to those of the Ameers whom you may have grounds for suspecting of hostile designs against the British Government.

And you will distinctly understand that the threat contained is no idle threat intended only to alarm, but a declaration of the Governor-General's fixed determination to punish, cost what it may, the first chief who shall prove faithless by the confiscation of his dominions. But there must be clear proof of such faithlessness, and it must not be provoked by the conduct of British agents, producing in the minds of any chief a belief that the British Government entertains designs inconsistent with its interests and honour."

Outram withheld the three letters, which were no less plain in their language, on the ground that the Ameers were so conscious of treasonable designs that Lord Ellenborough's menacing tone might drive them to extremities. But his conduct, which was approved by Lord Ellenborough, does not seem at that time to have been dictated by any regard for the character and rights of the Ameers; for he states that he has it in his power to expose the hostile intrigues of the Ameers to such an extent as might be deemed sufficient to authorise the dictation of any terms to those chiefs, or any measure necessary to place British power on a secure footing. He also sent Lord Ellenborough a draft of a proposed new treaty, on the ground of the frequent violations of former treaties by the Ameers and their treasonable designs against the British troops in Scinde. He recommended that, in lieu of tribute, the Ameers should cede Sukkur, Bukkur, and Kurachee, or Shikarpoor and its territories instead of the last-named place. Lord Ellenborough, in reply, rejected these proposals on the ground that, though he was determined to punish faithlessness, he was anxious to avoid any sudden change in our political relations with the Ameers. At this stage, however, Sir Charles Napier arrived and took over the management of affairs, as Lord Ellenborough's instructions directed him to "exercise entire authority over all political and civil officers"

within the limit of his military command. We may now, therefore, resume the thread of our narrative.

We left General Napier sailing up the Indus from Kurachee. On 25th September he reached Hyderabad, and had his first interview with the Ameers of Lower Scinde.

"Nusseer Khan pays his court to me thus: first a great man meets me on the Indus, and on landing forty men come with trays of sweetmeats; again, at the house of the political agent, Lieutenant Mylne, sixty more trays come, with ten sheep and vegetables. I dress in full uniform, with decorations. A magnificent palanquin, covered with scarlet cloth, lined with scarlet, and pillowed with cushions of green velvet, awaits me, and camels, having rich housing, are there for my retinue. My wound prevents me riding, or a horse would have been sent; but fifty of the Scinde irregular horsemen, the political agent's guard, attend me—wild, picturesque fellows, with their brilliantly-coloured trappings, very much like stage banditti. Crowds of Scindian peasants, armed and unarmed, flock to see the Sahib. We approach the city; the Sirdars meet us, all mounted and with mounted retainers, their horses lean and small, but active and showy. Some few of the riders have spears, all have sabres, and each a shield on his back. This and the coloured trappings, the men's own dresses of variegated shawls and silks, the turbaned heads interspersed amongst the handsome Scindian caps, and the exceeding grace of all, presented a thoroughly Eastern scene, very beautiful. Nor were the high castellated and ornamented ramparts of Hyderabad, towering above the armed men, and crowded with figures similar to those below, calculated to render the picture less curious."

Through this shouting and gesticulating throng the procession moved slowly past the armed gates to the palaces of the Ameers.

"They arose and helped me to rise, which my lameness rendered difficult, and seated me on the right hand of Nusseer

—a large, fat man, not handsome, yet not ill-looking. . . . They would all try on my spectacles, were puzzled by them, and repeatedly asked if I was very happy and very comfortable. In return my interpreter continually asked if they were very happy and very comfortable. This was the more incumbent on me, as having just written a *billet-doux* to them which could by no means add to their comfort or happiness; it was to request they would not break treaty by levying tolls on the river, and hinted that if they did so my next visit would be less welcome."

He was off again the next day on his way to Sukkur. The sight of the rich banks of the Indus, as he sailed past them, filled him with a longing to set to work, as in the old Cephalonian days, to turn the wilderness into a garden.

"What immense produce might burthen this running sea! Civilisation would soon bridle this mad river. The Dutch control the rude northern seas, and a few dams run obliquely down the stream would restrain the vagaries of the Indus. Would that Sehwan were mine; quickly it should defy the river, and have quays and agriculture for 20 miles around, while vast canals should carry the waters through the land. Science would play with the Indus; but it cannot be controlled by misery, poverty, ignorance, and a tyranny calculated to destroy the earth and man."

At Sukkur his political work began. The excitement among the Ameers created by our late reverses was at its height, and the position of General England's force, retreating on the Indus through the Bolan Pass with most of General Nott's incumbrances, made the situation a critical one. In the middle of September Napier writes: "My position here is very ticklish, but danger from war none. My difficulty will be to act with judgment as chief political agent. I believe Lord Ellenborough's intentions are just and honourable,—I know my own are,—but hell is paved with good intentions, and both of us may have difficulties

to encounter. Still I feel neither diffidence nor hesitation; my plan is formed, so is Lord Ellenborough's, and my belief is that they are alike."

There seems little doubt that, after reading Lord Ellenborough's instructions, which reached him at Sukkur, and after what he had himself seen and heard from Outram and others, he had made up his mind that the practical annexation of Scinde by peaceful means was inevitable and not very far distant. On 8th October he writes to Outram: "The Ameers are, like all barbarians, ignorant and cunning. They will get on the rocks; however, the length of their tether is the treaty, and they have been given to understand that they shall not go an inch beyond it; if they do, they must take the consequences. I know what that would be were I master, and suspect what it is likely to be." The Governor-General's instructions were that any Ameer or chief convicted of having evinced hostile designs during the late disastrous events should be visited with a signal punishment to deter others, but the proof of such guilt must be absolutely clear and convincing. He added his conviction that any report Napier might make would be such as he could safely act upon. This despatch was founded on Outram's reports, and was in accordance with the intention the Governor-General had already announced of punishing all acts of faithlessness to the treaties made with his predecessor, which, in face of the perilous military situation, he felt bound to insist upon, however much he might disapprove of the policy which had dictated them.

The first complaint against the Ameers was that they were levying tolls, in violation of Pottinger's treaty. Their explanation was that they levied them on their own subjects, to whose complaints we were bound, by the same treaty, to give no attention. "Verily your Highnesses speak truth," replies Napier (Journal, 7th October), "and

I will not listen to a word your subjects may say against you; but the treaty says no tolls shall be levied. It is not your subjects, therefore, but we who complain." A week later he writes again: "My mind is made up that we ought to enforce the treaty and set commerce free on the Indus. I am not an admirer of commerce, God knows, when it is to be favoured and all rascality practised towards the poor to forward its progress; but here our interest and that of the Scindian people are on this point one. Wherefore I avow wanting only a just pretext for forcing the Ameers to do right for their people, and for themselves. The Ameers won't fight, my force is too strong, and this is the moment to do the job; because, being strong, it could be done without bloodshed, could be done with my pen! Major Outram is of my opinion, and I like him much, for that reason probably, for I confess not to like those who differ in opinion with me. I may love and respect them, but do not like them as companions."

A much more serious breach of the treaty, however, was discovered in the shape of negotiations with neighbouring tribes for an offensive alliance against the hated British, whose power was supposed to have received a crushing blow in Afghanistan. Both Roostum of Khyrpoor and Nusseer of Hyderabad were detected in a secret correspondence with other tribes. The list of charges brought against Nusseer embraced also the assembling of troops to attack Shere Mohammed of Meerpoor, upon a boundary dispute which had been referred to British arbitration; exacting tolls, and otherwise obstructing the navigation of the Indus; opposing the free supply of the bazaar at Kurachee, and exciting the chief of the Bhoogtee tribe to attack British troops on their retreat from Afghanistan. In addition to these transgressions, Roostum and Nusseer concluded a secret treaty of alliance, and were sending

messages to prepare for war to their feudatories and to the chiefs of the hill tribes. In view of these facts General Napier drew up an exhaustive report on the political situation, of which the following is a somewhat condensed version. It must be borne in mind that the correspondence touching Pottinger's negotiations had not then been made public, so that he could not do otherwise than assume that the Ameers had voluntarily entered into the treaties which he was directed to see enforced.

"*Report, 17th October.*—It is not for me to note how we came to occupy Scinde, but to consider the subject as it stands. We are here by right of treaties entered into by the Ameers, and therefore stand on the same footing as themselves.

"The English occupy Shikarpoor, Bukkur, and Kurachee, by treaties which, if rigidly adhered to by the Ameers, would render those princes more rich and powerful, and their subjects more happy, than they now are. If sticklers for abstract right maintain, as no doubt they will, that to prevent a man from doing mischief is to enslave him, it may be called hard to enforce a rigid observance of these treaties. But their evident object is to favour our Indian interests by abolishing barbarism and ameliorating the condition of society; by obliging the Ameers to do, in compliance with those treaties, that which honourable civilised rulers would do of their own accord. It is necessary to keep this in view, because, though the desire to do good would not sanction breach of treaty, it does sanction the exacting a rigid adherence to treaty from the Ameers.

"By treaty, the time for which we may occupy our present camps is unlimited; but there is such hostility to us on the part of the Ameers, such a hatred of the treaties, and such resolution to break them in every way; there is also among their people, Scindees and Hindoos, not Beloochees, such a growing attachment to British rule, that the question arises, Whether we shall abandon the interests of humanity and of

the British Government, which in this case are one, and at once quit Scinde, or take advantage of existing treaties to maintain our camps permanently? But, if we evacuate the country, future events will inevitably bring us back to the Indus. If we remain our camps will quickly grow into towns, and the people within them will carry on a transit trade along the Indus to the exclusion of the Ameer's people without.

"This produces another question, Can such things long continue? A Government hated by its subjects, despotic, hostile alike to the interests of England and of its own people, —will not such a Government maintain an incessant petty hostility against us? I conceive such political relation cannot last; the more powerful Government will, at no distant period, swallow up the weaker: would it not be better to come to that result at once? I think it would be better, if it can be done with honesty. Let me then consider how we might go to work on a matter so critical.

"Several Ameers have broken treaty in the various instances stated in the accompanying 'Return of Complaints.' I have maintained that we want only a fair pretext to coerce the Ameers, and I think the various acts recorded give abundant reason to take Kurachee, Sukkur, Bukkur, Shikarpoor, and Subzulcote for our own; and for obliging the Ameers to leave a trackway along both banks of the Indus, stipulating for a supply of wood: at the same time remitting all tribute and arrears of tribute in favour of those Ameers whose conduct has been correct. Finally, to enter into a fresh treaty with one of those princes as chief."

After enlarging on the military and commercial importance of Shikarpoor, he continues:—

"I have drawn up this memoir entirely on my own consideration of the subject, but, since Major Outram's arrival, which was just as the last paragraph was finished, he has given me every possible assistance. He concurs in all I have said, but has added to my knowledge, and in justice to the Ameers I must, with this increase of knowledge, enlarge on

what has been stated. The Ameers say they did not understand Article XI. to prohibit the tolls on their own subjects. This may be, and I would willingly, if possible, suppose they really did conceive the treaty gave them tolls on their own subjects; but they have attempted to levy on the boats of Bhawulpoor, which the treaty assuredly does not give a right to do; and they have fired into the boats of Bhawulpoor merchants.

"The second point Major Outram has drawn my attention to is a very strong one. He tells me the tribes on the river, above that part possessed by the Ameers, do levy tolls, and that there is no treaty or public document forthcoming in virtue of which we can call on the Ameers, even of Upper Scinde, not to levy tolls on their own subjects. It is evident, therefore, that to call upon the Ameers of Hyderabad not to levy tolls, and to allow the tribes above to do so, would be unjust—that is to say, it would be unjust to allow the others to levy tolls, but not unjust to prevent the Ameers."

Lord Ellenborough sent back the draft of a new treaty, based on the report, but required the very strictest proof of Nusseer Khan's letter to Beebruck Bhoogtee inviting him to arm against the British, and of Roostum's letter to the Sikh Maharajah. This despatch was preceded by instructions to Napier to effect a sweeping reform in his political staff just when he was most in want of it. "If I have not been worked, no matter. Lord E. first sent for my views on our position in Scinde. Why, I have hardly been in Scinde! However, by labour, my letter of the 17th, finished on the 27th, went, and rest was really required after reading quires of written paper. Well, my letter had just gone, when down comes Lord Ellenborough's order to abolish, at one slap, the whole of the political agency! One hundred and fifty people in this house alone turned out, without warning or thanks! And Outram, who has worked like a horse, at the head of them!" Rest, however, was not to be thought

of. The first task was to prove the Ameers' letters. Writing to Lord Ellenborough on the subject, he says: "Major Outram, Major Clibborne, Lieutenant Brown, and my confidential moonshee, hitherto employed in the political agency, agree that the seal is that of Nusseer Khan." But this was not enough to satisfy the General; he had recourse to his compasses, and found that, on measuring the details of the suspected seal with authenticated seals of the Ameer, "they do not exactly coincide in size and distance between the letters. They agree in all other respects I am told by those who can read Persian, and the discrepancy is accounted for thus: it is notorious that the Ameers have two seals—one to be used for secrecy, that, if discovered, they may deny it, and adduce their ordinary seal in proof, pointing out the want of coincidence. I have been trying to get one of these secret seals through the same people who intercepted the letter, but they have been unable to obtain one. This is very strong presumptive proof that the letter is not a forgery of theirs, because the object of a first forgery would be secured by a second, and the instrument would be in their hands."

The very next day, however, he writes: "I have procured not only a seal similar to that of Nusseer Khan, but on the cover of the letter it is attached to is writing known to be that of Chokram, the Ameer's confidential moonshee." The next point was the authenticity of Roostum's letter to the Maharajah. With regard to this he says, "There are doubts on Major Outram's mind as to his being privy to this letter; but of its having his seal, and being written by his minister, Futteh Ghoree, there is no doubt. Is the doctrine to be admitted that, if a prince gives his signet and power blindly to his minister, such folly is to excuse him from the consequences?"

While waiting for Lord Ellenborough's decision the

General had an important interview with Ali Moorad, a younger brother of Roostum, and to whose sincerity and trustworthiness Major Outram had borne emphatic testimony. Ali Moorad wanted the promise of the "turban," which was the sign of supreme authority among the Ameers. Napier's answer was, "Your Highness is brother of Roostum Khan, who now wears the turban; while he lives you cannot hold the chieftaincy; but you are by law his heir to the puggree, and, as the treaty binds us to support each Ameer in his rights, you shall be supported in yours." Roostum also made an appointment, but broke it; and when the General refused in a very peremptory manner to meet him at another spot, he broke up his camp and retired to his castle. Napier moved at the end of November to Shikarpoor, the march only bringing more forcibly before him the natural wealth of the country and the iniquity of the Government. "I am gathering up my reins, my feet are in the stirrups, my hand is on my sword, and if I do not put these chaps to rights with vigour, and without rigour, great is my mistake. It will be Lord Ellenborough's fault, not mine; but I think he will support any blow struck by me to free these poor people. They live in a larder and yet starve! The robber is master! The Ameers rob by taxes, the hill tribes by matchlocks. . . . Almost every man I met this day bore sword and shield, for all are inclined to rob, and all have life to lose, if nothing else." In fact, his surroundings might have made him a little uncomfortable, but for his guard of thirty irregular Scinde horse, who were all "adepts in throat-slicing, and looked it; never were seen more picturesque figures; with their wild locks of thin matted hair, matchlocks on shoulder, sabres and shields slung on their back, and their loose yellow tunics and turbans of bright scarlet. These fellows would have all died round me sooner than let me be looted; yet

at the holding up a finger they would have sacked the village with delight."

Next day he was back at Sukkur, and was met by the news that the Ameers had again broken the treaty by levying tolls on a Bhawulpoor merchant. Having ascertained that Roostum was the offender, the General despatched a stiff letter to him, insisting upon the repayment of the tolls and the expenses to which the injured merchant had been put, under pain of being treated as an enemy. "They shall have a leaf out of Oliver Cromwell's book. I forced from them a command to their agents on the river not to levy more tolls; they have levied one since, and it was by me passed over, contrary to Lord Ellenborough's orders, which were to enforce the matter rapidly. Now they have got together 20,000 or 30,000 men—it is even said 60,000; they know my camp is sickly, that 500 men are down with fever, and they say they can sweep away the Feringhees as the Afghans have done." Roostum paid up the money promptly, but, according to the General's spies, he at once summoned a secret durbar, and said the British should have all the money they asked for, even to the women's jewellery; but if they did not leave Scinde he would collect his troops and drive them out. From another quarter came news that the Beloochee chiefs were to meet in arms on 7th December. But on 30th November came positive orders from Lord Ellenborough that the new treaty, based upon Napier's report, was to be at once enforced.

The presentation of the treaty produced strong remonstrances from both Khyrpoor and Hyderabad. "Now, then, what is my position?" writes Napier; "these people will try to spin out the cold weather in negotiation, and then we cannot put our noses out of the shade: this shall not be. Their remonstrance shall go to Lord Ellenborough, but meanwhile the districts of Subzulcote and Bhoong-Bara

must be occupied, unless they state some very staggering arguments to hold my hand, which cannot, I believe, be done." Hearing rumours that the Ameers were planning a surprise of his camp at Sukkur, he wrote a letter to Roostum warning him of the consequences: "Your subjects, it is said, propose to attack my camp in the night-time. This would of course be without your knowledge, and also be very foolish, because my soldiers would slay those who attack them; and when day dawned I would march to Khyrpoor, transplant the inhabitants to Sukkur, and destroy your capital city, with the exception of your Highness' palace, which I would leave standing alone as a mark of my respect for your Highness and of my conviction that you have no authority over your subjects." This letter was speedily followed by assurances from Upper and Lower Scinde that the treaty would be accepted. On 15th December the British troops commenced the passage of the Indus in order to occupy the territories mentioned in the treaty. This act practically closes the period of negotiations, and we must now turn to the military aspect of the situation.

The anxiety and labour which his diplomatic functions entailed had not been allowed to interfere in any way with the command of the 6000 men encamped at Sukkur. "The military have been all at sixes and sevens,"—Journal, 18th November,—"and it requires vigour to pull the jokers up, but it shall be done. It is a very fine force—fine officers, fine men; but they have had no commander, the camp is full of suggestors, who would make a mob of the force in a week." One of the "jokes" most in need of correction was the furious riding of young officers through the camp and bazaars; it was put a stop to by a general order, which is a delightful specimen of the combination of humour and authority which made him the idol of his soldiers.

"Gentlemen as well as beggars, if they like, may ride to the devil when they get on horseback; but neither gentlemen nor beggars have a right to send other people to the devil, which will be the case if furious riding be allowed in the bazaar. The Major-General has placed a detachment of horse at the disposal of Captain Pope, who will arrest offenders and punish them, as far as the regulations permit. And Captain Pope is not allowed to let any one escape punishment, because, when orders have been repeated and are not obeyed, it is time to enforce them—without obedience an army becomes a mob, and a cantonment a bear-garden. The enforcement of obedience is like physic—not agreeable, but necessary."

The necessity for organisation and discipline was pressing; for, though Napier fully expected to execute Lord Ellenborough's policy without bloodshed, the time in which military operations, if necessary, could be safely carried on was very short. "I have calculated upon the average of the thermometer being under 80° till April, when it will rise: the mean heat last March was 71°; the average maximum only 83°. Therefore we have weather for military operations till 1st April, and even April would not be very dangerous." At the same time he tells Lord Ellenborough that within certain limits nothing would be lost by delay:—

"Because one cannot be too cautious in securing firm moral ground to base the defence of whatever events may arise. The Ameers also grow weaker, delay exhausts their treasury, and they cheat their soldiers, who of course leave them. This also is the season of fevers along the banks of the Indus, and if the Ameers' pride should produce hostilities I should have a large hospital on my hands in a few days. If obliged to move on Hyderabad, I must do so by the road along the river or that through the desert; and to supply

comforts for the sick along the last would be difficult, perhaps impossible. That along the river would quickly double the size of my hospital!

"Should the Ameers take the field, my mind is made up to cross the Indus and march on Hyderabad by land. For—(1) The water is so low that boats get along with difficulty, even when not heavily laden; (2) If filled with troops, guns, ammunition, they would not only ground, but stick for days. I do not think I could float above 1000 men with guns, etc., and half might stick in the mud within reach of matchlocks; (3) Nothing would be gained here by rapidity, though all went down stream without accident, for the enemy has no positions to fortify, no works he can strengthen, no stronger place to retire to. It is, therefore, the same to go in three or thirteen days; and by land we march compact, to beat or be beaten all together: slow and sure is an adage suited to my position. Moreover, by land I take Khyrpoor at once, and can throw myself between the northern and southern Ameers."

According to the reports of his spies and agents, the Ameers had various bodies of armed men moving about the country, to the number of 20,000 or 30,000, or, according to some, even as many as 60,000. The total British force in Scinde numbered 8000, of whom about 2000 were at Kurachee, while a considerable portion of the remainder were Bengal troops, which were shortly to be sent to Ferozepoor. Lord Ellenborough offered to let the Bengal troops remain, and to send up the Bombay troops under General Nott, but both offers were declined. On 6th December Napier writes to Sir G. Arthur, Governor of Bombay: "It is said the Ameers have 60,000 men. I cannot believe they have so many in one mass; but, though it be so, this division would go headlong on them with their bayonets, for my men are young and mad for service. I have secret information that if the Ameers go to war, they

mean to harass us night and day, till we call out, 'O God, what have we done that thou shouldst let loose such devils upon us?' This passed in their durbar, and a very good plan too. They also propose to assemble a large force at Sehwan, ready to march on Sukkur the moment I march on Khyrpoor; this also is sensible, but pays a poor compliment to my forecast; they may, perhaps, find men at Sukkur, and we may perhaps fight like devils as well as pray! I suspect the most fervent prayers in camp are that we may fight, and that I am the only one who prays that we may not."

As soon as his plans were matured and his troops well in hand the new treaty was presented to the Ameers, the Bengal troops were pushed across the Indus, and Roree was occupied. Then came the remonstrances from the Ameers, followed quickly by assurances of submission. These, however, were only meant to gain time, as was proved by an intercepted letter from Nusseer to Roostum, complaining that the Ameers Sobdar and Hussein were, like Ali Moorad, in the British interest, but all the chiefs of tribes and of the armed men were with him, and if Roostum was ready the sword should be drawn. In addition to this, the Ameers' agents at Sukkur attempted to corrupt the soldiers, and the Boordee tribe was excited to attack the Bengal troops on their march to Ferozepoor. "On one side there was," says Sir W. Napier, "the strong warrior armed in steel, brandishing a heavy but sheathed weapon in warning, for his desire was peace; on the other a crouching savage, urged by fury and hatred, troubled by fear and doubt, yet constantly creeping forward, knife in hand."

On 15th and 16th December the main body of the troops crossed the Indus from Sukkur. Napier fixed his headquarters at Roree, where, with his right resting on the river and his left on the desert, he barred the Ameers from

Subzulcote and Bhoong-Bara, which were taken possession of by the Bengal troops. Thus the objects of the treaty with Roostum were gained without quitting the defensive; the position at Roree was very strong, and could be reinforced by the Bengal troops. The Beloochees could only pass his flank by the desert, and could be intercepted by a short movement. Sukkur, indeed, was exposed to the attack of a strong body of the enemy at Larkhana, on the right of the Indus, but it was strongly entrenched, and contained enough men to resist heavy odds. The passage of the river, though difficult, was effected without accident. "The baggage of an Indian army is an awful affair," wrote Napier, whose mind, already burdened with the anxiety caused by the political situation, was further troubled by the illness of a favourite nephew, John Napier, who was on his staff.

"*Journal, 17th December.*—Nearly done up, and fearful John will die. Six times have I gone full gallop to see him, though my character is at stake. This labour of mind is extreme, so many people depending on me, and a great political and military movement on hand, when my poor boy is so ill! To help me over the stile I have, besides diarrhœa, an infernal rheumatism in my left shoulder which falls on my nerves."

At last even the baggage was settled, his nephew grew better, and he had time to reflect on his position. His journal shows what those reflections were:—

"*Roree, 21st December.*—10,000 fighting men and their followers are encamped here at Alore, a town built by Alexander the Great. My tent overlooks this most beautiful encampment. The various sounds, the multitude of followers—I suppose 20,000—the various costumes and languages, and the many religions, produce a strange scene that makes a man think. Why is all this? Why am I, a miserable little wretch,

supreme here? At my word all this mass obeys—multitudes superior to me in bodily and mental gifts! A little wretched experience in the art of killing, of disobedience to God, is all the superiority that I, their commander, can boast of! My God! how humbled I feel when I think! How I exult when I behold! I have worked my way to this great command, and am gratified at having it, yet despise myself for being so gratified! Yes, in the depth of my soul I despise myself. Not as feeling unworthy to lead, for I am conscious of knowing how to lead, and my moral and physical courage are equal to the task; but I despise my worldliness. Am I not past sixty? A few years must kill me; a few days may! And yet I am so weak as to care for these things. No; I do not. I pray to do what is right and just, and to have strength to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' Alas, I have not that strength! there was but one Being who could say that. All that I can do is to feel that I cannot say it; the weakness of man and the pride of war are too powerful for me, or I should not be here. He who takes command loves it!

"Well, this comfort remains—with a wish for war, and having the power of bringing it on, I have avoided it studiously. These Ameers deserve everything; but I have not done aught to draw down war on them: so ends my soliloquy. I must go to work, but will first walk out, to see all the camp fires sparkling on their long line. Oh, what a magnificent sight! If we had but an enemy in our front!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONQUEST OF SCINDE.

WHILE the new treaty was being presented and acted upon, important communications had passed between the General and Roostum of Khyrpoor. That aged Ameer had determined to resign the Turban; and his turbulent sons, who had been for some time gathering together bodies of armed men, were anxious to secure the succession to one of themselves, to the exclusion of Ali Moorad, who had a better legal title. Roostum, terrified by the violence of his family, made a secret offer to enter the British camp. The General, in reply, advised him to seek the protection of his brother, Ali Moorad, but at the same time offered the British camp as an alternative refuge. This answer was sent with the utmost secrecy; but for the benefit of the unruly sons a public letter was also written, complaining of robbery of mails, and calling for the instant disbandment of all armed bodies. Roostum took his advice, and fled with his wives and attendants to Ali Moorad's fortress of Dejee. This step most effectually disconcerted the hostile designs of Roostum's family. Ali Moorad became all-powerful in Upper Scinde, and more firmly attached to the British cause, for the sake of securing the succession to the Turban. "Now," writes Napier, "having complete power over the brother (Moorad), we have power over all, without any chief-making, and without apparent interference, or any disturbance of the order of succession. The result is a fair

prospect of a permanent and peaceful state in Scinde without maintaining a large force."

On 26th December he felt himself strong enough to send away the Bengal troops; but, as Roostum's sons had taken refuge in the desert, and their armed bands had not yet dispersed, he resolved to strike a blow where it was least expected, and teach the Ameers at once that not even in their deserts were they beyond the reach of his arm.

"*Journal, 25th December.*—My present project is this: All the malcontents have congregated under the son-in-law and nephew—he is both—of Roostum, at Emaum Ghur, which is 100 miles in the desert. I cannot take my two 12-pounder iron guns nor my two 8-inch mortars, the depth of sand and the want of water and forage are too great; but, leaving those guns, the 136 camels carrying the heavy shot and shells will be available for water and forage and the supply of my guns and 12-pound howitzers, and these twelve good pieces shall take Emaum Ghur. But why take it? For this reason: It is so far in the desert the Ameers believe it invulnerable, and not to be reached; they believe they can harass us by petty warfare, and, if we assemble a large force, that they can fall back on Emaum Ghur and the bank of the Narra, where we cannot follow. While this feeling exists they will always think themselves independent and safe; but I think Emaum Ghur may be reached, and they be taught that they have no refuge from our power, no resource but good behaviour: Scinde will then be quiet. I know I shall do it, but the risks are very great. The last 25 miles will be in deep sand, a regular succession of hills, steep, and without a drop of water!"

Before this daring plan could be executed news arrived which considerably modified his ideas. Roostum, having resigned the Turban in favour of Ali Moorad, fled to join his family, who had contracted a close alliance with the Ameers of Hyderabad and had collected a large force at

Dhingee, which was further reinforced by about 15,000 more from Larkhana, where they had been waiting an opportunity for falling upon Sukkur; while about 2000 held the forts of Shah Ghur and Emaum Ghur in the desert.

"You will see that I am threatened from four points"—Napier to Ellenborough, 29th December.—"The impossibility of getting camels obliged me to leave three regiments and a hundred cavalry behind at Sukkur, also four field-pieces. Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts, an officer selected for the command there, is well able to hold his own against the Larkhana force and against the Shah Ghur force; the 8th N. I. garrison Roree, and I have halted Colonel Wallace 20 miles off; he can, in one march, reach Roree. My rear is therefore safe, even should Ali Moorad be a traitor, which I have no reason to believe, but calculate upon nevertheless. I cannot tell you what the Ameers are at, but believe they mean to fight at Dhingee. My intention of marching direct on Emaum Ghur is therefore changed. I will march upon Laloo, about five marches, and when there my spies will have brought intelligence of the intentions of the Ameers, and their strength at Dhingee and Emaum Ghur. This intelligence will make me move to either flank, or direct on Hyderabad."

The march into the desert, besides its moral effect, was designed to disconcert the hostile force at Dhingee. For, by choosing the desert instead of the ordinary road by the river, the position at Dhingee would be turned and the Beloochees forced to retire southwards upon Hyderabad. Sir Charles had some reason to suspect that the Dhingee force had already retired to Emaum Ghur, and his mind was quickly made up to follow them, or anticipate them, before any considerable force could collect at Hyderabad and take him in the rear. "Emaum Ghur is," he says, "their fighting cock, and before three weeks pass my hope is to take off his spurs."[1] Taking about 3000 men with

[1] Emaum Ghur belonged to the wearer of the Turban for the time

him, Napier left Roree on 26th December, and for the first time fully realised the difficulty of moving an Indian army. Hear him after the first day's march:—

"Oh! the baggage! the baggage! it is enough to drive one mad. We have 1500 camels with their confounded long necks, each occupying fifteen feet! Fancy these long devils in a defile; four miles and a quarter of them! Then there are the donkeys and ponies, and led horses and bullocks innumerable. I think our baggage would reach from this to Pekin; yet all the Indians exclaim, 'Never saw a force with so little baggage!' They say I have done wonders in reducing it so much; but I have done nothing, except appealing to the good sense of the officers and reducing my own baggage. It is said no Indian General ever marched with less than sixteen camels for his own share, generally with several hundreds; Lord Keane had 300; Mr. Ross Bell, the political, 600. I have four camels, and one for my office papers, stationery, etc., which could not be carried in my small portmanteau, for I have but one, and a pair of canteens, with two camp tables, a bed, and a private soldier's tent."

After some delay, owing to the camels not being able to march in wet weather, Dejee was reached (4th January 1843), and a halt made to confer with Ali Moorad and to receive the latest intelligence before plunging into the desert. The fortress of Emaum Ghur was in the midst of the great desert that forms the eastern boundary of Scinde; its exact site was unknown to the General, but it was believed to be about eight long marches from Khyrpoor, over vague, ill-defined tracks; the wells were uncertain as to supply, and so unevenly distributed that some marches would have to be made without a chance of finding them.

being. The Turban had been ceded by Roostum Khan to Ali Moorad, and in assisting the latter to recover the fortress from his rebellious relatives Napier was not making war, but fulfilling our treaty obligations. Ali Moorad consented to the expedition, accompanied it, and had a personal share in the final destruction of the fortress.

The emissaries, for whose reports he had halted, drew such a dismal picture of arid sands and empty wells that the General at once abandoned the idea of marching with his whole force. Nevertheless, he resolved to go on with a picked body. "We moved with 350 of the Queen's 22d Regiment, all mounted on camels, two soldiers on each. We have two 24-lb. howitzers, with double teams of camels, and 200 of the Scinde Horse, and provisions for fifteen days, water for four." He and his gallant 500 had many risks to run besides scanty water and uncertain roads. The guide might be false, the wells might be poisoned, or the waterskins cut in the night; they might be harassed by the desert horsemen on the march, and they might meet with a fierce and prolonged resistance from the 2000 men who garrisoned Emaum Ghur itself. "It is rare," says Sir W. Napier, "to see great prudence in war tempering the heroic valour and confidence of a youthful General; more rare to find the sanguine daring of early years untamed by age and its infirmities."

The march began in the night of 5th January 1843, and wonderful was the scene as the sun rose on the desert and discovered to the General his 300 Irishmen taking their first ride on camel-back, and dotted over the sandy plain more like a fleet of herring-boats than a smart British regiment. General Sir M. M'Murdo, K.C.B., then lieutenant in the 22d, who was charged with the duties of Quarter-Master-General to the army in Scinde, has a very lively recollection of the opening scene. He says, "It became clear from the beginning that the camels would be no party to secrecy, for acute differences at once arose between them and the soldiers ordered to bestride them, speedily culminating in an uproar which continued long after the column was in motion; for the mingled bellowings and outcries of quadruped and biped were occasionally

heard in the distance, proving that some refractory brutes were carrying away their riders." The guides could not find the track in the darkness, so they had to wait till the dawn disclosed the plain "dotted in the distance with red specks and dun-coloured camels in every form of contention. But order was soon brought out of these incongruous elements. Colonel Pennefather, who had formerly served in the Dragoons, conquering his first feeling of disgust at the ungainly species of mount assigned to his men, succeeded eventually in mutually reconciling men and camels, and even in training them to certain simple manœuvres."

"Of the great deserts of the world," says the same witness, "that I have seen, none equals the Thur or Great Sandy Desert in its grim aggressive character. The part traversed by the force consisted of a succession of monstrous waves of sand, varying in height from about 40 to 80 or perhaps 100 feet, and in width many miles, uniform in their direction (roughly taken, north and south). Some of them were curled forward at the top, like a wave before it breaks. Our way lay obliquely across this trackless ocean for 80 miles, resting at night in the hollows between the waves."

Twenty-five miles were accomplished in the first march; the second brought them to the springs of Doom. "A short march," says the General, "plenty of water, road heavy, country covered with jungle, but there are trees, and therefore probably a substratum of soil. The upper sand is full of sea-shells, cockles, mussels, and the spiral unicorn's horn-shell. Air delightful, not a man sick." Forage was now so scarce that 150 horsemen were sent back, but the rest persevered.

"*Journal, 9th Jan., Luk.*—A better name than Doom! This march 11 miles, the road hilly, sand deep, but we arrived safe, and are in a punch-bowl, or small plain, without an opening; with rain we should be quickly flooded. I dug

nine wells, good water in all; had we failed there was plenty on the camels. Our march to-morrow begins with a very steep sandhill, and very deep, so I turned out the 22d soldiers this evening, and they run the guns up it with cheers in five minutes, though from bottom to top is not less than 400 yards! What fellows British soldiers are! all laughing and joking, and such strength! We all thought it such a job that dinner was put off an hour, thinking there would be two of labour; the faith of the Ameers will vanish; the spell has been broken in five minutes!"

So for eight days the gallant little band pressed on, sometimes finding water, sometimes not, but always cheery and resolute; and on 12th January Emaum Ghur was reached. "It seemed," says Sir M. M'Murdo, "as if some story of the *Arabian Nights* was about to be realised when the staff stood on one of an amphitheatre of sandhills looking upon a well-built and even handsome fort in the hollow; sparkling in the morning sunlight, and seeming supernaturally near through the rarefied atmosphere of the desert. But the solitude around, and the complete silence about the place strained the nerves somewhat; and I longed to order a bugle to sound to break the enchantment. Our own soldiers even appeared to me under a spell, as the camels with noiseless step carried them past, their faces all turned in the direction of the castle, with a curious sameness of expression in the fixed stare at the strange apparition beneath them. Emaum Ghur was indeed evacuated; and the clatter of our horses' hoofs in the courtyard awoke only echoes from long corridors and empty chambers, with their doors standing open. On the towers we found the cannon loaded, with priming freshly laid; for the garrison, numbering, it was stated, 2000 men, had marched out but a few hours before!" Thus the impregnable refuge of the Ameers, which no European had ever seen—which they had boasted no European could ever get to see—fell

into the General's hands, without the loss of a single man. The worst effects produced by eight days' hard marching are described in the following letter to Sir George Arthur, Governor of Bombay :—

"*Emaum Ghur*, 16*th Jan.*—Our eyes are full of sand, ears full of sand, noses full, mouths full, and teeth grinding sand! Enough between our clothes and skins to scour the latter into goldbeater's leaf; one might as well wear a sand-paper shirt. Our shoes are in holes from dryness, and we walk as if we had supplied their places with sand-boxes; our meat is all sand, and, on an average, every man's teeth have been ground down the eighth of an inch, according to his appetite. It is lucky, indeed, we are so well scoured with sand, for there is not a clean shirt in camp! We look on our shirts with the same regret that we do on faded beauty: alas! will she ever be pretty again? Alas! will they ever be clean again? We turn them and turn them, yet all remains dark and dirty. We brought no baggage, and all the dandies look at me as they would at a bad washerwoman."

After three days' rest, during which the captured grain was distributed to the soldiers, the price being first paid to Ali Moorad, twenty-four mines were loaded with gunpowder, and the fortress was blown up. "Princes," wrote the General to Lord Ellenborough, "are not always faithful, and if Ali Moorad should fall off from our alliance this stronghold in the desert might prove vexatious, and require another perilous march to retake it. Meanwhile its existence fosters a false confidence in all the other Ameers, and its sudden destruction will tell on them with sudden effect." Other motives as powerful as these are disclosed in his journal :—

"15*th January*.—Emaum Ghur is shattered to atoms with 10,000 lbs. of powder! The light was grand and hellish beyond description; the volumes of smoke, fire, and embers flying up were a throne-fit for the devil! I do not like this

work of destruction, but reason tells me two things: First, it will prevent bloodshed, and it is better to destroy temples built by man than temples built by the Almighty; second, this castle was built and used for oppression, and in future its ruins will shelter the slave instead of the tyrant. M'Pherson dreamed all night of the explosion. I dreamed of my beloved mother, her beauteous face smiled upon me! Am I going to meet her very soon? Well, we shall all meet again, unless this dreadful work of war sends me to hell, which is not improbable."

On the night of the 16th the little band turned their backs upon the ruins of Emaum Ghur, over which the smoke still hung like a pall, and toiled back with their guns over the billowy sandhills. The excitement of expectation gone, the labour seemed harder than ever. "On one occasion," says General M'Murdo, "the General perceived that the Madras Sappers were not doing their best; and, dismounting from his camel in a rage, he snatched a tool from the nearest man and flung himself upon the work with a vigour of stroke (and language) that astonished them." While on the march Sir Charles received news by a swift rider that the tribes were gathering fast at Dhingee. This determined him to make at once for the Indus, but not by the same route; for, in order to increase the moral effect of the capture of Emaum Ghur, he resolved to make his retreat from that place an offensive operation, by emerging from the desert by a southerly route even more suddenly and unexpectedly than he had plunged into it, and falling like a thunderbolt on the flank of the tribes.

Once more the march, toilsome though it was for man and beast, was accomplished without the loss of a life. The force at Dhingee dispersed, and the General, ordering supplies to be sent down the Indus, halted for the main body of his troops at Peer Abubekr, whence he could fall, if necessary, either upon the Ameers of Hyderabad or those

of Khyrpoor: thus ended the desert expedition. "The desert march of Marius," says Sir W. Napier, "against Jugurtha's town of Capsa is perhaps the only enterprise of antiquity resembling this exploit of Charles Napier." The judgment of the Duke of Wellington, who knew so well the difficulties of Indian warfare, is still more emphatic:— "Sir Charles Napier's march upon Emaum Ghur is one of the most curious military feats which I have ever known to be performed or have ever perused an account of in my life. He moved his troops through the desert against hostile forces; he had his guns transported under circumstances of extreme difficulty, and in a manner the most extraordinary, and he cut off a retreat of the enemy which rendered it impossible for them ever to regain their position."

Hostile demonstrations in Upper Scinde ceased, and the armed bands made themselves invisible on the sudden reappearance of the little force from the desert; but the new treaties were not yet signed. On the fall of Emaum Ghur Napier had despatched Outram to Khyrpoor as his commissioner, with instructions to issue a proclamation calling on the Ameers of both provinces to appear there in person or by vakeels on 20th January to complete the treaty. Outram, on his way, came upon Roostum, who was moving with 7000 men and some guns to join his nephews at Dhingee. Accepting the Commissioner's invitation to Khyrpoor, he promised to follow him thither the next day, but as soon as Outram's back was turned he marched to the south, and encamped at Khoonhera, on the borders of the desert and of Lower Scinde, where he was within easy communication with the Ameers of Hyderabad. These princes were sufficiently alarmed by the desert expedition to send envoys to Khyrpoor, but at the same time they hastened the gathering of their feudatories, and even charged their envoys to the British camp with secret mess-

ages for the tribes on the western bank of the Indus. As the summons to Khyrpoor produced no effect on the Ameers of Upper Scinde, and only one envoy from Hyderabad had brought sufficient instructions, the time for assembly was extended to 25th January. When this day too was past, the General once more put his army in motion and moved slowly southward. He reviews his position thus :—

"I cannot lose time, the hot season approaches, and these barbarians must not treat the British power with contempt. Their intentions are doubtful, their conduct suspicious; armed men are hastening to them from every quarter; it is necessary to approach near to ascertain their real position and views. If, as it is said, the Ameers of Lower Scinde have refused to make common cause with those of Upper Scinde, or to let them enter their country, the latter will be found on the frontier, where they may be attacked in front, while Jacob turns their right from the desert. The steamboats will be on their left, Hyderabad closed against them; they must win the battle or be destroyed, or submit and sign the treaty. If they fly to the desert no place of refuge is there, Emaum Ghur is destroyed. They must go northward, where they will meet Ali Moorad and other British troops."

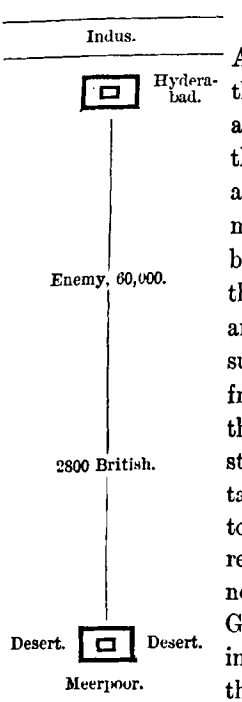
Feeling sure of the military soundness of his position, he was all the more inclined to give way to his natural desire to avoid bloodshed. Outram, at his own request, was allowed to go to Hyderabad, the General writing to him: "I am sure they will not resist by force of arms, but I would omit no one step that you or any one thinks can prevent that chance." The time for signing the treaty was further extended from 25th January to 1st February, and again to 6th February. Nowshera was reached on 30th January.

"This day," he writes, "deputies from the Ameers met me when riding ahead of the advanced guard; they knew me by my retinue, but I passed without noticing them, glad they

were there though. For the troops just then appeared, and these Scindian grandees were on a slight rise, and saw the column, which could not have been less than a mile and a half long. We had a long confab; the fat knaves did their best to make me procrastinate, for the hot weather was in their heads and in mine also. However, I gave them six days to bring in the Khyrpoor Ameers, which they said they could not do if I moved. After making a great objection to halting I pretended to yield; my object really being to wait for supplies from Sukkur, and for Outram's arrival at Hyderabad. Now they are gone, convinced that their arts held me back, though able to go on, which on necessity I indeed could, but would rather not. My foundation for defence, if attacked in England, is thus widened, having given seven days beyond the period of right to act vigorously."

Now, leaving Napier at Nowshera, it will be convenient to follow Outram to Hyderabad, where the diplomatic drama was being played out to its inevitable conclusion. Outram reached the city on 8th February, and immediately held a conference with the Ameers, in which he pressed them to accept the new treaty. He was met by the demand that the Turban should be restored to Roostum, and that the march of the British troops should be at once arrested. If the latter condition were not complied with, they said they could not restrain their Beloochees from plundering far and wide: thus admitting that their retainers were actually assembled in arms. But now that the tide of events was running so strongly against the princes, Outram's chivalrous feelings led him more and more to take their part. Their tyranny, profligacy, faithlessness, their tortuous intriguing policy, which none had judged with clearer eyes than he a year or two before, were all forgotten in his sympathy for them in their approaching downfall, which he was striving in vain to avert. This frame of mind, natural as it might be towards men with whom he

had always been on friendly terms, was not well adapted to such an emergency. So unwilling was he to admit the truth of the reports of warlike preparations on the part of the Ameers that Sir C. Napier was greatly perplexed and embarrassed by his assurances that not a man in arms was at Hyderabad, and that the only thing wanting to bring affairs to a peaceful conclusion was that Sir Charles should leave his army and go in person to Hyderabad. Major Outram's great local experience gave such weight to all that he wrote and said that the General would have had great difficulty in rejecting his advice had he not had excellent reason to feel certain that the facts were not as Major Outram believed. The spies reported that upwards of 25,000 men were collected within 6 miles of Hyderabad, 10,000 of the Chandiah tribe were coming down the left bank of the Indus, 7000 of Roostum's men were in the rear of his left flank at Khoonhera, and 10,000 under Shere Mohammed were marching from Meerpoor, while in the mountains, on the right bank of the Indus, thousands were but waiting for the signal to pour down upon the plains. This estimate, which the events of the ensuing week and subsequent information proved to be rather under than over the mark, gave the General and his handful of 2800 a force of 25,000 in his front, and the certainty of seeing that number at least doubled in the course of a few days. But so earnest was Outram in his belief in the pacific intentions of the Ameers, that he not only asked Napier to go to Hyderabad, but to send his troops to Meerpoor. On this proposal the General remarks, "My throat would have been cut, of course, and the troops, having lost their General, and having been removed 40 miles from their line of communication—viz. the Indus—would have been placed as follows:—



On February 9th deputies from the Ameers sealed a written pledge to sign the new treaties. On the 12th Outram and his staff met the Ameers, who, with the exception of Nusseer Khan, signed and sealed the draft treaties with full formalities. But the excitement in the city became more and more intense, and on their way back to their quarters Outram and his retinue were threatened and insulted. The next day two deputies from the Ameers visited on him to say that, as he had given no pledge to restore Roostum to his rights, the chieftains and tribesmen were determined to fight, and the Ameers could no longer restrain them. Even then Outram was not convinced. His despatch to the General, giving an account of the interview, ended with a postscript to the effect that he was told that the Residency was to be attacked in the night; but he regarded such a threat as empty boasting. On the 14th he at last saw cause to believe that open hostility was intended, and on the 15th the Residency was attacked. Luckily, Napier expected some such occurrence and had sent a few men to his aid. It is well known how Outram and Conway and their gallant band of only 100 men withstood the attack of 8000 Beloochees with six guns for four hours, and finally effected a skilful retreat to the steamers, which bore them off to rejoin the main force.

Meanwhile Napier waited on at Nowshera in spite of the rapidly increasing heat until 6th February, which he had announced would be the ultimate limit to his forbear-

ance. "It was on 18th December that, by Lord Ellenborough's orders, I directed them to dismiss their troops, and to this day I have refrained: my patience has been great, and if I delay longer it will be disobedience of orders, and risking the safety of my troops. Outram is therefore directed to tell them that if their armed men are not dismissed instantly they shall be by force of arms." On 11th February he halted at Outram's request at Sukurunda.

"13*th February, Journal.*—The Ameers did not sign the treaty on the 11th because it was the last of the Moharum, or holy feast. They are humbugging Outram again. He writes that the Ameers had not yet signed; this was on the 12th. Another despatch at 3 P.M.—they had not then signed! He says, 'Not a man in arms is at Hyderabad.' Why, they have been marching on that place from many directions, and thousands have got there; all our spies are agreed on this. I am puzzled. He prays me not to move. I must move.

"The twenty-five chiefs seized yesterday are all of the great Murree tribe. What luck for me! On their leader, Hyat Khan, chief of the whole tribe, was found an order from Mohammed Khan, the Hyderabad Ameer, who is assuring Outram that there is no intention to resist, directing Hyat to assemble every male able to wield a sword and join his victorious Beloochee troops at Meeanee on the 9th."

"14*th*—*Syndabad.*—At midnight we march for Hala, where there will be choice of two roads—one by the river, by which we come slap on their front, leaving their rear open; one by my left, through Shaki and Jamalaka-Tanda, which turns their right and forces them to battle with their back to the Indus: to this my inclination bends, but it is dangerous —1st, because 2800 men will be opposed to 25,000 or 30,000, and those are stiff odds; 2d, a reverse would cut me off from the river and my supplies; 3d, a repulse would add 20,000 men to the enemy—for barbarians hold no faith with the beaten, and numbers are now abiding the issue of the first fight. On the other hand, if victorious, I should utterly extirpate the Beloochee army, and I am as sure of victory as

a man who knows that victory is an accident can be. Now for the river road; it is shorter, and my right flank is secure. If worsted my provisions are safe in the steamers. The nearer the river the more ditches, and, as the Ameers have most cavalry, that suits me best. They have 20,000 horsemen; mine are but 800, and a victory will not therefore be so decisive; still I can pursue them with vigour. Yes! I will march along the river, and trust to manœuvring in the battle for turning their right without losing the river myself."

On the 16th he was at Muttaree, 16 miles from Hyderabad. Towards evening he heard that the enemy were 10 miles off, entrenched in the bed of the Fullaillee. Only 15,000 were said to be entrenched, but from 25,000 to 30,000 would be found there on the 18th, and as many more were on the British flanks and rear. Later in the same evening news came of a fresh accession of strength to the enemy, but the news only confirmed Napier in his determination to fight at once.

The lowest estimate of the enemy's number formed before and after the battle, and adopted by Napier in his despatches, was from 22,000 to 25,000; according to some spies it was as much as 40,000. Sir W. Napier, with pardonable pride in his brother's achievements, estimates the number at 36,000: "The best spies had said they exceeded 35,000, but one spy rated them only at the number adopted; he was right at the moment, yet two strong tribes had afterwards suddenly crossed the Indus in the night and joined for battle. Charles Napier's rooted dislike of vaunting made him adopt the lowest number; but subsequently the Ameers' pay-roll was found, and more than bore out the highest estimate of the spies." On the other hand, the General seems to have somewhat overestimated his own strength. The Adjutant-General Wyllie was desperately wounded, hence no morning return of the army was made out, and the General in his despatches

hastily adopted a return of the week before, which gave 2800 men fit for duty; but sickness had reduced them; Outram had gone off with 200 for the purpose of firing the forest on the enemy's flank; 400 men were in charge of the baggage, and less than 500 of the whole remaining force were Europeans!

However it was, the lowest estimate makes the odds more than ten to one, and should suffice for any man's glory. The account of the battle in Sir W. Napier's *Conquest of Scinde*, subject to the above remarks on the possible exaggeration of numbers, is fully worthy of the author of the *Peninsular War*, and is here given with some condensation :—

"Marching on the night of the 16th, his advanced guard discovered the enemy at eight o'clock next morning, and at nine o'clock the British line of battle was formed. Thirty-six thousand enemies were in front; their position was 1200 yards wide, along the bed of the Fullaillee, whose high bank, sloping towards the plain in front, furnished a rampart. Eighteen guns, massed on the flank in advance of the bank, poured their shot on the troops while forming the line, and the Beloochee wings rested on shikargahs, which lined the plain so far as to flank the advance on both sides. They were very large and dense, and that on the Beloochee right intersected with nullahs of different sizes, but all deep, carefully scarped, and defended by matchlock-men. Behind this shikargah the Fullaillee made a sudden bend to the rear, forming a loop, in which the Ameers' cavalry was placed. The shikargah on the enemy's left was covered towards the plain by a wall having one opening, not very wide, about half-way between the two armies. Behind this wall 5000 or 6000 men were posted, evidently designed to rush out through the opening upon the flank and rear of the British when the latter advanced."

To turn or force the shikargah on either flank the General deemed impracticable, and the delay might bring more reinforcements to the enemy.

"To fall on hardily remained, but 36,000 foes were in front, and the British force was reduced by the detachment under Outram to 2400! And from that number a strong baggage guard was to be furnished, lest the enemy should, during the battle, strike at the camp-followers and animals, whose numbers made the fighting men appear a mere handful. There was no village with walls near; and the embarrassment was great; but, with a happy adaptation of the ancient German and Hunnish method, the General cast the mass into a circle close in his rear, surrounding it with camels, which were made to lie down with their heads inwards, having their bales placed between them for the armed followers to fire over."

This improvised fortress was guarded by 250 Poona horsemen and four companies of infantry under Captain Tait, while the order of battle was framed as follows:—

"Twelve guns under Major Lloyd, flanked by 50 Madras sappers, under Captain Henderson, were on the right. On Lloyd's left stood the 22d Queen's Regiment, under Colonel Pennefather. Less than 500 they were, half Irishmen, all strong of body, high-blooded soldiers, who saw nothing but victory. On the left were the swarthy sepoys of Bombay; small men of low caste, yet hardy, brave, and willing."

Of these the 25th Regiment were immediately on the left of the 22d, and next to them the 12th under Major Reid. Finally came the 1st Grenadiers, under Major Cliborne,—the whole in the *échelon* order of battle. Closing the extreme left, but somewhat held back, rode the 9th Bengal Cavalry, under Colonel Pattle. Skirmishers were thrown out in front of the right wing, and the Scinde horsemen, under Captain Jacob, were pushed forward on the left, to make the enemy show their position and numbers. The Beloochees were about 1000 yards off, the last 300 yards having been cleared to give free play to their matchlocks. The order was given to advance, and the General

PLAN
ACTION AT MEANEE
NEAR
HYDERABAD
17th Feb. 1843.

and his staff rode forward under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns.

"A village called Kotree covered the enemy's right, and was filled with matchlock-men; there was no weak point there, but on their left a flaw was detected. Observing the wall enclosing the shikargah, the General rode near, and saw it was about 10 feet high, and that some matchlock-men, who were astride on it, disappeared suddenly. Riding nearer he found there were no loopholes, and, still approaching an opening in it, he looked behind, and saw there was no scaffolding. Then, with the inspiration of genius, he instantly thrust a company of the 22d into the space, telling their captain, Tew, to block the gap and die there, if necessary; his orders were obeyed, Tew died, but the gap was maintained, and thus 6000 men were paralysed by only 80! It was, on a smaller scale as to numbers, Marlborough's game at Blenheim repeated.

"The main body advanced in columns of regiments, the right, passing securely under the wall, were cheered and elated by the rattling of Tew's musketry, now reinforced by a gun. The left was meanwhile refused, to avoid a fire from the village of Kotree, which Clibborne's grenadiers were directed to storm. The 22d, when within a few hundred yards of the Fullaillee, opened into line, and all the columns formed in succession, each company, as it arrived, throwing its fire at the top of the bank, where the faces of the Beloochees could just be seen, bending with fiery glances over their levelled matchlocks. But the British front was still incomplete, when the voice of the General, shrill and clear, was heard commanding the charge. Then arose the British shout, four guns were run forward, and the infantry, at full speed, closed on the Fullaillee, and rushed up the sloping bank. The Beloochees, sternly quiescent, with matchlocks resting on the summit, let their assailants come within 15 yards before they delivered their fire, but the steepness of the slope inside, which rendered their footing unsteady, and the rapid pace of the British, falsified their aim—the execution was not great.

The next moment the 22d were on the top of the bank, thinking to bear down all before them, but staggered back at the forest of swords waving in their front.

"Thick as standing corn and gorgeous as a field of flowers were the Beloochees in their many-coloured garments and turbans. They filled the broad deep bed of the Fullaillee; they were clustered on both banks, and covered the plain beyond. Guarding their heads with large dark shields, they shook their sharp swords, gleaming in the sun, and their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder as with frantic might and gestures they dashed against the front of the 22d. But, with shrieks as wild and fierce, and hearts as big, and arms as strong, the British soldiers met them with the queen of weapons, and laid their foremost warriors wallowing in blood. Then also the few guns that could be placed in position on the right of the 22d, flanked by Henderson's small band of Madras sappers, swept diagonally the bed of the river, tearing the rushing masses with a horrible carnage. Soon the sepoy regiments, 12th and 25th, prolonged the line of fire to the left, coming into action successively in the same terrible manner.

"Now the Beloochees closed in denser masses, and the dreadful rush of their swordsmen was felt, and their shouts, answered by the pealing musketry, were heard along the line, and such a fight ensued as has seldom been told of in the records of war. For ever those wild, fierce warriors, with shields held high and blades drawn back, strove with might and valour to break through the British ranks. No fire of small arms, no sweeping discharges of grape, no push of bayonets could drive them back; they gave their breasts to the shot, their shields to the bayonets, and, leaping at the guns, were blown away by twenties at a time, their dead rolled down the steep slope by hundreds; but the gaps were continually filled from the rear, the survivors pressed forward with unabated fury, and the bayonet and sword clashed in full and frequent conflict.

"Thus they fought, never more than five yards apart, often interningled, and several times the different regiments

were violently forced backwards, staggering under the might and passion of the swordsmen. But always their General was there to rally and cheer them."

More than three hours this storm of war continued, until nearly every European officer was killed or wounded. Tew's company still held the gap in the wall manfully, though their leader had fallen; but, on the left flank, Clibborne was still skirmishing with his grenadiers instead of carrying the village by storm.

"Such was the state of the field, when that inevitable crisis of every battle which offers victory to the ablest General arrived at Meeanee. Clibborne's error was grave, the right was sorely pressed, and there was no reserve save the cavalry, which was in a manner paralysed by the village of Kotree; yet the battle must be won or lost within twenty minutes! The General could not quit the right, so thick and heavily the Beloochees pressed on, so stern and dreadful was their fighting, so wearied and exhausted were his men; but his eye caught the whole field, and on his left he saw victory beckoning to him. Wherefore, urging his men by his voice and example firmly to sustain the increasing fury of their foes, he sent Colonel Pattle orders to charge with the whole body of Bengal and Scinde horsemen on the enemy's right. It was the command of a master spirit, and with fiery courage obeyed. Spurring hard, the Eastern horsemen passed the matchlockmen in the village, and galloped unchecked across the small nullahs and ditches about it, which were, however, so numerous and difficult, that fifty of the troopers were cast from their saddles at once by the leaps. But, dashing through the Beloochee guns on that flank, and riding over the high bank of the Fullaillee, the mass crossed the deep bed, gained the plain beyond, and charged with irresistible fury. Major Storey, with his Bengal troopers, turning to his left, fell on the enemy's infantry in the loop of the upper Fullaillee; while the Scindian horse, led, though not commanded, by Lieutenant Fitzgerald, wheeling to their right, fell on the

camp, thus spreading confusion along the rear of the masses opposed to the British infantry. Then the barbarian swordsmen, whose fury could scarcely be resisted before, abated their fighting, and looked behind them. The 22d perceived this, and, leaping forward with the shout of victory, pushed them backwards into the deep ravine, there closing in combat again.

"The battle was now lost for the Ameers, and slowly their gallant swordsmen retired, not in dispersion, nor with fear, but in heavy masses, their broad shields slung over their backs, their heads half turned, and their eyes glaring with fury. The victors followed closely, pouring in volley after volley. Yet those stern implacable warriors still preserved their habitual swinging stride, and would not quicken it for a run though death was at their heels! All were now in retreat, but so doggedly did they move, and seemed so inclined to renew the conflict on the level ground, where the British flanks were unprotected, that the General, unwilling to provoke a second trial, recalled his cavalry, and formed a large square, placing his baggage and followers in the centre."

Such was the battle of Meeanee, fought on the 17th of February 1843. Twenty British officers, including four field officers, went down in the battle—six killed—and with them 250 sergeants and privates, of whom more than fifty were killed. The loss of the Beloochees was between 6000 and 8000 men! No quarter was given or taken. The General, seeing a 22d soldier going to kill an exhausted chief, called out to spare, but the man drove his bayonet deep, exclaiming, "This day, General, the shambles have it all to themselves!" The Beloochees, on the other hand, fought with the fury of fanatics. At one moment a soldier of the 22d drove his bayonet into the breast of a Beloochee; instead of falling "the rugged warrior cast away his shield, seized the musket with his left hand, writhed his body forwards on the bayonet, and with one sweep of his keen blade avenged himself: both fell dead together!" That

the British troops with all their desperate valour were able to hold their ground at all was due to the generalship of their leader, which had made him attack the enemy where they could not avail themselves of their overwhelming numbers; and still more to the flash of inspiration which bade him send the heroic Tew and his company to fill the gap in the wall and hold 6000 of the foe at bay!

General M'Murdo, who was on the staff until his horse was killed, and then plunged with his regiment—the 22d—into the thick of the fight, has supplied me with some admirable notes of the points in the battle that came under his personal observation. His description of the enemy's fighting recalls so many incidents of the late brilliant achievements of our soldiers in the Soudan, that it will be read with interest by those who have paid attention to the many tactical questions which have been under discussion during the war in that country.[1] As to the conduct of the men on both sides he says:—

"The behaviour of our men (22d), when they charged to

[1] A critic of the "square formation" says, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1884, "At Meeanee the British force numbered 2200 men, all told, of whom 700 were cavalry, and *only* 800 *were Europeans. All were armed with the old 'Brown Bess' musket.* Sir C. Napier, who had twelve guns, advanced to attack the enemy in *échelon* of battalion lines from one flank, the 22d leading. In that formation he utterly routed the Beloochees after three hours' hard fighting, killing and wounding 6000 of the enemy, and himself losing 20 officers and 250 of other ranks. The causes of his success are not far to seek, and they are these: the General had confidence in his own skill, and every musket was brought to bear. Here is a different picture: At the battle of Tamasi, 4500 British troops, *all Europeans, all armed with breechloaders*, of whom 750 were mounted troops, with twelve guns and six machine guns, encountered 10,000 savages, a very small proportion of whom had firearms, the remainder swords and spears, and they had no artillery. Yet, with all these advantages, the British force was disposed in two cumbrous squares, the effect of which was to impede their mobility, and to reduce the front of fire to one-fourth of what it might have been."

the edge of the bank of the Fullaillee, surprised me exceedingly; but as the fighting went on I saw that they had judged rightly; and their example was implicitly followed by the native regiments on their left. The line recoiled some six or eight paces, and there remained deaf to all orders and entreaties to renew the charge: the men advancing only to deliver their fire into the thick masses of the enemy in the river bed, and returning to load; this mode of fighting was continued for the greater part of one hour. The behaviour of the Beloochees was equally strange and unexpected; but perhaps equally natural under the circumstances. Their fire, beaten down in volume by our rolling musketry, was only sustained in a desultory manner. They could not make any impression upon our line beyond forcing it back a few paces. They could not retreat, because they were pressed upon from behind by the masses of which they formed the front rank. Driven desperate by the unceasing musketry the masses frequently charged with sword and shield over the bank; but as these rushes were not made in concert along their line, our men were able to lap round their flanks and hurl them back over the edge."

With respect to the weapons of the combatants General M'Murdo's remarks on some of the peculiarities of the old musket will sound strangely to those who have known nothing but the breechloader. "After about half an hour's fighting, "I observed," he says, "along the line what I judged to be about ten per cent of the men engaged constantly with their locks; either in wiping moisture from the pan, or in chipping their blunted flints; and I saw some even change them for new ones! thus involving quite a mechanical operation with the screw of the hammer. But in doing these things the men did not fall out to the rear, as on parade, but stood their ground in line with their bayonet points to the enemy. One other observation I made at this time. I saw the men dispense at last with their ramrods; the cartridge of the old smooth-bore fitted

so loosely in the barrel that the weight of the ball, accompanied by a sharp stroke of the butt upon the ground, was sufficient to send it home."

After remarking on the superiority of the musket, with all its defects, to the matchlock, he continues: "I am unable to assign the same superiority to the bayonet over the sword and shield in circumstances of individual fighting. The dexterity of the Belooch in parrying with his shield the point of the bayonet; the difficulty of thrusting it home when it did take effect, because of the ample folds of the cummerbund protecting the body almost to the armpits (in some instances the bayonets were twisted by the resistance); and lastly, the quick swinging cut of the sharp curved sword: these made the Belooch no mean antagonist for the single soldier; but in the *mêlée* of a charge, or even where two or three soldiers were together, the superiority of the bayonet was unquestionable."

Many are the anecdotes of desperate valour and heroic devotion shown by all ranks; but when the General, emerging scatheless from the fight, exclaimed, "The enemy are beaten! God save the Queen!" the army with one shout hailed him the hero of the day. His escape was indeed miraculous. He had maimed his hand before the battle, and was in such pain that he could hardly hold the reins; but from the time that the 22d first recoiled from the edge of the river bed to the end of the battle he walked his horse slowly up and down between them and the enemy. "I held my life as gone," he said, "for, as to escaping, all idea of that vanished when I saw the 22d giving way, and was obliged to ride between the fires of two lines not 20 yards apart. I expected death as much from our men as from the enemy, and I was much singed by our fire; my whiskers twice or thrice so, and my face peppered by fellows who, in their fear, fired high over all heads but

mine, and nearly scattered my brains." At one moment he saw a chief advancing towards him with long strides. "My hand having been broken, I could not cope with such a customer, but held half my reins, with great torture, in the broken hand, designing to give Red Rover a chuck that should put his head between me and the coming blow. The Belooch was only four paces from me when Lieutenant Marston, on foot, passed my right side and received the swordsman's blow on his shoulder-strap." At another time he was alone for several minutes in the midst of the enemy; they stalked round him with raised shields and scowling eyes; but, apparently affected by some superstitious feeling, none lifted sword against him, and he emerged unharmed. At midnight, when all the camp was buried in sleep, he rode once more alone amidst the heaps of slain, and called aloud upon the Deity to absolve him.

In a letter to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, dated two days after the battle, after stating his conviction that the enemy's numbers would have been doubled if he had retreated or even refrained from attack, he continues: "If my conduct be approved of by the Duke, Lord Hill, and yourself, it will fully reward me for my great anxiety to do right. The Duke's letter on Colonel Monson's retreat decided me never to retreat before an Indian army. If I have done wrong abstractedly success like charity covers sins, and it was the great master led me into error; but my conviction is that I am right, and that my admiration and study of his deeds and words as rules for war have caused this victory."

The morning after the battle it became known that the "Lion of Meerpoor," Shere Mohammed, was a few miles off with 10,000 men. So confident had the Ameers been of victory, that this chief had purposely kept aloof, to avoid swelling the triumph of his rivals. He was now undecided what to do; wherefore Napier resolved at once to attack

him, having first summoned Hyderabad to surrender. To the Ameers' vakeels, who came to ask the terms, he replied, "Life, and nothing else. Decide before midday, for the dead will then be buried, and my soldiers will have had their breakfasts." Six Ameers forthwith issued from the citadel, and laid their swords at his feet. Napier instantly returned them. "Their misfortunes are of their own making," he wrote to Lord Ellenborough; "but as they were great, I gave them back their swords." He was now in a position to make a dash at the Lion before the latter had recovered from his astonishment at the news of Meeanee; but unhappily Major Outram was still disposed to think that there was no really hostile intention, and that if he were allowed to write a letter, all could be peaceably arranged. Once more the General, in his anxiety to avoid bloodshed, consented to forego his advantage, and delay his march, saying, "Write, then, what you like, and I will sign it." The result was that the Lion, thankful for a respite, retreated upon Meerpoor, found himself in a few days at the head of 25,000 men, and rekindled the war.

Sir Charles Napier was now in a position that called forth all his powers. His force was greatly reduced, the thermometer was over 110° in the shade, and rapidly rising, and Hyderabad, in which he was obliged to place a garrison of 500, was too far from the Indus to serve as a base or *dépôt*, as he had no carriage. To move in the heat against Shere Mohammed, who had a desert fastness, called Omercote, to fall back upon as well as Meerpoor, he felt to be too great a risk. He knew that Ameer to be the best soldier of his race, but without much wealth; therefore he resolved to give him time to recruit his army with the Beloochees who had been beaten at Meeanee, and were now flocking to Meerpoor, calculating that a large army and a

diminished treasury would compel the Lion to attack the British camp, and so save the troops from long marches in tropical heat. Immediately after the battle he had sent to Sukkur for all available troops to come by river; three regiments of infantry, Chamberlayne's Horse, and the 3d Bombay Cavalry, had been despatched from the Upper Sutlej, and a third body was being sent by Colonel Roberts from Sukkur by land. Meanwhile Napier entrenched a camp close to the Indus and a strong fort on the other side of the river to protect his steamers. In the camp he placed his hospitals and stores, and then, with every appearance of excessive caution, in strange contrast to his previous tactics, he sat down to wait. His use of the moral forces of war during this time of inaction was very subtle; for, while promulgating stories of his own fears and weakness in order to increase the Lion's confidence, he ridiculed his defensive works before his own men, and made them camp outside in contempt of the enemy.[1] This wary conduct elicited a magnificent eulogium from his hero and master, the Duke of Wellington. "Sir C. Napier gained the camp of the enemy, got possession of his guns, and obtained the most complete victory, taking up a position in which he was not again likely to be attacked. Not only did he secure Hyderabad and the portion of the Indus which lay in his rear; he brought up a reinforcement, and placed himself at the head of a stronger army than that which he commanded before the battle. He manifested all the discretion and ability of an officer familiar with the most difficult operations of war."

One most serious difficulty attending these operations was unknown to the Duke. The Ameers, having been

[1] "At *Meeanee* those of my troops who had seen service before had all been defeated by natives, and none of them knew me. This told against me."

deposed by the Governor-General's proclamation, were detained as prisoners of war in a large and pleasant garden of their own near the entrenched camp. They had every luxury, an unlimited number of attendants, and free intercourse with the city and the country. Their women remained in the zenanas which formed part of the fortress of Hyderabad. They were scrupulously respected; but it was discovered that the Ameers had left with them, under the name of attendants, 800 Belooch warriors fully armed, who were constantly going to and fro between the garden, the city, and Shere Mohammed's camp. In the garden the attendants, 500 in number, were also warriors. These men were constantly spying out the condition of the English camp, and sending the result of their observations to Shere Mohammed. They openly boasted that the British General would be "*Cuhuled*"—a prediction which was cheerfully echoed by the Bombay press. Sir C. Napier, feeling that his liberal treatment of his captives was being abused, went with his staff to remonstrate with the Ameers; the whole garden was crowded with armed men, who behaved with such rudeness that the staff drew close together, expecting violence; but the Ameers calmly professed ignorance of any but their ordinary Hindoo attendants being there. This determined the General to disarm the attendants; and when this measure, coupled with repeated remonstrances, failed to stop the Ameers' intrigues, he was finally compelled to confine them on board a river-steamer until they were sent to Bombay.

As the hot March days wore on, the waiting game began to show promise of the issue that had been predicted.

"15*th March*.—All well. Shere Mohammed comes nearer, he is but 12 miles off, and lately sent an insolent offer to let me quit the country if I liberated the Ameers and restored what we had taken. Just as his messengers delivered this

letter the evening gun was fired. 'There,' said I, 'do you hear that?' 'Yes!' 'Well, that is your answer!' Off they went, and the Ameer will now in his pride lay plans to cut off my column from the north."

The next day he received a shocking proposal to assassinate the Lion, made by the intended victim's brother! He instantly sent a messenger to warn the Lion of the intended treachery, but at the same time adding: "If you do not surrender yourself a prisoner of war before the 23d instant, I will march against you."

All interest now centred on the movement of Major Stack's column, which was marching down the bank of the Indus from Sukkur. The junction was looked for on the 22d, but the Lion's army lay between the column and the camp. On the 21st Stack reached Muttaree, and received orders to force his marches. The Lion, wishing to intercept him, moved the same evening with his whole force to Dubba. Major Clibborne, who had charge of the intelligence department, and was aware of this movement, sent a messenger to Stack with the following message in a small quill, "Halt, for God's sake! You will be attacked by at least 40,000 men to-morrow." Stack, greatly perplexed, sent on the message at once to the General, and asked for positive instructions. The General received the message while entertaining a great body of officers in his tent. Being uneasy about the bad moral effect, he read it aloud, and then added in pencil, "Clibborne's men are all in buckram. Come on!" Thus amended, he sent it once more to Stack. The joke ran round the camp, and confidence was restored. "I was by no means sure," he wrote, "Clibborne's information was not true, but he had no business to send it to Stack; for whether 20,000 or 40,000 were there, I was watching them as a cat does a mouse." Still the situation made him very anxious. There were

three places where the Lion could fall on Stack with advantage—Muttaree, Meeanee, and Loonar. Napier's combinations depended on his forecast of the enemy's choice. He did not hesitate. "Muttaree is distant, the plain of Meeanee is covered with the bleaching bones of chiefs and warriors; the Beloochees are superstitious, they never will go there. Loonar will be the place of action; there I will march." Meanwhile he sent Captain M'Murdo with 250 Poona horse to try the road to Muttaree, and, if he found it open, to join Stack; this M'Murdo effected on the morning of the 22d. Jacob and the Scinde horsemen then followed on the same road, and shortly after him went the General with the Bengal Cavalry and some guns, supported at a short interval by the infantry. Stack marched on the morning of the 22d from Muttaree, and, as the General anticipated, crossed the field of Meeanee without seeing the enemy. Knowing that he was now only 4 or 5 miles from the head of Napier's column, he began to press on to effect the junction of forces with a careless haste that nearly proved disastrous. On his left flank lay a thick wood skirting the banks of the Fullaillee, and affording a secure place of concealment for the enemy. His baggage should therefore have been well in advance on the reverse flank, and his troops compact and well in hand; instead of which, the guns were pushed on, and the baggage left straggling behind. No sooner had the baggage-train reached Loonar, than the enemy issued from the wood in large masses and opened fire. Happily M'Murdo was in the rear, and with only six Poona horsemen kept the enemy's skirmishers at bay until Stack was able to call up his troops. The baggage being for the moment secure, Stack resumed his march, upon which the danger once more became so menacing that M'Murdo obtained leave to bring back two guns from the front, with which he opened a flanking fire upon the

Beloochees, which checked their advance until the arrival of Jacob's cavalry. The baggage then closed up, and the column finally joined Napier at midnight, after a most exciting and harassing day's work. Had the Lion vigorously attacked the baggage, nothing could have saved it. His forbearance was due to his chivalry. Seeing a great number of women with the train, he said, "The English General treated our women very generously at Hyderabad, and I will not let his women suffer now."

Though Stack's conduct might have involved the loss of the baggage, the General was disappointed at finding it had not provoked the Lion to attack the troops, as the Beloochees would in that case have speedily found themselves between two fires. As it was, nothing but the fatigue of Stack's men prevented Sir Charles attacking on the morning of the 23d, without waiting for the reinforcements that were on their way down the river from Sukkur, and up from Bombay and Kurachee. But his star was now in the ascendant. While he was sitting at breakfast with his staff on the 23d, he suddenly exclaimed, "Now, my luck would be great if I could get my other reinforcements from Sukkur, from Kurachee, or from the mouth of the Indus; but it cannot be, they will not be here for a week, and I will not let the Lion bully me any longer, I will fight him to-morrow." Scarcely had he spoken, when an officer called out, "There are boats coming up the river!" All rushed out, and there was the aid from Bombay! "There are more boats—a fleet coming down the river!" cried another, and as he pointed, they turned round, and lo! there were the troops from Sukkur! By seven in the evening the whole force was drawn up in front of the camp to give men and officers a lesson, and accustom them to their posts and duties, for the brigades were under majors, the regiments under captains, and the staff were all young

men. Just as the line was formed, envoys came from the Lion with a final summons to the British General to surrender. Silently he led them along the front, and then told them to report what they had seen. Then came another envoy, and they adjourned to the General's tent and kept talking till two in the morning trying to discover his intentions. At that hour he dismissed them, and lay down "finished with fatigue." In two hours more he was in the saddle again and marching straight upon the enemy. Another happy omen greeted him as he set out. "The Governor-General's letters, thanking us for Meeanee and promising rewards, reached me just six hours before battle, the only letters that did come, the others were all cut off."

The march was directed diagonally in front of Hyderabad upon Dubba, which was 8 miles north-west of that city. For 10 miles they pushed on in a compact body, through a country so covered with houses, gardens, nullahs and forests, that 50,000 men might have been awaiting them undiscovered within a mile. At last came news that the enemy were 2 miles to their left. The direction of the column was at once changed, the irregular horse pushed forward, and the General, galloping out, found himself in sight of the enemy and the field of battle. About 26,000 men and fifteen guns were drawn up against him. Two lines of infantry were entrenched, and a heavy mass of cavalry was in reserve. Their right rested on the Fullaillee, and could not be turned, as there was a large pond of soft mud in the bed, while the bank was clothed with dense forest. In front was a nullah 20 feet wide, 8 deep, and scarped. Behind this obstacle the first line of infantry extended for 2 miles to another wood which appeared to be the left flank of the position; in reality, however, the left wing prolonged the line behind another nullah, which sloped off in a diagonal direction to the rear. All the

cavalry were massed on the left, and behind the right wing, close to the river, stood the village of Dubba filled with men. The enemy's second line and guns were behind another nullah running parallel with the first for about a mile, and prepared in the same manner to resist attack. The position was in every way admirably chosen and utilised; it was held by at least 26,000 men armed with matchlocks and supported by guns, while the attacking force numbered 5000, 1100 being cavalry, with nineteen guns, five of which were horse artillery.

"I could not, before attacking"—*Journal*, same day—"see the second ditch, the village of Dubba was on their right and rear, and I thought, as did every one, that it was not occupied; their line did not seem to reach there, and my hope was to gain their right flank by rapidity at the intervals. Hence, ordering the horse artillery from right to left of the line, I advanced by *échelon* of battalions, the horse artillery leading, but having in support two cavalry regiments resting on the Fullaillee, which ran perpendicular to the enemy's position.[1] Then the Beloochees closed at a run to their right, and the village was already full of men. My reasons for the *échelon* attack were two: First, there was a large wood away on our right out of which several enemies had come singly, apparently to watch us, and my strong expectation was that a column would issue on our flank when we attacked. If so, my right, being in *échelon*, could have been thrown back and present a defensive front, having also two regiments of cavalry on its right, ready to sweep down on the left of the attacking enemy. Second, my troops were all young, but half-drilled, and had scarcely been together in brigade. Had they advanced in a long line of eleven regiments they would have wavered to and fro, like a sea, and got into confusion before the nullah was

[1] This plan is a remarkable instance of the value of the habit of constant study, which Napier ever practised and preached. The plan was formed while he was exposed to a heavy fire; yet in explaining it to his brother he says, "Blenheim came into my mind, where something of the kind happened."

reached; but in single battalions they did it well, even beautifully."

The battle began at nine o'clock, the horse artillery opening a raking fire from the junction of the first nullah with the river, and doing terrible execution, while the infantry were pushed on towards the village. It was soon discovered that neither the village nor the nullah in front of it had been neglected. The 22d, who led the way, as at Meeanee, were met by a destructive fire, and the General, for the first time, discovered the existence of the enemy's second line. The struggle that ensued is splendidly depicted by Sir William Napier (*Conquest of Scinde*, p. 233):—

"Now the General saw that he had undervalued the Lion's skill, and that the rush of men towards the village had been a fine military impulse to strengthen that flank. He had neither time nor means to countercheck them, and as generally happens even with the greatest captains, had to remedy his error by courage. Hence with the foremost of the 22d he rode, meaning in person to lead the charge, when suddenly came a horseman from the right, to tell him all the cavalry of that wing was charging. Then concluding that the wood was vomiting forth its ambushed warriors, and that his flank was turned, he desired Major Poole of the 22d to lead the attack on the nullah, and went at full speed to the right. The report was correct. The cavalry of the right wing was madly charging across the minor nullahs covering the enemy's left, not because the Beloochees from the wood had moved, but that, seeing numbers of the enemy still hurrying in apparent confusion towards the centre, the horsemen, thinking it a panic, had gone headlong down upon their left wing. Stack had thus uncovered the flank, and exposed the whole army to a defeat, if the wood had really been filled with the Belooch division appointed for the counter-stroke.

"It was a great error, but could not be remedied. The whole body of cavalry was at full speed, dashing across the smaller nullahs, the spurs deep in the horses' sides, the riders pealing their different war cries, and whirling their swords in

gleaming circles—there the fiery Delamain led the gorgeous troopers of the 3d Cavalry, there the terrible Fitzgerald careered with the wild Scindian horsemen, their red turbans streaming amid the smoke and dust of the splendid turmoil. For a moment the General gazed, at first with anger, then with admiration, and seeing no indications of mischief from the wood, while the redoubled thunder of his artillery recalled him to the left, trusting all to fortune and courage he went back with such speed as to reach the 22d at the moment it was rushing to storm the first nullah. Riding to the first rank he raised that clear high-pitched cry of war which had at Meeanee sent the same fiery soldiers to the charge. It was responded to with even greater ardour, for here no check occurred, though the danger and difficulty was greater. Lieutenant Coote first gained the summit of the bank, and tearing a Belooch standard from its bearer, waved it in triumph, while he reeled along the narrow edge, fainting from a deep wound in his side. Then with a deafening shout the soldiers leaped into the midst of the swordsmen.

"Murderous was the fire of the British guns and musketry, and the bayonet clashing with the sword bore back the bravest and strongest Beloochees, or levelled them in the dust, until the struggling crowd was forced into the second and deeper nullah, where with desperate fury the fight was renewed, as if the previous struggle had been as nothing. But still with conquering strength, and wasting fire, and piercing steel, the 22d forced its bloody way through the dense masses, being well supported by the sepoys of the 25th, who, striving on its right, kept pace and stroke in this terrible conflict. Soon the victorious troops passed the second nullah, pressing with undiminished fury on the rear of the retreating swordsmen until they reached the village of Dubba, where the Lugarees and Nizamanees, two of the most warlike tribes of Scinde, were well entrenched in the houses, and once more contended for the victory. The two regiments, thus opposed, immediately lapped round the nearest point of the village, while the cavalry of the left wing turned the place, partly by the bed of the Fullaillee, partly by passing the nullahs."

In a few more minutes Dubba was completely encircled by the infantry, while the cavalry and horse artillery were repeatedly charging the retiring masses in the plain beyond. No one fled. "They cannot," said their conqueror, "escape when beaten, but as to running, devil a bit! they lounge off, as at Meeanee, slowly, and indifferent to your musketry, though volleyed into their backs at 5 yards' distance. They are most determined fatalists, and most terrible swordsmen; they cut through everything. Heads fly off at a blow! it has been repeatedly done, and it is the same with an arm." So furiously, however, did the cavalry press upon them, that Fitzgerald and Delamain on the right actually got sight of the Lion's elephant and camel; in a few moments he would have been taken or slain, but Colonel Pattle, second in command, thinking the dispersion of the cavalry too great, stopped further pursuit. The battle, which had lasted three hours, was now over. The General, after leading the storm of Dubba, and pursuing with the cavalry on the left for some miles, returned to be greeted with ringing cheers by the infantry. Five thousand of the enemy lay dead, while his own loss amounted to 270 men and officers, of whom 147 were of the 22d Regiment. When it is remembered that he led that regiment in person at the most critical moments his own escape was not less extraordinary than at Meeanee. His orderly's horse was struck down behind him, and the hilt of his sword was struck by a ball. "No Beloochee assailed me personally," he says, "though several came near, and one I covered but did not shoot, having great repugnance to kill with my own hand unless attacked, which by some fatality was not the case." Towards the end of the battle a field magazine, left by the enemy, blew up and killed all around the General, he alone remaining unhurt, although his sword was broken in his hand and his clothes singed. Fortune owed him com-

pensation for Coruña and Busaco. The moral effect of Meeanee was powerful on all sides. At Meeanee the men had shown hesitation and wonder. "At Dubba they were like cucumbers. As to myself I felt a different man, my confidence in the soldiers and in myself being complete; I felt at ease, and could have changed my whole order of battle in the fight if it had been wanted."

The fruits of the victory had still to be gathered. Having arranged for the transmission of the wounded to Hyderabad, written his despatch, and reorganised his army, in eight hours he was marching on Meerpoor.

"The desert was before him, the Lion's force was still four to one, and it had two fortified towns, Meerpoor and Omercote, on which to rally. The mercury stood at 110° on the day of the battle, and the heat was hourly augmenting. The troops had marched 12 miles to find the enemy, had fought for four hours and only rested eight, if that can be called rest when they had to gather the wounded, to receive fresh ammunition, and to cook within the time. But all this was disregarded by their General when he found himself greeted with cheers wherever he moved, and remembered Cæsar's saying that 'nothing was done while ought remained to do.' Nor were his hopes baffled by his men's weakness, for, notwithstanding their fatigue and the withering heat, they advanced 20 miles without a halt" (*Conquest of Scinde*, p. 237).

The 27th March saw them at Meerpoor, unopposed, for the rapidity of their advance had given the Lion no breathing space. Abandoning his capital, he fled with his family and treasure to Omercote. The Scinde Horse and a camel battery were at once laid on his traces, but the General remained at Meerpoor. New dangers were arising. The time for the inundation of the Indus was at hand, and, if it arrived with unusual rapidity or violence, it would be difficult or even impossible to regain Hyderabad. On the other hand, Omer-

cote was strongly fortified, and had eleven guns mounted, besides an ample garrison. A messenger was sent after the Lion to offer him the same terms as before the battle, while, at the same time, the irregular troops were pushed rapidly forward, supported cautiously by a succession of detachments of artillery and infantry, so as to enable him to recall the whole force as rapidly as possible in case of inundation, or to press on to the assault of Omercote if that course were thought advisable. Reports from both sides were discouraging. The Indus was said to be rising before its time, and with unusual rapidity, and Omercote would not open its gates. Reluctantly he ordered a retreat. The order reached the officer farthest in advance when he was 20 miles from Omercote, and had just received news of the evacuation of that place. He halted and sent back Lieutenant Brown for instructions. That young officer rode 40 miles under the burning sun, reached Meerpoor at noon, received his orders, and rode back in the afternoon on one of the General's horses without stopping for rest. On 4th April, ten days after the battle of Dubba, the troops entered Omercote, though it was 100 miles distant and in the heart of the desert.

"These operations" (*Conquest of Scinde*, p. 241) "could not have been successfully conducted without astonishing exertions and resolution, illustrating the character of the troops. On one of the long marches, which were almost continual, the 25th Sepoys, nearly maddened by thirst and heat, saw one of their water-carriers approaching; they rushed towards him, tearing away his load, with loud cries of 'Water! water!' At that moment some half-dozen exhausted soldiers of the 22d came up and asked for some. At once the generous Indians forgot their own sufferings, and gave the fainting Europeans to drink. Then they all moved on, the sepoys carrying the 22d men's muskets for them, patting them on the shoulders, and encouraging them to hold out. They did so for a short time, but soon fell, and it was found

that those noble fellows were all wounded, some deeply! Thinking there was to be another fight, they had concealed their hurts and forced nature to sustain the loss of blood, the pain of wounds, the burning sun, the long marches, and the sandy desert, that their last moments might be given to their country on another field of battle!"

The war was now virtually over. On 8th April the General was back at Hyderabad, having in sixteen days, with 5000 men, defeated more than 26,000 in battle, captured two great fortresses, and marched 200 miles under a Scindian sun. Shere Mohammed, however, was still at large, and as the conquest could not be said to be complete until his final downfall, it will be better to give a rapid sketch of the military operations which deprived him of his army before turning to consider the measures taken for the pacification and government of the conquered territory.

After the fall of Omercote the Lion fled northwards with a few followers. "There," said his conqueror, "he may wander for a time, he may even collect another force, but he cannot base a warfare on sand; he must come sooner or later to the cultivated districts, where he will be met by the British." It was now that the real importance of the destruction of Emaum Ghur was manifest. He could only hope to prolong his resistance (1) by retiring far away to Shah Ghur on the borders of Jessulmeer, whither Roostum's son had retreated; (2) by passing through Scinde and across the Indus, where his brother had a small force, and where he might rouse the hill tribes; or (3) by plunging boldly into the Delta and collecting the predatory bands which had been ravaging that district since the battles. The weather was becoming almost fatal to Europeans, and if the Lion were left during the summer months to gain adherents on both sides of the Indus, the whole work of conquest might have to be repeated in the follow-

ing autumn. Sir Charles Napier, under these circumstances, resolved to brave the dreadful sun, and once more take the field. He immediately put into operation a scheme for the capture of his most dangerous foe. On the north side Chamberlayne's Horse moved from Roree to support Ali Moorad, and prevent the Lion passing through to the Sikh country, or to Shah Ghur by that route. Colonel Roberts was ordered to bring a column of all arms down the right bank of the Indus from Sukkur to Sehwan, and to destroy all boats on his way, so as to prevent the Lion from crossing to the tribes on the right bank, and the tribes from joining him on the left. Connecting posts were established between Meerpoor and Hyderabad, so as to shut him out from the Delta, while Napier himself was at Hyderabad ready to pounce on the victim as soon as he made known his whereabouts. To give an idea of the distances embraced by these combinations it may be stated that Sukkur was 160 miles from Sehwan; from the latter to Hyderabad, 80 miles; from Hyderabad to Omercote, 100; while Shah Ghur and Deessa were respectively 100 and 200 miles from Omercote. Yet the troops were moved to their stations and the circle completed round the Lion without his discovering his danger. That prince was driven by want of water to Khoonhera in the end of April. He passed his family over the Indus, whence he had received promises of an army of 20,000 hillsmen. Soon reports came that he was moving nearer the Indus, and had ensconced himself in the waste of jungles and nullahs somewhere between the four points of Sukurunda, Khoonhera, Hyderabad, and Meerpoor. The General at once prepared to close upon him and drive him to the Indus, but was prevented from executing his plan by the caprices of the Indus, which twice overflowed its banks, and, contrary to all calculations, subsided again. Until it was known how far the waters would

spread he dared not advance into an unknown country. This uncertainty lasted until 22d May, when news came that the tribe of Lukkees were preparing to cross the Indus. Lieutenant Anderson was at once despatched with 100 Sepoys by river, and was successful in destroying all the enemy's boats. On the 29th Colonel Roberts reached Sehwan with 1500 men, thereby cutting off the Lion from all intercourse with the western bank of the river, and making the first stage of the combination complete. His orders were to cross to the left bank of the river on the night of 9th June, and march towards Khoonhera, upon which point also Jacob was to move from Meerpoor, and the General himself from Hyderabad, while Ali Moorad and Chamberlayne's Horse were moving down towards Lower Scinde. But before Roberts crossed he took prompt advantage of a piece of luck that fell in his way.

"Roberts has done a famous job. The Lion's brother must, forsooth, move his 3000 men within 15 miles of Sehwan to see what Roberts is about, and have credit for driving him away when he shall cross the river. It is dangerous, Master Shah, for beasts to go near an old huntsman. Roberts got wind of him, turned, and surprised him at daybreak, killed a hundred of his men, burnt his camp, and took himself; and here is Shah Mohammed a prisoner in Hyderabad!" On the 9th Roberts crossed, and the following day Jacob and the General moved from Meerpoor and Hyderabad in the direction of Shah-i-Khanta, 16 miles north of Ali-ka-Tanda. The Lion had been at the former place, but was in retreat up the river. The circle was now rapidly contracting. On the 13th Napier was at Ali-ka-Tanda, and heard that the Lion, having for the first time become aware of the existence of Roberts' force, had suddenly returned to Shah-i-Khanta. Thither Sir Charles made a night march with cavalry and guns; but the Lion

had again moved eastward, though it was evident from his uneasiness that he knew every outlet was guarded. Although these marches were made by night, the troops resting by day with wet cloths on their heads, yet as many British soldiers succumbed to the sun as would have sufficed to win a battle. Even the General's good destiny could not preserve him scathless. He had left Hyderabad with a fever on him, and to illness and anxiety about his combinations was added the labour of dealing with the accumulated correspondence of four months, which, owing to delays in the mail, reached him in a mass while he was on the march. On the morning of 15th June Jacob's guns were heard to the east, but the sound ceased so suddenly as to suggest that he was overwhelmed and the circle broken. Napier's anxiety was painful.

"*Journal.*—I cannot go to the east; it is too sandy and too hot. My Europeans could not stand it; our livers are on the simmer now, and will soon boil. The natives cannot stand it, and I have been obliged to take Red Rover into my tent, poor beast, where he lies down exhausted and makes me very hot. I did not bring a thermometer. What use would it be to a lobster boiling alive!"

The booming of the guns made him too anxious to write more. He walked to the door of his tent, stepped out, and instantly fell from a sunstroke. "Forty-three others were struck, all Europeans, and all dead within three hours except myself! I do not drink! That is the secret. The sun had no ally in the liquor amongst my brains. Unable to walk, I flung myself on a table, and luckily one of my staff came in, I think M'Murdo. He called the doctors; two were with me in a twinkling; wet towels were rolled round my head, feet in hot water, bleeding, and two men rubbing me. I was so drowsy as to be angry that they would not let me sleep. Had they done

so it would have been hard to waken me!" In another place he says, "Just as they bled me, a horseman came to say Jacob was victorious and the Ameer's force dispersed. I think it saved me; I felt life come back." The news was true. The Lion, at last finding that he was in the toils, had made a dash at Jacob, who received timely warning and marched to meet him. The Lion's force had suffered so much by desertion that he could only muster 4000, with three guns in line. The memory of Meeanee and Dubba was too strong. There was a brief cannonade, a cloud of smoke and dust, and the Beloochees were gone. The Lion escaped to his family beyond the Indus, and, after taking refuge with the Beloochees of Khelat and the Afghans, rendered all hopes of return to Scinde impossible by taking part in the devastation of some villages in company with the predatory tribes of the Cutchee hills. Finally he took refuge at Lahore, and ended his life in fatuous sloth.

The war was now at an end. The closing operations had been completed without the loss of a man in action, but more than sixty officers and soldiers died from sunstroke, and a greater number afterwards from sickness. But the conquest was achieved. "We have taught the Belooch that neither his sun, nor his desert, nor his jungles, nor his nullahs can stop us. He will never face us more."

It would not be within the scope of this work to discuss at any length the merits of the policy that culminated in the conquest and annexation of Scinde; nor, on the other hand, can the subject be dismissed without any remark. There were many misconceptions current at the time as to the conduct of the General and the circumstances under which he had taken such decided measures. So great was the opposition to his policy on various grounds that the thanks of Parliament for the victories of Meeanee and Dubba (or Hyderabad as the battle came to be called) were

withheld for a year; and with regard to one man at least, political differences grew into a personal controversy which was famous at the time, and cannot be explained or noticed here without some general reference to the character of the events in which it originated. The misconception that created the first unfavourable impression is thus noticed by Sir Charles Napier: "—— says, 'I wish you had not been opposed to men fighting for their independence.' How they do blunder in England! Why, we have fought for the liberties of the people! Even Belooch himself is glad of getting a good master for a bad one." The Ameers were aliens to the mass of their subjects whom they had ruled for barely seventy years, during which period they had certainly done little to win their affections. "The oppressive nature of their government is positively unequalled in the world," said Pottinger. "It is an iron despotism," wrote Sir Alexander Burnes. "They have all the vices of barbarians without their redeeming virtues," was the observation of Mountstuart Elphinstone. When the Ameers were removed to Bombay, Napier gave their wives the option of going with them or staying behind, and not one was found willing to follow her lord into an exile that was by no means comfortless.[1] How the revolution affected the down-trodden Scindee will shortly appear; as for the Beloochees, not a single chief remained unreconciled to the conqueror within five months of Meeanee.

The more durable ground of opposition was that the Ameers had fallen victims to Lord Ellenborough's love of aggrandisement, that the war had been forced upon them by unjust demands roughly backed up by threats of

[1] Sir Charles brought home among his trophies a whip of twisted brass wires which hung ready for application in the zenana of one of the Ameers.

military coercion, and that the Governor-General's unscrupulous policy had found only too willing an instrument in the eccentric war-loving soldier to whom he had intrusted its execution. This argument, replied Ellenborough and Napier, entirely ignores the Scindian policy of Lord Auckland and the disastrous moral effect of the Afghan war. When Sir Charles Napier and Lord Ellenborough arrived upon the scene, the result of Lord Auckland's policy was that treaties had been forced upon Scinde which gave us the right of maintaining a force there, together with the possession of Shikarpoor, Sukkur, Bukkur, and Kurachee; all for an indefinite time, with the exception of Bukkur, which was granted "during the existence of war."

Both Napier and Ellenborough condemned these transactions; but they found themselves face to face with the greatest danger that had yet threatened our Indian Empire —the intense excitement roused by our disasters at Cabul along the whole north-west frontier: an excitement which our subsequent reprisals did comparatively little to allay, as they were necessarily accompanied by our withdrawal from Afghanistan. The affair of Scinde was no isolated event. It was, to use Napier's graphic expression, "the tail of the Afghan storm." It was no time for making concessions. Mr. Gladstone, in a passing reference to Scinde (*Contemporary Review*, November 1876), says: "That conquest was disapproved, I believe unanimously, by the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel, of which I can speak as I had just entered it at the time;[1] but the Ministry were power-

[1] The Scinde question is divided into three stages—(1.) Was it right to take advantage of the fruits of Lord Auckland's policy, and further present a treaty to the Ameers for the permanent cession of territory in lieu of tribute? Napier and Outram said yes; Sir R. Peel's Government gave no opinion. (2.) Was Napier justified in using the army as his chief diplomatic instrument after the time

less, inasmuch as the mischief of retaining was less than the mischief of abandoning it." For the same reason the Indian Government accepted the state of things in Scinde as they found it. Outram's disclosures as to the treacherous correspondence of the Ameers and their repeated violations of the treaties convinced Napier and the Government of the necessity for a new treaty, which Outram had already suggested, and for a clear understanding with the Ameers that any further violations of treaty obligations would be sternly punished. Before the new treaty was presented to the Ameers their followers were gathering in considerable numbers. On 14th November 1842 the Governor-General wrote to Napier: "The designs of the Ameers would seem to be of a defensive character only; but I know that the least sign of hesitation on our part would at once convert these defensive preparations into measures of a hostile nature, and that to yield the smallest point in negotiation would have all the effect of defeat in the field."

Up to this point Major Outram and Napier seem to have been in thorough accord, but thenceforward their views rapidly diverged. Outram, with the natural tendency of

first fixed for the acceptance of the new treaty had gone by, on the ground that he believed any other course would imperil his army? Outram said no. Sir R. Peel, in the debate on Lord Ashley's motion for the liberation of the Ameers (7th February 1844), said, "It is my firm belief that but for his (Napier's) personal courage and desperate fidelity to the cause of his country, not one man of the British army would have been left alive. I think he has exhibited not only a noble example of British courage and military skill, but the greatest civil sagacity." In which view Lord John Russell seems to have concurred. (3.) After the battle should Scinde have been formally annexed, or should the Ameers have been kept on the throne and some other *modus vivendi* found? Outram thought the latter. Napier warmly approved of Lord Ellenborough's decision, though it was a complete surprise to him, as he had expected up to the last some sort of veiled protectorate.

the "Political" to be influenced rather by the divinity that hedges princes than by the evils of their rule, fully believed that the Ameers could be gradually induced by his personal influence to accept anything that England could decently demand, and that any indication of hostility was due to a blustering nervousness which might be safely disregarded. The treaty once accepted, he thought the benefits of our Government in the ceded districts would force the Ameers to make corresponding reforms in order to prevent their people deserting to our settlements. Napier could assent to none of these views. He thought things had already gone too far for personal influence. That the Ameers were glad to listen to arguments he did not deny; but he was convinced it was solely with the view of passing the time during which the cool weather would enable us to back our arguments by force. In his utter disbelief in the Ameers' good faith he agreed with Pottinger, who had said in a despatch of 11th March 1839: "There is no nation with whom we have been brought into contact in Asia towards whom I deem it so highly necessary to be undeviatingly firm as the Scindees . . . the good effect of such a principle upon a Government and people who may be said to be destitute of veracity and good faith, as well as of foresight, needs not to be enlarged on."

Whether Napier or Outram had the clearer insight into the Ameers' character and intentions will always remain a matter of opinion. But with regard to indications of hostility, at any rate, Napier seems to have been better informed. Five days before the battle Outram assured Napier that the Ameers had not any armed men about them except their personal attendants. At that moment the army of the Ameers was assembled at Meeanee, only 6 miles from Hyderabad. At the moment he was writing, his house was surrounded by 8000 Beloochees, with

eight pieces of cannon, preparing for their attack on the Residency.

Napier's view of the matter exactly one month before the battle is clearly given in the following letter:—

"16*th January* 1843.—I found the Ameers and our Government in the position in which a treaty made by Lord Auckland placed them. I had no concern with its justice, its propriety, or anything but to see it maintained. I found that all the politicals had gone on, from the beginning, trifling; sometimes letting the Ameers infringe the treaty without notice, at others pulling them up, and then dropping the matter: in short, I saw it was a long chain of infringement, denial, apology, pardon, over and over. I therefore resolved not to let this, which old Indians call 'knowing the people,' go on; and I wrote to the Ameers saying I would not allow it to continue; they of course continued their game, and I, as I had threatened, reported the infringements to Lord Ellenborough, who agreed with me that their irritating, childish, mischievous, secret warfare and intrigue should not continue. And as letters from the Ameers were intercepted, proposing to other powers to league and drive us out of Scinde, Lord Ellenborough thought, and I think justly, that a new treaty should be entered into, which he sent me. I had laid before him the proposal, and I think my treaty was a more fair treaty, at least a more liberal treaty, than his; but I do not, as far as I have been able to consider it, think his unjust. Mind, I always reason on affairs as Lord Ellenborough and myself found them. I cannot enter upon our right to be here at all, that is Lord Auckland's affair. Well, I presented the draft of the new treaty. The Ameers bowed with their usual apparent compliance, but raised troops in all directions. These I was ordered by the Governor-General to disperse. To disperse irregular troops, they having a desert at their back and 400 miles of river to cross and run up the mountains; and all this with their chiefs swearing they submitted to everything to get me into the hot weather, when I could not move, and thus cut off all our communications at their ease, was no trifle."

The Governor-General, in his despatch to the Secret Committee (13th March 1843), bears witness to the forbearance the General showed in executing his orders. "Sir Charles Napier had my instructions more than three months before the battle of Meeanee. He was during all that period at the head of a preponderating force; but, acting with extreme forbearance, in the true spirit of a generous soldier, he earnestly endeavoured to effect the objects of the Government without using the military means at his disposal. The firmness of the language he adopted, and the energy of his measures, were best calculated to control a barbarous durbar; and, had the Ameers been entirely masters of their own troops, it seems to be doubtful, even now, whether he would not have effected his purpose, and carried the treaty into execution without actual hostilities."

The personal controversy between Napier and Outram seems to have arisen in the following manner:—They had begun work together in Scinde on the most friendly terms. It is well known that it was Napier who dubbed Outram the "Bayard of India" in a speech which is too characteristic to be omitted.

"Gentlemen—I have told you there are only to be two toasts drunk this evening. One, that of a lady—the Queen—you have already responded to. The other shall be for a gentleman. But before proceeding further, I must tell you a story. In the sixteenth century there was in the French army a knight renowned for deeds of gallantry in war and wisdom in council—indeed, so deservedly famous was he, that by general acclamation he was called the knight '*sans peur et sans reproche.*' The name of this knight, you may all know, was the Chevalier Bayard. Gentlemen, I give you the 'Bayard of India,' *sans peur et sans reproche*, Major James Outram of the Bombay army!"

Even when Outram left for England after the battle of

Meeanee, although Sir Charles Napier no longer entertained a very high opinion of his insight or political ability, their parting was that of cordial friends. The immediate cause of the rupture was, that Major Outram laid before the Secret Committee of the East India Company his notes of conferences with the Ameers at Hyderabad the week before the battle. The production of these notes created a painful impression. They brought into prominence the protestations of the Ameers, that they had no hostile designs against the British Government, that if the General would only delay his march for a day or two, they could calm their Beloochees, and discuss the terms of the treaty amicably; and that their chief objection to the peace was the wrong inflicted upon the Ameer Roostum. This prince stoutly maintained that he had been made to resign the Turban in favour of Ali Moorad by a mixture of force and fraud, which was the result of an agreement between Ali Moorad and Sir Charles Napier. The impression thus created was intensified when it became known that these notes had been apparently suppressed by Napier, and had never been forwarded to the Supreme Government. What angered Napier in this proceeding was, that Outram, who had so many opportunities of imparting his views to ministers and directors, should have put before them statements of such a damaging nature as those of Roostum, unaccompanied by the General's absolute denial of their truth, and statement of the real facts set out in a letter from him to Outram. Lord Ellenborough demanded an explanation of Napier, which was promptly supplied. "The notes of the meeting with the Ameers on the 12th of February were probably sent to me, but I did not receive them. The notes of the meeting on the 8th of February I received on the 11th. These I could not forward to your Lordship, because, after the 13th, our communications were intercepted; but the enclosed

copy of a letter to Major Outram shows that I intended to do so, although I did not think it necessary, as we were on the eve of a battle, which I knew could not take place if the Ameers were honest, and spoke the truth. After the action the Ameers placed my small force in so much danger by their intrigues with Meer Shere Mohammed, that I never thought more of Outram's 'Minutes' till I received your Lordship's present letter." He then remarks that the value of the notes depends entirely on the weight due to Major Outram's judgment, and on the sincerity of the Ameers. He regarded the notes from first to last as so much waste-paper, because he was convinced, from his knowledge of the warlike preparations going on, that Major Outram was being deceived. The papers captured on the Murree chiefs on 12th February contained orders from the Ameers to bring all available forces to Meeanee by the 9th, as the Ameers had no intention of yielding to the British demands. Consequently, Napier felt no inclination to believe in their sincerity. On this point he says: "The Ameers did not want to have peace, they were confident of victory, and had accurately calculated the day I should arrive at Meeanee—namely, 17th February, and they knew they could not assemble their full force of 50,000 men till the night of the 17th or the morning of the 18th. Therefore all their diplomacy of dissimulation, procrastination, and protestation, was put in force to deceive Major Outram, and obtain a pledge that I should halt, if only for a day."

The quarrel developed rapidly. Lord Ellenborough was at that time the object of the most virulent attacks on the part of the Indian press, and was on no very good terms with the Court of Directors at home. Outram's notes were seized upon as excellent materials for new attacks on the Governor-General. Their purport was so grossly exaggerated and falsified, that Sir William Napier called upon Outram to give

a public contradiction to the falsehoods of the press, on the ground that they were founded on passages in his notes that Sir Charles Napier had shown to be due to a misconception of the facts. Outram refused on the ground that he could not undertake to answer for the opinions of newspapers. Thereupon Sir Charles broke off all intercourse with him. Sir William Napier, ever fiercely jealous of his brother's fame, and rendered irritable by pain and sickness from which he was never free, took up the cudgels, and a fierce war raged for years between him and Outram, both sides finding many partisans. Sir William, when roused to anger, was not accustomed to use very measured language, and harsh things were said and written by him, to many of which Outram's subsequent career was a sufficient answer. But abuse was answered by abuse, and Outram, too, in the heat of dispute, brought many charges against Sir Charles Napier, which he afterwards saw had no foundation. Sir Charles Napier himself, though he concurred in his brother's opinions and found no fault with his way of expressing them, took no part in the controversy. He justified himself to Lord Ellenborough, and he twice appealed to the Indian Government to protect him from the attacks of a junior officer, but otherwise he never once took up pen to defend himself. Writing to his brother William on the subject, he says: "I have indeed been obliged to write a letter to Lord Ellenborough, and send you a copy; it will, I fear, injure Outram, which I regret, but must defend myself, and have told Outram so; do not therefore make use of my letter unless you think defence of my character requires it." And again he writes: "Do not take up my defence, unless I die here. You will then get my letter-books and journal, eight volumes. . . . Meanwhile my public letter to Lord E. will probably be printed, and set me right about Outram; a paid-up revenue, with general

order, and no risings, will defend me in the long run from all others."

There is no need to pursue this subject further; on the main issue, that the native designs were genuinely hostile, Napier convinced most impartial and capable judges. The bitter personal tone of the controversy is, from beginning to end, matter for nothing but regret, and as such is now gladly dismissed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SETTLEMENT OF SCINDE—1843-45.

UNTIL the final collapse of the Lion in June, the conquest of Scinde could not be called complete; but the work of pacification and settlement had been vigorously carried on side by side with the later military operations. Lord Ellenborough had made Napier Governor of Scinde after the battle of Dubba, enjoining the abolition of slavery, but otherwise leaving him to deal with the conquered country as he thought fit. "Now my fearful work of settling the country begins,"—he writes, 7th April,—"and the heat is violent. I have to collect revenue, administer justice, arrange the troops, survey the country, project improvements, form civil officers, and appoint proper functionaries. I have to get a thorough hold of a conquered country, and establish a Government; and have really hardly any one to assist me: all is confusion, and the military movements are still going on." His proclamation to the people was short and decisive. "The Talpoors have been overthrown by the British, and are dethroned—Scinde belongs to them no longer. All revenues paid to the Ameers are now to be paid to the English. Hitherto armed men have been treated as soldiers fighting by the orders of their masters. From this time forward armed men assembled shall be treated as robbers and outlaws. Slavery is abolished throughout the land, and all people are invited to return and live peaceably at their homes."

His first object was to secure the submission of the great Belooch chiefs on either side of the Indus. It was no easy task; at Bombay it was pronounced impossible; Outram, who had seen a great deal of the wild tribes on the west of the Indus, foretold ten years of guerilla war; but by a mixture of generosity and sternness all the chiefs were reconciled in half as many months. To every chief he offered complete forgiveness and confirmation in his possessions. "Exceptions," he said, "only turn cut-throats into heroes, and I would rather pardon a cut-throat than fight with a hero." To Wullee Chandiah, the most powerful and respectable of the western chiefs, he wrote: "I honour you for your obedience to the Ameers, but God has decreed that they are to rule Scinde no more. The British Government is now master; serve it faithfully as you have done the Ameers, and honour and respect will be shown to you. But mind what I say, keep your own side of the river. Woe to the mountain tribes that cross the Indus." The chief was soon after treacherously seized by Ali Moorad, and brought by him to the General, who expressed his regret at what had occurred, and set him free. The interview was a curious one. "He (Wullee) is exactly like an owl, with white hair, long hooked nose, great beard, and two enormous black eyes, which were fixed on me without a move or wink till I had done speaking; then he said to the interpreter, 'Is it true? May I go?' 'Yes.' Up he jumped, flew out of the room like a bird, and never stopped till he got to his hills. I said, 'There he goes to make war on us.' Not a bit. All along the western bank of the Indus he praised me to the skies, and swore neither he nor any of his tribe should lift sword or shield against the Bahadoor Jung again; and he has kept his word." In a few weeks over 400 chiefs had submitted, and had their swords returned to them as a mark of the General's con-

fidence, but accompanied by a stern warning. "Take back your sword. You have used it with honour against me, and I esteem a brave enemy. But if, forgetful of this voluntary submission, you draw it again in opposition to my government, I will tear it from you and kill you as a dog." He spared no means of striking their imaginations. One device is described in a letter to his brother William.

"I introduce all the chiefs who come in to Chalon's print of the Queen; if this is forgotten they ask for the Padisha. A curtain hangs over it, and they are told servants and common people must not look at her. They, however, do not understand a woman ruling, and one shrewd Beloochee said, 'Sahib, she did not beat me at Meeanee, you are everything now.' Another asked, 'How far off is she?' 'So and so.' 'You are next to her?' 'No, the Governor-General.' 'Oh! how far off is he?' 'At Calcutta.' 'I have heard of Calcutta, it is far off, you are at Hyderabad, I am your slave.' I always joke, and tell them what fine fellows they are in battle, and that my wish is to go against the Afghans at their head, and plunder all the way to Persia: this they like, and I am going, if Lord E. agrees, to make all their jaghires[1] their own property. We shall resign all right to turn them out, and exchange their military service for that of assisting to open watercourses, so far as those run through their lands. If I retained the Governor's right to military service, it would continue their right to have armed retainers, and I have forbidden the bearing of arms: not by proclamation though, for that would excite apprehension, but practically, for I disarm every man seen with weapons, giving the latter to the soldiers as plunder."

The next step was the formation of an efficient police. Owing to the disturbed state of the Afghans and Sikhs it was of the greatest importance that the troops in Scinde should be concentrated with a view to strategical effect.

[1] *i.e.* Land held on an uncertain tenure, military services being required of the tenant.

But it was, besides, Sir Charles Napier's firm conviction that the civil and military forces should be kept entirely distinct in their support of Government. "Soldiers," he said, "were instituted to fight declared enemies, not to be watchers and punishers of criminals; they should be, in thought and in reality, identified with their country's glory—the proudest of her sons—and never employed to enforce the behests of the civil administration until the civil power is found too weak." He therefore embodied a police force, the organisation of which was afterwards practically adopted, though without acknowledgment, by the Governments of the Punjab, Bombay, and Madras. The men selected were chiefly Scindians, but as they were still timid from oppression and impatient of discipline, their ranks were stiffened by a sprinkling of Patans, Rajputs, and even minor chiefs who had fought at Meeanee. A military organisation under European officers and a handsome uniform soon gave them steadiness and courage enough to make them valuable auxiliaries in the field. The force, which eventually numbered 2500, was divided into three classes, city, rural, and mounted; the two latter, besides the ordinary duties of police, having to act against marauding parties from the hill tribes, to protect the mails, and guard small stations; they were also trained to be an excellent guide-corps in case of war. One month after the second battle the police were at work, and enabled the General to make a speedy manifestation of his determination to protect the life and property of the humblest of his subjects. "I hanged a Beloochee lately," he writes, "to the astonishment of his chief. 'What? hang a Beloochee for killing a Scindian woman?' The life of a Scindian woman under the 'Patriarchs' was worth about 200 rupees." Another instance of severity created a still greater impression. "Two Beloochees, armed and mounted, plundered and murdered

a merchant on the road; they were caught, the proof was complete, the crime not denied but thus palliated: 'Our chief ordered us, the goods are in his house.' He was a Lumree chief in the hills; I ordered his tribe to deliver him to my police, and it was done. He was tried and hanged with his two followers on the same gallows, 60 miles from any soldier save Marston, the chief of the police, who had only 150 policemen, and not a finger was raised; nay, the poor all approved of the deed. I passed the gallows on my journey here, and could not but pray that my doings were justifiable: murder must be stopped. These men went to death with great indifference; the rope broke with one, he fell, and his first words were, 'No harm done, accidents will happen, try again!'" The result was that the people said, "The Padisha is just; he kills nobody for himself." And a native, being asked if the country was quiet, replied, "Yes; if you catch a wasp in your hand it does not sting you!"

Sir Charles Napier's government of Scinde was military and despotic; and his administration was conducted almost entirely by means of soldiers. He has been, in consequence, much abused by writers on Indian affairs as an advocate of military in preference to civil government, and as entertaining an invincible objection to the employment of civil servants. The able biographer of Lord Lawrence[1] has gone so far as to assert that Napier founded not only a Scinde school of supporters of military as opposed to civil government, but also the policy of annexing Afghanistan and the adjacent regions with a view to defeating the designs of Russia. Napier's opinions on the Afghan question as it had arisen in his time have already been touched upon, and his views on Indian foreign policy will be referred to again; but it must here be observed that he

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence.* By R. Bosworth Smith, vol. i. p. 335.

never considered that military government as a permanent form was either possible or desirable. His one object was to render the people of Scinde as speedily as possible capable of receiving the civil institutions which he laboured to found. Having regard to the military and feudal character of the Belooch tribes whose pacification was the most difficult part of his task, he judged a military despotism to be most in accordance with the character and habits of the country. "These people have no idea of the troops being under one person and the civil government under another. These countries cannot be ruled by the mere official arrangements of a civil government. The rulers must be for some years military, and enter into frequent intercourse with the chiefs, forming the best judgment they can of the character of those warlike chiefs and of the mode of dealing with them; and they form a tolerably correct opinion of our characters. Nature simple, and military nature, must be both studied in dealing with barbarians. They will not submit to theoretical arrangements made in the closets of non-military men, crossing their habits and offending their prejudices every hour of the day: to a soldier they readily bow in submission." Such reasoning he believed to be applicable to many parts of India besides Scinde, but everywhere he wished only to make military rule the stepping-stone to a larger amount of self-government than has yet been vouchsafed to India. Before he left Scinde he had gone as far in the appointment of native magistrates as the authorities would allow, and with regard to his hopes for the future of Scinde, he says, "Were power vested in me, a civil government of its own people should be established in Scinde, and in fifty years it would regenerate the people, if not squashed by our government. However, I inoculate them as much as possible with justice and '*amour propre*'; this in time will do good."

Another reason for his preference for military government in the case of a newly-conquered people is to be found in his desire to save them from the ordinary Indian system until they had had time to become in some degree acquainted with British rule. He had the strongest sense of the incongruity of so great an empire being governed largely under the auspices of a trading company, however great and however much accustomed to government. The following picture is too strongly coloured, but by no means devoid of truth.

"To the genius of some Governors-General and some military commanders, and to the constant bravery of the troops, belongs all the greatness; to the Courts of Directors, designated by Lord Wellesley as the 'ignominious tyrants of the East,' all the meanness. Not that directors have been personally less honourable than other gentlemen, but that they are always in a false position, as merchants ruling a vast and distant empire solely for their private advantage. No man ever seeks to be a director from mere patriotism or thirst for military glory unaccompanied by pecuniary profit; and hence, when the Court does send out a Governor-General of great mind, which is not often nor willingly done, it treats him as if he were unworthy to possess power at all. This is natural. Their objects are not alike. His will be the welfare, the aggrandisement, the unity of one hundred and twenty millions of people committed to his charge; theirs the obtaining all profit from the labour of those people. The merchant, unable to distinguish between wars for self-preservation and conquest, objects to both as lessening immediate gain; and it must be admitted that the former has in India always involved the latter. . . . The truth being, that men momentarily possessed of power at home object to war lest it should diminish immediate profits; but when the soldier has won new dominions, the successors of those ephemeral sovereigns hastily gather the private advantages."

Such a system, he held, corrupted the civil servants to whom it gave employment; and, owing to a widely pre-

vailing nepotism, those civil servants were, he maintained, "with splendid exceptions, ignorant of great principles, devoid of business habits, and therefore wasteful of new resources." The "old Indian" he denounced in some vehement sentences which have been unfairly quoted as applied to the whole civil service, whereas they only condemn, and were only meant to condemn, a class which at that time was undoubtedly too numerous. Alluding to Mr. Thomason, the distinguished Governor of the North-West Provinces, he says: "He is not what I call an 'old Indian,'—that is to say, a man full of curry and bad Hindustanee, with a fat liver and no brains, but with a self-sufficient idea that no one can 'know India' except through long experience of brandy, champagne, grain-fed mutton, cheroots, and hookers." Against the theory that Indian human nature was widely different from other human nature he ever rebelled. "Length of residence," he remarked, "and sensual indulgence weaken body and mind, and give only aptness for official details without enlargement of ideas; and most of those persons generalised as 'old Indians' because they have worn out originally vigorous appetites and feeble minds while enjoying large salaries and the adulation of black clerks, who do all their duties, imagine they only know the East. Despising and avoiding the society of the natives, they yet pretend to know the characters of those natives, and call themselves the statesmen of India! There are, however, among those vegetations of a rank soil men who do study the people, who know their customs and their history, applying minds of a high order and powerful energies to their work; and pre-eminent in that class are the uncovenanted servants, whose enterprise has brought them in mature life to India—men who cannot live in luxurious ease, and therefore the most valuable of the Company's dependants."

If the foregoing picture is limited in its application to a

large section of the civil service of that date in the older provinces of India, few people would question its truth. The routine work of the older governments, and the low tone of Anglo-Indian public opinion up to the period of the Afghan war, had greatly demoralised the civil service. The abler and more enterprising men sought employment in the frontier provinces, and it was through their example, and in the force of public opinion from home, which the troubled state of India from 1840 to 1850 aroused, that the civil service was already undergoing its regeneration at the time Sir Charles Napier wrote.

His objections to civil servants were unhappily confirmed by experience, for at the outset he had wished to secure the services of some of them. "I am aware," he wrote to Sir J. Hobhouse, "that inconvenience arises from the extensive employment of military men in civil government; and I have introduced four or five uncovenanted civil servants with good effect, because, with one exception, they have conducted themselves with diligence and modesty; but three covenanted servants sent to me by Lord Ellenborough were quite useless. They were, I have no doubt, clever and gentlemanlike young men, yet a dozen such would have paralysed my government." These young gentlemen, he says in a private letter, are "useless and in despair. They came to shoot, to hunt, to live well, and to sign their names to whatever a host of clerks should lay before them. I give them no clerks and a good deal of work. They are furious at Lord Ellenborough, who 'quite deceived them as to work'!" Such men would have rendered impossible the work to which Napier now applied himself, so he determined to depend for the settlement of the country on the men who had followed him so stoutly to its conquest.

Before settling the form of his civil government, it was necessary to have a clear idea of the various classes and

interests for whom he was about to legislate. They are classified as follows:—

"The money-seeking Hindoo goes about all eyes, and with fingers supple as his conscience, robbing everybody by subtlety as the Beloochee robs them by force. To him the conquest must be as a feast and a blessing of grace.

"The Scindee, strong and handsome, is indolent from the combined effect of heat and slavery; but he has fine natural qualities, and, his bondage being of recent date, he may be reclaimed and fitted for independence—to him also the conquest is a blessing, and it shall be my business to make it a feast.

"The Beloochee, though fierce and habituated to acquire property by violence, is shrewd, and has a strong though savage sense of dignity and honour according to the customs of his race. A combination of coercion, of respectful treatment, of generosity and temptation, may therefore bend him to better habits, without breaking the chivalric spirit which is now his best quality. He fought desperately for the Ameers, because to fight and plunder was his vocation; but neither he, nor his particular chief, nor the Ameers, fought from national feeling. The Beloochee warrior loves his race, his tribe, not the general community, which he regards but as a prey and a spoil. The chief's allegiance to the sovereign, being feudal, is slight, and more easily snapped, because the Ameers, personally odious, are captives; a consideration of weight in all countries, but especially so in the East, where the fealty is to the throne, not the person.

"Strongest of the influences which brought the warriors to battle was their natural fierceness, excited by unbounded confidence of success, and the hope of plundering an army more affluent than that which had been despoiled the year before in Afghanistan. But there was also latent fear. For, conscious of their own ferocious design to massacre every European in Scinde, they thought the English had discovered the project—as indeed they had—and meant to revenge it in kind. With men of this temper a change of dynasty will be little regarded if their own dignities and possessions are

respected, and, as it is a desire to obtain property, and not any abstract love of glory which impels them to war, their contempt for industry may be abated by the attraction of honest gains—when debarred of profit by violence they will seek it in commerce and agriculture, if openings are furnished to them.

"To meet the requirements of these different races in the present circumstances, my policy must be, while fastening on the country a strong military gripe, to apply all softening and healing measures to the vanquished race, all protective and encouraging measures to the liberated populations—to make strong even-handed justice be universally felt—to draw forth the abundant natural resources of the country, and repair the terrible evils of the Ameers' misgovernment."

As far as the thing was possible he availed himself of the framework of government that existed under the Ameers. "Make no avoidable change in the ancient laws and customs"—he said to his subordinates—"the conquest of a country is sufficient convulsion for the people without abrupt innovations in their habits and social life."

Immediately below himself came the Secretary to the Government, Captain Brown, a young officer who had a considerable acquaintance with the country, having been attached to the political agency under Outram. To him were referred all matters relative to taxes and customs for examination and report in the first instance. The whole country was divided into the three districts of Sukkur, Hyderabad, and Kurachee, at each of which was a chief collector, with three sub-collectors and their staffs. The chief collectors sent a monthly statement of receipts and expenditure to the Secretary, who reported on them to the Governor, without whose authority no expense could be incurred. At the end of each month a report was made to the Governor-General; stating the disbursements in gross, the receipts, the balance, the average price of labour, and cost of food for five persons, with explanatory notes. Ap-

pended was a memorandum upon the extent of country newly irrigated, the length of roads made, the progress of public works, and the height of the waters of the Indus.

Below these English officials the Governor adapted to his schemes the official system and *personnel* which had existed under the Ameers. He found the land divided into districts of varied extent, called kardarats, over each of which was a kardar or headman. The kardars had theoretically power to decide small causes, and punish and fine to a small extent; they were also the collectors of the land revenue and customs. In both these capacities they had been guilty of the grossest oppression. Their powers as magistrates they had extended to the infliction of death and torture, while as collectors they had been invariably harsh and extortionate. But Sir Charles Napier recalled the saying of the Duke of Wellington, that one of the greatest dangers from every new acquisition of territory in India was "the throwing out of employment and of means of subsistence all who had previously managed the revenue, commanded or served in the armies, or plundered the country." So he boldly confirmed them in their office of revenue collectors, while depriving them of their judicial functions, and in order to prevent extortion for their own advantage he gave them large fixed salaries, and attached them to the collectorates with a warning that they only held office during good behaviour. If the villagers brought a just complaint against their kardar, he was removed and punished. It was not to be expected that such a system would move smoothly at the outset. The kardars would not all at once believe that a Government which received its proper revenue would trouble itself to inquire too carefully how it was raised; while the villagers were slow to credit the glad news that the time had come when the complaint of the poor man against his powerful oppressor would be hear-

and treated with impartial justice. Many severe examples had to be made, but in the end the system triumphed, and proved, as it was designed to be, a most important contribution to the nourishment of native public spirit and self-respect.

The judicial system was attached to the collectorates, the collector being the superior magistrate, and the sub-collectors and officers commanding certain stations having an inferior jurisdiction. The military magistrate made a preliminary investigation, having native assistance in ascertaining the Mahometan law and local customs, but deciding, where he had power to do so, according to his own judgment. When the property in litigation exceeded 25 rupees the evidence was to be recorded in Persian. Every military magistrate was bound to report once a month to the collector all cases decided by him; and no suits involving the right of property in land could be decided by any save chief collectors or their immediate assistants.

"In addition there are for civil cases what are termed punchayets"—*Napier to Sir J. Hobhouse*—"I have made a slight change in these: formerly they had no remuneration; but I give them an allowance, just sufficient to cover their loss of time. They are something like our juries; perhaps courts of arbitration would be a better appellation. Hitherto I have confined their functions to civil cases, reserving the trials of all criminal cases for Englishmen; but my wish is to enlarge the operations of these tribunals, which, under another name, I found existing in Greece, and very useful. The subject demands much consideration, as a cautious mode of gradually inducing the people to take part in the government of their own country; but it is very possible the directors do not think that so advisable and wise as it appears to me."

In the criminal jurisdiction a number of specified minor offences could be summarily dealt with by the assistant magistrates. When there was no appeal the maximum of punishment was six months' imprisonment, or three months

with hard labour; twenty-four lashes, or a fine of 100 rupees; but only one of these penalties could be inflicted for a single offence.

"Those crimes which are of a deeper dye,"—*Napier to Hobhouse*—"such as murder, robbery with violence, etc., are first examined by the magistrates; and the preliminary depositions on oath are sent to the Judge-Advocate-General. He submits them to the Governor, who orders thereupon, if he judges it fitting, a trial by a military commission consisting of a field-officer and two captains; or, if officers are scarce, a subaltern of not less than seven years' service and a deputy judge-advocate conduct the form of proceeding, but without a voice as to finding or sentence. The minutes of trial go to the Judge-Advocate-General, who makes a short report upon the sentence, and submits the whole to the Governor. If the Court, the Judge-Advocate-General, and the Governor all concur, the last confirms the sentence and orders execution. If the Court and Judge-Advocate-General differ, the Governor's opinion decides. Under this system justice, as quick as I can ensure it, though not so quick as I wish, is administered, and the prisoners have, in fact, the opinion of three courts: (1) the Commission; (2) the Judge-Advocate; (3) the Governor. I read all the trials with great attention, frequently twice or thrice over, especially when the sentence is capital; and never order execution till I have given at least two, often several days' consideration to the matter."

Murder was rife until it was discovered that the General was resolute to hang all murderers. On one occasion a chief asked for pardon for a retainer who was sentenced for wife-murder. "No; I will hang him!" "What! you will hang a man for only killing his wife?" "Yes; she had done no wrong." "Wrong! No! but he was angry, why should he not kill her?" "Well, I am angry, why should I not kill him?" Very similar was the argument by which he suppressed the practice of suttee, which happily was not common in Scinde. When he made known

his intention of suppressing it, the priests came to him to protest on the ground that all nations had customs which should be respected, and suttee was a very sacred one. Napier, affecting to be struck by the argument, replied: "Be it so. This burning of widows is your custom; prepare the funeral pile. But my nation has also a custom. When men burn women alive we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned when the widow is consumed. Let us all act according to national customs."

So much of the work of pacification and settlement as has been described above was conceived and put into operation in the midst of the military movements against Shere Mohammed. "The last alone," he says, "are enough to occupy one mind, and but for young M'Murdo I should hardly get on. I am gradually finding out fine fellows, but there are no great number to select from; I am a stranger to many, and those I am most acquainted with have duties already. It is a fine field to work in, but I am too old, and the climate is not invigorating." By the 1st of June he was seriously ill with fever and dysentery—so ill, in his own words, "as to think I was;" and just as the campaign ended he went down with sunstroke. Of the forty-four men struck by the sun that day he alone survived. He was carried to Hyderabad, yet so unquenchable was his spirit, that in three days he was writing long despatches to the Governor-General, instructing his own subordinates in the civil government, and working off the arrears of a large correspondence! As the heat increased he felt his strength gradually failing, but there was no abatement in work, and even the Journal is as copious as ever. On 30th July he writes:—

"I am very weak, and my legs have fallen away, yet they swell at night, and with a tired feeling hardly bearable, though keeping to my room all day. I have been overworked,

body and mind, under this sun; I am sinking. However, I have now quieted all Scinde, despite of Outram's predictions of war for ten years. Four months have sufficed for tranquillity. Last week I ordered eighty police, Scindees, to march a man from Kurachee to Tattah, 100 miles, and hang him; and it was done on the right bank of the Indus, amongst all the mountain tribes, without disturbance! We shall have peace.

"All my troops are now in cantonments, and I am relieved from much labour. My staff also is now excellent: my nephew William, M'Murdo, Green, Drs. Grey and Gibbon, and last Macpherson, who diversifies my letter-books thus—having to copy 'between Scylla and Charybdis,' he wrote 'between scythes and carabines:' quite as good. Then Brown, Rathborne, Pope, Blenkins, and young Nixon, are all excellent: the four first rare fellows indeed in their departments! Meanwhile my brothers' and sisters' affection to me is great, their letters are dearer to my heart than all the honours Her Majesty can give, for which I care not. It is curious that William sent me his speculations, and everything he proposed was done before his letters arrived. What a General England lost by not employing my father! I am not bad. I have by long experience and some study made myself '*un petit général*,' as Napoleon would call me; that is to say, a third-rate chap, like Blucher and Marmont and others; but not a first-rate like Napoleon, Wellington, Moore, and perhaps Soult. I may indeed do amongst some of our Indian Generals, such as ——, with his nose full of grog, and heels full of Highland reels, but that is the length of my tether.

"I am, however, so done up that to get through another campaign would be impossible: to mount my horse even is an exertion. I who, ten years ago, did not know what fatigue was, and even at Poona knocked off 54 miles in the heat, am now distressed by 4 miles! Well, a man must die somewhere and some time, and I am ready. Where my services are wanted, there they must be given, and assuredly they are wanted here: live or die, here I must remain till a successor arrives. He should come soon though, for more fighting is not in me, this last illness has floored me, and

even my mind has lost energy; yet it is good to die in harness. To see my brothers and sisters once more, and Kennedy, is my wish but not my expectation, and I fear to tell them how ill I am. Prize money before going I hope for, to leave to my wife and children, and to my nieces; as to myself, money was never cared for by me except for those I love."

Happily the next few days brought cooler weather, arrears of official correspondence were worked through, and the consciousness of the rapid and satisfactory progress of his administrative measures infused a certain amount of vitality into his worn-out frame. Some extracts from a voluminous epistle to Sir W. Napier, covering the whole ground of Scinde affairs, will give some idea of his energy and versatility. The passages referring to the structure of his civil government are omitted.

"My thought is to tell Lord Ellenborough he must find another Governor, yet I feel the cool weather already favourable; if it proves so, no flinching in spite of doctors; they want me to go at once, but I am not so easily beaten as they suppose, and absolute necessity only shall make me abandon Lord E. To go just as these Beloochee chaps have knocked under might make them rise again, and a new coachman would have his horses off before he could gather up the reins. If we did not carry matters here with a high hand, John Company would find some of his allies in Hindostan very restive; we must be everywhere dictators. The Afghan work is not over. Everywhere but in Scinde we are considered beaten cocks, who left Cabul because we could not stay."

After explaining his treatment of the Belooch chieftains, he continues:—

"This is a wonderful land unlocked to civilisation, before unknown, but teeming with resources; and when we establish barracks and good houses the climate will be healthy; now we have not proper protection. As to carpenters, smiths, etc., there are none; the Ameers drove them away. When any one worked, the Ameers took half his earnings, and out

of the other half he had to give a moiety to the tax-gatherer as a present, so all left the land. None but Hindoos could earn bread; but when any of them were too rich to hide their prosperity the Ameers used gentle *persuasion*, according to the value the man put on his nose or ears and other parts, which he had to bid for with his own money! The progress of improvement is slow everywhere, but in this exhausting climate almost hopeless. A man who can live on a handful of grain, and will not work while he can live without doing so, is a hard fellow to deal with. An increased population will increase the price of food, and give a stimulus to exertion; it is in them, and so far as the Scindians were concerned the Ameers took it out of them. The Beloochee struts with sword and shield; the Scindian sleeps till kicked; the Hindoo goes about all eyes, and fingers as supple as his conscience, robbing everybody: to him the English are as a feast. Since we came the Hindoos have grown fat, swelling visibly, like the ladies at the teetotal drinkings, and as we do not interfere with their projections are happy beyond measure.

"A deputation of these Banians tried to turn me to account. They claimed from me a debt, of God knows how many rupees, due by the Ameers; I had, they said, taken all their treasure and ought to pay their debts. 'Your claim,' said I, 'was no doubt just on the Ameers; but I never heard of people fighting to pay other men's debts, and cannot possibly set such an example.' 'But then we shall starve and die.' 'Just what is wanted, for I am making a beautiful burying-ground and you shall be buried there gratis. Set your hearts at rest.' This joke settled the business. The whole treasury would not cover such debts. I collect no taxes due previous to 17th February, and will pay no debts previous to that period. This is certainly a little despotic, but my conscience is quite easy; these money-lenders are only unhanged rascals, and the whole story is generally believed to be a lie.

"I have no time to study antiquities, but strongly suspect, from the formation of ground, that Hyderabad is the site of the ancient Patala. If a little leisure comes I will read what

the wise say: that is, if good books can be got, but they are seldom worth reading. The real study is the ground. Look at the grand features which a thousand years cannot change, not at small matters which a dozen years would alter. I observe that Hyderabad is built on a mass of rocks, which, with some high ground near Meeanee, must always have split the river and formed the basin of the Delta. Burnes, Del Hoste, and Wilson, make conjectures upon ruins, and on channels through a flat alluvial soil, every part of which changes annually. From a boat I have seen 20 acres go under the river in an hour's time! But Sehwan and Hyderabad are fixtures, and if the river split at the last, as it must because of the rocks, it would run one branch down at the foot of the hills to Kurachee; the other would frisk at pleasure through the flat land to the East, changing its channels a thousand times since Alexander's day. Now we trace Alexander below Alore, and evidently at Roree; and even below Sehwan, and near Hyderabad, he must have been. At the time he was here we must suppose the Fullaillee was, as it is now, a great river, and my intent is to trace its course, of which we know nothing; to examine also the point above Meeanee where it branches off; and I think ere the cold season passes, to form a good guess where Patala stood, taking rocks as my guides.

"Mismanaging the waters is one cause of poverty. The Persian wheel is their great resource, but being expensive and a fixture, does not do for the poor. Rathborne was going to send for a newly-invented hydraulic machine; but it struck me that the Archimedean screw is the thing, and I am trying to make them of pottery, in which the Scindians are very expert. It can be carried by a man and laid down where necessary, and thus little rills, so much wanted, can be spread. When going to Emaum Ghur we crossed a fine ridge of rich hills in the desert, with wood and control of the Narra river, on the west bank, where it has water. Lord E. has, at my request, given a corps of engineers to survey this line; and my hope is, if I remain, to make this dry bed a canal full of water without injury to the Indus. Then for a

desperate fight with the desert; for I am sure, except where the great sand-track rises, which no mortal can deal with, a great strip of what is now desert may be made like Kent. I shall never see the result, but if it is shown that this fertile land, 10 or 12 miles broad and 400 or 500 miles long, can be cultivated; that it is rich and has healthy hills for retreat in the heat; I shall do much for the people of this grand country, to which I have done no injury, no wrong.

"The frontier is not yet settled, the heat will not let me go there at once in my weak state; but the moment it abates I will examine the range of hills running from Soonomeeanee to Shikarpoor. That will be a job, for I must take a strong escort, as all on that side are wild Beloochees, quite up to 'taking a dirty advantage.' Meanwhile I am forming a fighting camel corps, and I have long since proposed to form the army baggage also into a regular corps, able to manœuvre as well as the army, and if necessary defend itself. At Meeanee the camels were made to squat down in a circle with their heads inwards, having the men between their necks; it was a living redoubt, impenetrable for cavalry. My arrangements for the baggage corps are very minute and require time, but my fighting corps will soon be formed."

It is a remarkable proof of Napier's fertility and freshness of mind, that at the age of sixty, when most men have stiffened in military and all other notions, with only a short experience of Indian warfare, and with such a burden of military and civil business laid upon him, he should have conceived and carried into effect two such valuable ideas as those of the fighting and baggage camel corps. It was a curious coincidence that the letters of Napier asking leave to form a camel corps and of Ellenborough suggesting that he should do so, crossed one another. Both had it probably in their minds to imitate Napoleon's dromedary corps in Egypt; but the organisation of the Scinde camel corps was entirely Napier's own.[1] The

[1] Napier has had long to wait for a public recognition of the value

following description of the fighting camel corps is taken from a memorandum by General Sir M. M'Murdo, published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 18th June 1884:—

"The unit composed of a camel and his two riders is arranged thus: a double-seated saddle-frame of light wood-work rests upon a wadded leather pad, and is held in its place by the hump. The sirwan or camel-driver occupies the front seat, his arm being a carbine; the hind rider is the infantry soldier, armed with rifle and bayonet. The seat of

---

of this invention. If its organisation had not been first interfered with and then destroyed altogether by the Indian Government, the late history of England in the Soudan might have been very different. To the Scinde camel corps the march from Suakim to Berber after General Graham's victories would have been a simple affair. Since then Lord Wolseley has recognised its value, though he has departed from Sir Charles Napier's plan in some important respects. The Scinde camel corps was composed entirely of infantry soldiers; in Egypt, two-thirds were cavalry. Another variation, the reason for which is hard to conceive, consists in the selection of two-thirds of the force from heavy regiments—the Guards and heavy cavalry. The Scinde camel corps could never have ridden 70 miles in one night, seized a robber chief in bed and surrounded by his tribe, and have been back again with their prisoner by the following evening, if the men had not been picked for their light wiry figures. But the most important variation lay in putting only one man on the camel instead of two. The essence of Napier's organisation was that every camel should carry a driver and a fighter; that the driver should be armed in order to defend the camels when the fighters were detached, but that his primary duty was to manage his camel in the field or in camp. This division of labour is essential for two reasons. A single man on a camel, if attacked, can manage neither his beast nor his arms. Again, camels have a strangely delicate constitution, requiring the most constant and careful attention. This the British soldier has not time or knowledge to give. He doesn't know that his camel feels a sore back more than a horse does, or that if it once gets ill it never recovers. Nor has he time, at the end of a long march, to let it browse in its own way off the desert shrubs, which are almost its natural food. And the result will always be, as it was in the case of the Heavy Brigade on the Nile, that the poor camels die by scores or by hundreds, leaving their riders to find some other carriage, or walk home as they can.

the saddle is arranged with a small camel-hair saddle-bag (procurable everywhere in Eastern countries) for carrying food, and over it is laid the rider's quilt or blanket. The greatcoats when not worn were, I think, laid across the hump. Then a flat leathern water-bottle is hooked to the hind part of the saddle, while the 'massallah' (balls of pounded spice, etc.), by which the camel is sustained on long 'daurs' (forays) or journeys, is carried in the same manner in front. The pace is an easy shuffle, not at all tiring to the rider.

"The method of fighting is very simple. When the enemy is found, the commander selects the ground where the camels are to remain with the reserve during the action, sheltered from fire, yet chosen with a view to defence, and if in the vicinity of water, so as to command it. The corps then forms a square from column, or, if more convenient, from column of route, the camels facing outwards in single rank. The order is then given to dismount, when the camels sit down, and the drivers secure the thong of the nose-stud round the camel's knee, so that the animal cannot rise. The infantry soldiers, having in the meantime dismounted, form in quarter column of companies on their coverers within the square, when the commander makes his dispositions for fighting. Two or three of the camels are then made to rise to create an interval for the companies to pass out, when the living fort is reformed, the sirwans taking post behind their respective camels, with carbines unslung. No cavalry will charge such an obstacle. Horses recoil from seated camels. It is on record that in the early part of this century our cavalry, when in pursuit of a band of marauding Jutts, were repulsed on the Runn of Cutch in their attack on this formation. It should be borne in mind that neither baggage nor commissariat supplies accompanies a camel corps on its 'daur.' The principle of the corps is to cast itself loose and act on its own resources; and if the expedition should extend beyond ordinary limits—say 300 miles—or over three days, special arrangements must be planned for feeding both men and camels."

The Scinde camel corps was capable of marching 80 or

90 miles without a halt. It was placed under the command of Fitzgerald, a young man of heroic strength and daring, who soon became the terror of the robber tribes.[1] The baggage corps was only sanctioned by Government after two years of earnest solicitation, and will be noticed later on.

By the middle of August the troubles which were naturally to be expected from the continuation of the Ameers' kardars in office began to be felt, but the Journal shows in what spirit they were met.

"Roberts has come from the Delta, and brought up two scoundrel kardars who have been riding roughshod over the ryots. I will make such an example as shall show the poor people my resolution to protect them. Yes! I will make this land happy if life is left me for a year; nay, if only for six months they shall be sorry to lose the Bahadoor Jung (Lord of war). I shall then have no more Beloochees to kill. Battle! Victory! O spirit-stirring words in the bosom of society! but to me, O God! how my heart rejects them. That dreadful work of blood, sickening even to look on: not one feeling of joy or exultation entered my head at Meeanee or Dubba; all was agony, I can use no better word. I was glad we won, because better it was to have Beloochees slain than Englishmen, and I well knew not one of us would be spared if they succeeded: to win was my work for the day, and the least bloody thing to be done. But with it came anxiety, pain of heart, disgust, and a longing never to have quitted Celbridge, to have passed my life in the 'round field' and the 'devil's acre,' and under the dear yew trees on the terrace among the sparrows: these were the feelings which flushed in my head after the battles. Well, we are born for war in this good world, and will make it while men have

[1] His fame as a daring and skilful soldier was increased by his extraordinary feats as a sportsman. He killed fifty-three tigers in one year at Dera Ismail Khan, and thus cleared the jungle for his camels to browse in. The pulpit in St. Paul's Cathedral was erected to his memory.

teeth and women have tongues. But away with these feelings! Let me go to work, let me sink in harness, if so God pleases; he who flinches from work, in battle or out of it, is a coward.

"There is one great secret in the art of governing long since learned by me. People think, and justly sometimes, that to execute the law is the great thing: this they fancy to be justice! Cast away details, good man, and get a general view; take what the people call justice, not what the laws call justice, and execute that. Both legal and popular justice have their evils, but assuredly the people's justice is a thousand times nearer to God's justice. . . . My good friend —— is full of protecting his kardars. They were only getting what was really due to Government. Yes! such dues, so collected, would soon show us the road to Hindostan out of Scinde, and cause half a dozen battles; I shall teach this sort of chaps, these kardars, to find a way of doing their duty without unpopularity; there is no smoke without fire; justice must go with the people, not against the people; that is the way to govern nations, and not by square and compass."

In the beginning of September he was warned that he must go to Kurachee and rest, if he wished to live. Rest he would not, but he left Hyderabad and went down the river on a steamer, where he "slept continuously for several days." So refreshed was he by the voyage and change, that in a fortnight he wrote to Lord Ellenborough: "I feel again equal to my own work, which really overwhelmed me in June, July, and August. I seemed to have lost all power to labour from overpowering weakness; I hope now to earn my pay more honestly, for I assure you I have not been satisfied with myself for the last three months. Had I not seen the youngest and most powerful men equally crushed, I should have thought my constitution broken, and that duty to the public and your lordship demanded my resignation."

His energies were at once devoted to laying the founda-

tions of the commercial greatness of Kurachee. Much had been already done in the way of public works while the Government was at Hyderabad. He had paid attention at once to what was always uppermost in his mind—the welfare of the private soldier. Spacious barracks were built at Hyderabad, with rooms 25 feet in height, double roofs and upper ventilation. At Kurachee the Indian Government had already begun barracks on the old inferior models; these however were improved by the addition of verandahs, and in time barracks for the horse artillery were added, which were long a pattern of excellence. He had also, while at Hyderabad, repaired the fortress, strengthened his own entrenched camp, organised a station for river-steamers, and tried the experiment of controlling the ravages of the Indus by fixing long and heavy stakes backed with brushwood along the banks. The fortress of Aliar-ka-Tanda had been restored, and communication with Meerpoor secured by throwing bridges over the greater nullahs that intersected the country. Higher up the river docks and a commercial *dépôt* were projected at Sukkur; and preparations were made for a causeway to connect Sukkur and Shikarpoor, and for a dike to check the inundations which rendered the lands between those places so malarious. But the centre of his hopes and dreams was Kurachee. Writing to Sir George Arthur, then Governor of Bombay, he says, "You know Kurachee was my hobby long before I came to Scinde, and now that I know the place I am more sanguine than ever. I am going to put in force the Bombay custom-house regulations, for our intercourse will be so intimate, that the same rules should prevail at both to facilitate mercantile affairs. . . . Suez, Bombay, and Kurachee will hit Calcutta hard before twenty years pass; but Bombay will beat Kurachee, and be the Liverpool, if not the London of India."

Considering the natural obstacles to be overcome these were bold visions. The neighbourhood of Kurachee was hilly, but the seashore was so flat and the harbour so shallow that it was always difficult, and during the monsoons impossible, for vessels to make the port. To remedy these evils a lighthouse was erected and a pier commenced, which was designed to run out two miles into the sea. "The mole which I have not only proposed but begun, confident that Lord E. will sanction it, will enable troops, stores, and merchandise to land with perfect ease, independent of tides; and my hopes are that we shall be able to communicate with Bombay all the year round. This is too nautical a question for me to speak of, but I shall examine the bar well, and find out if we cannot cut it away; such things have been done I suppose, and if not, it is a reason the more for trying now." The next difficulty was that, though the future of Kurachee depended on its connection with the Indus, it was not built on any of its mouths. There were, however, the remains of an ancient watercourse called the Ghara Canal, which was at once taken in hand, repaired, and continued until it joined the port and the river. Besides the works designed to protect and fortify the city, swimming baths were built for the troops; and under the direction of Major Blenkins a tract of ground was appropriated as a Government garden.

"Major Blenkins, my commissary, is one of those Robinson Crusoe fellows gifted with the power of turning a wilderness into a paradise. His operations are magical. He arrived at Hyderabad after the battle of Meeanee, and before Dubba was fought his house was built, and all domestic animals that ever entered Noah's ark were in his compound. In two months more he had a magnificent garden which supplied the whole army with vegetables. When I reached Kurachee I found all my orders for forming and improving a garden

there had been neglected, though the means were at hand. I brought Blenkins down from Hyderabad. In one month his house was built, and a piece of land, before filled with weeds, though called the 'Government garden,' was by him instantly filled with camp-followers at work. The Government of Bombay was persuaded to allow 60 rupees a month, and the garden now (1845) pays 800 rupees a month, furnishing quantities of every kind of vegetable: for one rupee you may buy eighteen pounds weight of esculents!"

From this garden the soldiers were supplied without charge, and scurvy, which had been a terrible scourge, rapidly disappeared. To water the garden and the town pipes were to be laid down from a small river about 12 miles distant, and, after feeding gardens, fountains, and private houses, were to be carried out to the end of the pier to save vessels the trouble and expense of sending to shore for their water supply. But this useful scheme, though the estimated cost was only £1000 a mile, could never obtain the sanction of the Supreme Government. Though in his enfeebled state, and with the various demands upon his time and strength, Napier could not bestow on these works the time and attention he had given in Cephalonia, still his immense knowledge of detail enabled him constantly to make the most valuable suggestions to his engineers, and helped to keep them working at the full stretch of their powers towards the development of the natural resources of the country, to which he at all times and places attached the very highest importance. "Control the robbers," he says, "control the waters; open the communications, and the natural riches of the land and the variety of produce will do all the rest."

Things did not move nearly fast enough to please him. The Scindian was a lazy workman. One can imagine the governor's frenzied feelings at witnessing the following

sight: "When sick, and sitting in my room at Hyderabad, my attention was fixed on some workmen employed to draw bricks up a wall a little more than 20 feet high. Four men loaded little baskets, into which they put eight bricks and drew up one basket, mind! one basket in five minutes by my watch: thus four men took five minutes to supply eight bricks to the workmen above, whose operations were exactly conformable! the idleness of both being dovetailed and nicely fitted with the putty of interesting conversation." To idleness was added scarcity of labour, for the oppressive conduct of the Ameers had driven good artisans from the country. To attract workmen, and from a sense of justice to their class, Napier abolished the "abominable old Indian system of regulating the price of labour by a tariff; the market for labour was at once thrown open, and wages rose from forced labour, nearly unpaid, to 3d. or even 4d. a day. This met with opposition from the English, and, strange to say, I have hardly been able to enforce this rule yet. A tariff on labour is said to prevail in India at this moment; but this is not known personally to me, and I can hardly believe in such foul injustice and tyranny towards the labouring class."

Occasional growls broke from him at the slowness of his engineers, but more often at the stinginess of the Government in not allowing him a larger staff. Sir George Arthur was evidently exercised by his insatiable demands. "Have you no conscience?" he had written to Napier, who replies, "What a question to ask a Governor! No, to be sure I have not. Did you ever know of a Governor who had? He would, if discovered, be stuffed and sent to the museum! However, so far as I am personally concerned, drying would be unnecessary; Scinde has done that. I feel like a mummy *vivant*, travelling to see the difference between posterity and the times of Sesostris. However,

whatever I am, 'no conscience about engineers' troubles me." After two years' experience his judgment of his engineers was not unfavourable. He complains of the slow progress of works, but adds—

"Waddington would be a capital engineer for Methuselah; he is, however, a first-rate soldier, and few would suit me better for a siege, being clever, resolute, and up to his work, which he finally does beautifully; so does Scott, who is a trump; he is a nephew of Sir Walter Scott. Indeed, when I come to analyse, my remarks are not just: the laziness of their workmen, not the engineers' slowness, should certainly be blamed. Scott has no slowness; Maxwell is all energy, and so is Peate; yet work goes on like a tortoise. Well, patience is the remedy. I have lost Baker; he is very clever and very active; it is a great loss for Scinde."

Another "great loss for Scinde" may be said to have occurred in the failure to secure the services as engineer of Mr. G. T. Clark, so well known since to the industrial world as the manager of the Dowlais Steel Works, and to the learned for his original and masterly writings on military architecture in the Middle Ages. Mr. Clark was then staying at Government House, Bombay, whither he had been led by his intimate friendship with the late Sir Bartle Frere, then Secretary to the Governor. He has kindly sent the present writer an account of the negotiation for his services.

"My point of contact with Sir Charles Napier was narrow, but on his part characteristic. The study of Sir Charles's papers must, I feel sure, have made known to you that, although circumstances forced upon him the conquest of Scinde by the sword, what lay very near his heart was the desire to exercise his great administrative talents in the civil government of the province, and, as a corollary, in the development of its natural resources and the native industry.

He thus hoped to raise the character of the people, and to make the acquisition a strength instead of a weakness to our Indian Empire. Good roads, a canal, the improvement of the port of Kurachee, and the construction of a lighthouse there, were contemplated as his first steps, and he wished to place the construction of these works in the hands of some engineer, not in the regular service of the East India Company, and therefore not trammelled by the official delays of which Sir Charles was by no means tolerant. During the year 1843 he had urged this plan upon the Governments of India and Bombay, and in consequence, Sir George Arthur and Mr. Frere, then his private secretary, had named me to Sir Charles as likely to suit him, and had ascertained from me that, under certain conditions, I was both willing and anxious to be engaged. While these negotiations were pending, I met one day, at Government House, a captain in the Indian navy who had just returned from Kurachee. 'Sir Charles,' said he, 'has been talking to me about you, and asked me all sorts of queer questions; I expect he rather distrusted you as a friend of the Governor's, and he remarked that you wrote from Parell' (Government House). 'Does he wear varnished boots?' 'Upon this latter point,' said the captain, 'I was able to satisfy him, for the last time I saw you, you were in fisherman's boots, and up to the knees in mud, taking the particulars of a salt-marsh.' 'That's the man I want,' said Sir Charles. The result was a letter from Scinde, asking my terms. I stipulated for the pay and allowances of a lieutenant of Bengal Engineers, and to this Sir Charles agreed, but said he must have the sanction of the Supreme Government. This sanction Lord Ellenborough refused as irregular, and there, with a pleasant letter of regret from Sir Charles, the matter ended. He took my stipulation as to terms as reasonable. 'No man,' wrote he, 'not in the service, is likely to prosper, because he can have no foundation in case of illness.' I regretted the result exceedingly, for my tents were packed, horses ready, and instruments all in order, and I had been much attracted both by the energy and consideration shown throughout by Sir Charles."

The anxious question about "varnished boots" was very characteristic. His hatred of any affectation that interfered with honest hard work is illustrated by another story, which also shows how he turned a violent temper to good account. It is told in the words of General Sir M. M'Murdo; Sir Charles's tent at Hyderabad was the scene.

"The Bombay Government had intimated their intention of sending some frigates to the mouths of the Indus to take the wounded to Bombay. But as that coast was little known, and much dreaded, it was desirable to have the boats, with the wounded in them, ready to come out over the bar on a given day. I had to calculate therefore the time required for the voyage down the river, in addition to the arrangements for getting them into the boats. My first step was an urgent requisition on the Indus flotilla for the necessary number of native boats to be collected and covered in with reeds. Now the commandant of this flotilla had just joined from some smart appointment in Bombay, and seemed quite too big for his boots! No notice had been taken of my urgent demand that I could discover, and I went and presented myself to the great man on board his vessel, to ask what had been done in the matter; and, without rising from his chair, he said, 'Do you suppose a man of my rank is to collect boats for you?' 'Oh, I beg pardon!' I exclaimed, 'good-morning!' Thereupon I went to the General, and told him how matters stood. 'Send for him at once!' So he shortly arrived in full naval uniform amongst us ragged, unshaven chaps, and we 'run him in' to the General, who had been writing in his shirt and trousers, but for the occasion threw on his uniform coat. It did not require a dozen words to pass for him to twig the man he had to deal with; and he let out at him accordingly. 'I have enough to do, sir, in establishing order and government—oiled though the machinery may be by a competent staff; but when clogged by a pebble like you, sir! ——' or something to that effect, for the words were lost in the superior effect of the General's fist shaken in the direction of the astonished officer. Glaring at the shiny-buttoned coat,

he shouted, 'When work has to be done, I like a man to take off his coat to it!' And off went the General's own coat, which he flung to the corner of the tent! —— quietly got to the other side of the table, in the belief, most likely, that the General would assault him! But the boats were collected, I can tell you! and in the early dawn I had them moored from the hospitals, and I remember having my head and shoulders under one of the awnings, arranging a poor fellow on the straw, when I recognised the General's voice behind me, 'Is a man of your rank to put wounded soldiers into boats?' And when I scrambled out, the merry twinkle in his eye told me that the scene in the tent of apparently ungovernable rage was meant for the man he had to deal with."

The works of Kurachee, which have been briefly alluded to, could not be executed without considerable expenditure, and many were the outcries at the Governor's extravagance.

"How strangely people confuse things," he retorts; "scarcely can one be met who discriminates between economy and extravagance; they won't do it! People, generally of good sense, cannot see that £100,000 may be expended with a view to the most rigid economy, and be the most economical thing; while the not spending it would be most extravagant and impoverishing to a country. This mole will be, I am told, ruinous; yet it will change Kurachee from a mud-built hamlet to a large flourishing city, and save money in other ways! Three years ago they would not build a storehouse here for the Commissariat, from economy! I have had an exact calculation made, and fifteen thousand pounds,—I *write* it, so none of your cock-up-nose look, with 'that is an error of figures, he means 1500 rupees,'—fifteen thousand pounds sterling worth of costly stores have been destroyed by exposure to weather, which would have been saved by laying out £500 on a storehouse. This stupidity runs through all our 'economy.' In India economy means

laying out as little for the country and for noble and useful purposes as you can: and giving as large salaries as you can possibly squeeze out of the public to individuals, adding large 'establishments.' What is an establishment? An immense number of half-caste and native clerks to do the work that ought to be done by the head of the office."

Before the Governor's headquarters had been fixed at Kurachee a month, Scinde was visited, simultaneously with many other provinces, by a strange and unknown pestilence. The mortality was small, but no one escaped the sickness, which brought with it not only bodily prostration, but a lassitude of mind that led in many cases to suicide. Europeans and natives were struck down alike, the chief mortality being among the latter. The army could not stir; public works and agriculture were at a standstill.

"*To Sir G. Arthur, 29th October.*—We are in a fearful way at Hyderabad, and worse at Sukkur. The sickness is, I hear, the same all over India. We do not lose many lives, but neither of those garrisons can relieve their guards! A thousand men are sick in the entrenched camp at Hyderabad, and there are only native doctors; I have sent them four, but cannot spare one more. The 28th Regiment here cannot parade more than forty-four men, and half of those are convalescents! I trust a few weeks will improve us, or the whole force in Scinde will be helpless. The country people are as ill as we are; no workman can be had. Can you send me medical men? ours are all ill; Shikarpoor has not one, and a hundred men are in hospital; sixteen hundred are ill at Sukkur with only two doctors! Two thousand eight hundred are sick at Hyderabad, and only two doctors able to work!"

The sickness was confined to the banks of the river, about 10 miles on each side of it. Napier had little doubt that it was the result of the unusually high inundation of the past spring; but he also wrote strongly to Sir H. Gough about the remedy as well as the cause.

"General Lumley's letter asks, what measures the medical men recommend to prevent a recurrence. Nothing in the power of Government can prevent it; while the Indus overflows its banks and rain falls, malaria will prevail in Scinde.[1] But it may be diminished. By cultivation, which will substitute crops for decayed vegetable matter. By filling up all hollows containing stagnant water. Where that cannot be done without inconvenience to the inhabitants, by turning the ponds into tanks with sides of masonry. By building good barracks, especially for the Europeans. The stench of a low bad barrack is in the morning horrible. No European barracks should be less than 30 feet high; the number of men should be painted on the doors, and officers in command held responsible for this being observed. The heat of this country is tremendous, and if men have not thick walls and lofty rooms, sickness is inevitable. Such barracks are expensive, no doubt; so are sick soldiers; so are dead soldiers. But the difference of these expenses is, that the first is once and done with; the second goes on increasing like compound interest, and quickly outstrips the capital."

Internal prostration was not the only evil. While all labour was suspended, while the army was in such a state that, at last, there was no one to make out a report, and the gates of Hyderabad were fastened because there was no one to relieve guard, there seemed every probability that external foes were gathering to the aid of the plague. Gwalior was on the point of declaring war; the Sikhs were in arms, and, though in a state of complete anarchy, might at any moment find a leader and pour across the Sutlej; while the air was thick with rumours of preparations by the Afghans for a religious war. It was not surprising,

[1] There was supposed to be some connection between the sickness and the moon. Napier says, "It is strange, but true as gospel, that at the changes of the moon down we all go in fever here! The wise men in England may laugh, but no doctor here laughs; they pitch in quinine at full and new moon."

therefore, that the hill tribes, too, should be, to use Napier's words, "like banditti listening for the sound of carriage wheels;" the Scindian Beloochees on the west side of the river, "between a growl and a bite;" and "Ali Moorad apparently turning traitor in the midst of the sickening troops." In the midst of these troubles the General himself, only just recovering from his sunstroke, was struck by the new disease; but while all around him struggled unavailingly against the depression and weakness of mind which were the peculiar effects of the disease, his spirit remained erect and firm. Thinking that now was the time to test the moral force that his victories and the benevolent justice of his administration had given him, he assumed the sternest and haughtiest tone, though with hardly an escort to back up his menaces, towards Ali Moorad and the wild chieftains on the west bank of the river, until the abatement of the sickness in December speedily restored him to the power of fulfilling his words. He was soon happily assured that the mass of his subjects were with him. In the Delta, which had been a nest of robbers, the collector's escort were disabled by the sickness, but the peasants voluntarily supplied him with a guard. Officers travelled everywhere without protection, alone or in company. The Hindoo merchants supplied him readily with information, and he was satisfied from every source that he had no one to fear in Scinde except Ali Moorad and some of the greater chiefs. His own force was strengthened by the arrival at Sukkur of Sir Robert Sale, the noble defender of Jelalabad, with the 13th Regiment.

Ali had put forward various claims in insolent language while the sickness was at its worst. As soon, therefore, as some guns had reached Sukkur, he received a menacing reply that promptly brought him to his knees.

"You will be glad to hear," — to Richard Napier, —

"that Ali has been bullied by me. Sir Jasper Nichols was here when my letter to Ali went, and he and the Bombay folk all thought Ali would be furious and not bear it; even Sir G. Arthur thought so. I knew my man. Ali says I am his 'fountain of joy;' that 'his back was bent with the weight of my displeasure; now his heart dances like sunbeams on the waters of delight.' My displeasure would have taken the shape of twelve bomb-shells, tumbling every five minutes on his bent back, and perhaps preventing it ever becoming straight again!"

Having thus put an end to internal dangers, he felt comparatively tranquil about those from without. The troops were recovering their strength. Colonel Roberts had organised an irregular force in Cutch, with such good effect that some of the predatory chiefs asked leave to settle quietly in Scinde. Shikarpoor was reinforced, so as to be strong enough to defy Afghans and hillmen together; armed steamers patrolled the Indus, and Fitzgerald with his camel-corps had pushed up the western bank to Larkhana.

So ended the year of conquest. The summary of its events by Sir W. Napier shows that Sir Charles was not mistaken in his prophecy at Chester that perhaps the years he had yet to live would be the most eventful even of his chequered life.

"He marched at the head of troops about 1000 miles, more than 200 being in the desert.

"He won two great battles against 60,000 enemies, and by his skilful combinations dispersed 12,000 more.

"He took four great fortresses, repaired three, and constructed one, and a large entrenched camp.

"He received the submission of and conciliated 400 chiefs, some of whom could bring 20,000 men into the field.

"He arranged the military occupation of the country: no slight matter in a country where there were few buildings, and where a most pestiferous climate had to be encountered,

joined to the difficulty of ruling a conquered race and keeping in awe innumerable hostile neighbouring tribes.

"He established a civil government in all its branches, social, financial, and judicial, and organised a powerful effective police, horse and foot, for the public security.

"He examined in person the principal mouths of the Indus with a view to commerce, commenced several important public works, and planned others. And during the execution of these things, though twice struck down by most formidable diseases and reduced to the point of death, he conscientiously read and reflected on every court-martial of his military, and every serious criminal trial of his civil government; and, with a very extensive private correspondence, conducted a public one which presents a mass of eight hundred and fifty documents, many being long and profoundly reasoned memoirs upon war, policy, and government, all of them original, pointed, and serious, displaying a mind that never sank under labour."

The new year opened with a brighter prospect. Sir Hugh Gough's victory at Maharajpoor had put an end to the Gwalior war, and had made a general rising in the north-west unlikely, though the state of the Punjab still caused great uneasiness. The strength of the troops revived, and Napier's confidence and military ardour grew with it. His dreams sometimes went far beyond India. "How easily, were I absolute, I could conquer all these countries and make Kurachee the capital. With the Bombay soldiers of Meeanee and Hyderabad I could walk through all the lands. I would raise Belooch regiments, pass the Bolan in a turban, and spread rumours of a dream and the Prophet: pleasant would be the banks of the Helmond to the Bombay troops, and to a host of Mahometans, who would follow any conqueror. I have them now as enemies, and so must deal with them, but the Afghans cannot, I am sure, come through the Bolan."

While he was thus scheming improvements, planning defences, and writing memoirs and despatches, the Journal and private correspondence seem to swell rather than diminish. Besides his relatives and friends in England, his wife and daughters were still at Bombay. His interest in his children's education was as lively as ever, and, so incredible was his industry that, during the whole year of labour and anxiety that had parted them, he had never ceased to receive by the mail proofs of their studies in mathematics or other subjects, and to return them with corrections, remarks, and a fresh programme. Many a night he would deprive himself of his well-earned sleep to write long letters to some young officer who was acting foolishly or was in trouble, and whom he had no time to talk to in the day,—letters full of noble views of duty and fine religious feeling, expressed with a mixture of firmness and tenderness such as a father would use to a misguided son. Even private soldiers were amongst his correspondents, and his way of addressing them helps to explain their enthusiasm for him. Here is a good specimen.

"PRIVATE JAMES NEAREY—I have your letter. You tell me you give satisfaction to your officers, which is just what you ought to do; and I am very glad to hear it, because of my regard for every one reared at Castletown; for I was reared there myself. However, as I and all belonging to me have left that part of the country for more than twenty years, I neither know who Mr. Tom Kelly is, nor who your father is; but I would go far any day in the year to serve a Celbridge man; or any man from the Barony of Salt, in which Celbridge stands,—that is to say, if such a man behaves himself like a good soldier and not a drunken vagabond like James J——, whom you knew very well, if you are a Castletown man. Now, Mr. James Nearey, as I am sure you are and must be a remarkably sober man, as I am myself, or I should not have got on in the world so well as I have done:

I say, as you are a remarkably sober man, I desire you to take this letter to your captain, and ask him to show it to your lieutenant-colonel, and ask the lieutenant-colonel, with my best compliments, to have you in his memory; and, if you are a remarkably sober man, mind that, James Nearey, a remarkably sober man, like I am, and in all ways fit to be a lance-corporal, I will be obliged to him for promoting you now and hereafter. But if you are like James J——, then I sincerely hope he will give you a double allowance of punishment, as you well deserve for taking up my time, which I am always ready to spare for a good soldier, but not for a bad one. Now, if you behave well, this letter will give you a fair start in life; and, if you do behave well, I hope soon to hear of your being a corporal. Mind what you are about, and believe me your well-wisher, Charles Napier, Major-General, and Governor of Scinde, because I have always been a remarkably sober man."

At the end of March the Governor's firm attitude during the late troubles, backed up by the wonderful marches of Fitzgerald and his camel-corps, which was now in full work on the right bank of the river, produced a happy and unlooked-for result. The mountain chiefs offered to submit in a body. Sir Charles Napier received them at Kurachee.

"All the mountain chiefs have made salaam. One hundred and fifteen arrived here two days ago. A dozen miles off they halted with their armed followers and sent me word, 'They were come.' 'Very welcome! Make your salaam, but, if you come with arms, woe betide you.' Down went the arms. I received them haughtily, asking why they had hung back so long. 'We were frightened, and dared not appear in your presence.' 'Of what were you afraid?' 'We do not know. You are our king, we now lie at your feet and pray for pardon.'

"'Chiefs, have I done evil to any man except in battle?' 'No! You have been merciful to all, everybody says so.'

"'Why, then, were you afraid?' 'We do not know. Pardon, and we will guard all our country from enemies.'

"'I do not want you to guard anything: you saw my camel-corps. What I want is that you should be good servants to the Queen, my mistress.' 'We will.' 'Salaam, then, to her picture;' they did so, and then I said, 'There is peace between us. All Scinde belongs to my Queen: we are now fellow-subjects, and I am here only to do justice. But mark! If, after this, any chief plunders, I will enter his country and destroy his tribe. You all know the battles were won with a few thousand men. Now we have here 15,000, and 100,000 more will come at my call: hence my threat is not an idle one. I give now to each man his jaghire, and all he had under the Ameers.' Then they cried out, 'You are our king. Let it be so, we are your slaves.'

"Having thus assured them, I said, 'My soldiers shall be shown to you in order of battle to honour you.' They did not seem to like this; few had ever seen Europeans before, and seemingly they feared a massacre was designed; their terror was evident. Then I sought to reassure them, by asking questions about the battles of some who had been there and knew me. 'Why did you run away at Dubba when the cavalry charged?' One quickly answered, 'Because we were frightened; and that is the reason why I was unwilling to come before you now, for they say you like those best who fought best, and don't like those who ran away.' The Moonshee said to another chief, 'You were in our rear at Meeanee with 10,000 men.' 'No, only 8000,' he answered instantly. He is a shrewd old fellow, and told me of all the tribes that were then bearing down on us; we should have had 80,000 within a few days. His account tallies exactly with my knowledge, only he makes out that it would have taken six days; but the place he mentions as that where they heard of the battle proves that they were much closer. Thus I amused them for a good hour, laughing and joking about the battles; but there were three or four stern, unbending, savage-looking ruffians, evidently ripe for mischief and only yielding to circumstances, and I resolved they should see our troops.

"They obeyed my invitation, despite of their fears, and at four o'clock attended on horseback at my door. We rode to the field with my escort, under Ali Bey, who watches over me like a cat over a mouse. I took my guests to a hill in front, and threw out skirmishers; that they seemed to hold cheap, but when the line advanced it was different. 'That's the way you came on at Dubba,' said a Lugaree clansman, and the others called out, 'By Allah! it is a wall, a moving wall! Nothing can stand that! Oh, Padisha, you are master of the world! Who can stand before you?' 'Now, look again,' I said, and, as previously ordered, a long sustained file fire went on until the air was well agitated, and we could not hear each other speak, and then the line charged with shouts. These things surprised them most, and drew forth exclamations of 'Oh, Padisha,' etc. The guns kept a good fire also, and then we formed square, and, darkness having fallen, the sheets of flame covering each square and the rapid march of the guns over some rocky heights delighted them. Seeing this I dismissed them, saying, 'You have now had the same honour as we pay to kings.' This was agreeable, and I think we may count upon their fears for a long time. So much for the mountaineers."

Encouraged by the success of this meeting, as well as by the general tranquillity of the country and the rapid recovery of his own troops, Sir Charles Napier, in concert with Lord Ellenborough, determined on a still greater experiment. A summons was issued to all the Scindian Beloochee chiefs to meet in durbar at Hyderabad on Her Majesty's birthday, and there do homage. When the proclamation was issued neither Napier nor the Governor-General had expected the numbers to exceed two or three thousand, but, as the 24th May drew near, it became known that 30,000 would be nearer the mark, and that the risk must be run of assembling what was really a large Belooch army.

The General cheerfully accepted this new anxiety as an

opportunity for proving conclusively that the tranquillity of the country was genuine, and not due merely to the coercion of the troops. Nevertheless, he took ample precautions for the safety of the lives and interests under his charge. "Caution, coolness, and pluck will put all right," he said; "the first I abound in; the second it is hard to be in the month of May with the mercury at 105°; the last my soldiers have plenty of." In order to diminish the multitude to a certain extent, and under pretence of sparing the chiefs a long journey, those of Upper Scinde were invited to make salaam to General Simpson at Shikarpoor. At Hyderabad the place of conference was fixed between the Fullaillee and the Indus; the Western tribes to assemble on the right bank of the Indus opposite the entrenched camp; the Eastern tribes on the right bank of the Fullaillee, and so on the left bank of the Indus. In and around the fort and entrenched camp were massed the troops, 4000 men with sixteen guns, while the steamers moved up and down the river. The Beloochees were to be called over by tribes, and chieftains only were to wear arms. The meeting is briefly noticed in Sir Charles's Journal.

"*Hyderabad*, 22*d May*.—Reached this place in forty-eight hours from Kurachee. I believe it has only once before been done so quick. The chiefs begin to collect.

"24*th May*.—Received the salaams of about 1500 chiefs this morning. Their eagerness was such that four whacking Irish sentries and several officers could hardly keep the crowd back, yet all were quiet and orderly. There are more than 20,000 men assembled here, and I confess to being nervous; it would be terrible to have more blood shed.

"25*th May*.—The assembly is nearly over. The chiefs alone came armed, having my permission. Every great chief made salaams; in all about 3000, each having a lot of followers! Chiefs and jaghirdars showed the greatest good-humour and content, and express the latter openly: their

conduct indeed bespeaks their satisfaction, for everywhere we are quiet. This time last year I had conquered but had not quieted Scinde, the country was in arms against me, and I was personally very ill; now all is peace and I am well."[1]

The most important political business dealt with at the durbar was the settlement of the land question. Under the Ameers the chiefs had held their land—jaghire—as tenants at will, on condition of rendering military service. Immediately after the conquest the Governor had substituted assistance in the execution of public works for military service; but he now felt himself strong enough to introduce fixity of tenure and low rents, and thus to sap the foundations of the Belooch feudal system. He began by restoring their fathers' lands to the sons of all the chiefs who had fallen in battle against him, and then offered them and all others the choice of paying rent instead of holding on the service tenure. If the jaghirdar said he had no money to pay rent with, then he could purchase his jaghire for life, or for a hundred years, by cutting off from it such a piece as would yield to Government a sum equivalent to the rent charged upon him. "This strip," he says, "is divided among ryots at low rents, payable for the present in kind; and these poor people do, and will, industriously cultivate their small farms, and teach the great jaghirdar to cultivate his large holding."

The manner of fixing the rent is described in a letter to Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

"Now please to observe that this rent is not to be fixed according to the value of the produce of his jaghire; if I attempted to levy rent in that way they would quickly be in arms: it is estimated thus. The jaghirdar is bound to bring

[1] To prove the truth of the last assertion, on 6th June, with the thermometer at 110°, he rode from Tattah to Kurachee, 72 miles, without sleeping.

say ten soldiers into the field, which would cost him 80 rupees a month. Ay, says he, but you are not going to war every month. No, nor every year, so the Government will only ask from you 40 rupees every year instead of 80 every month, which it can claim. He consents, and returns to the Government a portion of his jaghire, which will yield a rent of 40 rupees yearly. It will, I know, take years to complete this plan, but meanwhile the Government loses nothing but what it will never ask for—viz. military service; and the jaghirdar, no longer a tenant at will, cultivates what he thus acquires a life interest in, or, what is better, a long lease. I think this will so consolidate the conquest of Scinde, and so change the idle character of the Belooch, that in fifty years this may be the richest province and most industrious people in India; but, until men have a property in what they hold, they will be idle and unsteady. Having established a rent, I am indifferent to its being paid for some years; the tenant will feel that he cannot be turned out, while the neighbouring jaghirdar can, and this feeling will do its work in time."

By leaving to the jaghirdars the choice between his new system and the old, he was well aware that he was damaging the prospects of the revenue; but he was confident that the forced comparison of the two systems would be entirely favourable to his own, and his object, to use his brother's words, was "not revenue, but civilisation."

This sketch of the settlement of Scinde may be fitly closed by the notice of two pieces of news exciting very different feelings in Napier's breast. One was the recall of Lord Ellenborough; the other was the arrival of the reports of the speeches in Parliament on the vote of thanks to the army in Scinde.

The departure of Lord Ellenborough was spoken of by Napier as an irremediable misfortune for himself, although he knew that in Sir Henry Hardinge, the new Governor-

General, he had a brother veteran of the Peninsula, a sincere personal friend, and one who might be expected to have a soldier's sympathy with a soldier; but for the Governor of Scinde there could be no friend like Lord Ellenborough. It was Lord Ellenborough who had first given him an opportunity of coming to the front in India, who had sent him to Scinde, and in the execution of whose policy he had become its conqueror and pacificator. Scinde and its ruler had received during his term of office an amount of attention and generous encouragement that could not be expected from any other Governor-General. "Lord Ellenborough is my great support," he had written to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, "for right and wrong are not the rules in India, and but for him I should have been unable to get through my work. They who think he leaves everything here to me are wrong; he looks with indefatigable energy into everything, and directs all the chief points. His mind is most searching, it gauges everything; and his plans are noble and generous to the people." To his brothers he poured out his feelings about the coming change, and his dread that Hardinge's want of special interest in the province would give his enemies in the official world new chances of tormenting him. "No man can supply Lord E.'s place to me. Hardinge must hurt me; common sense tells me he must have his own plans or he would be a fool, which he is not. Lord E. left everything military in my hands, and overthrew all opposition at Calcutta. This I can no longer expect, and plans will now come to me to execute." And again: "The mind works smoothly when following its own invention, and the body feels no fatigue till after. However, fate settles all these things, and my best shall be done wherever placed; but I told Lord E. truly that India, since he left the Government, appears to me like an empty house. I did

not tell him it was full of cursed bugs also, but dare say he knows that well enough, and Hardinge will soon find it out."

The thanks of Parliament for the success of the military operations in Scinde were not voted until 12th February 1844—that is to say, within a few days of a year after the battle of Meeanee. But Napier had not been entirely without consolation for this tardiness. He was personally entirely satisfied by the praise of the great Duke. "The Duke of Wellington has written me a note in his own hand, using this expression, 'The two glorious battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad.' This is enough. He and my brother William think well of my work, and I care for no other opinions. . . . To be thanked or reprimanded by Parliament is nothing to me—the thanks of Joe Hume, *par exemple*, after his Greek loan. I want no thanks from the place-hunters who infest St. Stephen's. I care indeed for Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, and Roebuck, and half a dozen fellows having either ability or conscience, but not for the mass congregated there." Still he felt the delay keenly as a slight upon his reputation, and still more for the sake of his soldiers, who had received no recognition of their heroic courage and endurance. When at last the speeches reached him he could not help giving vent to his exultation at the praises showered on him by his revered leader and by Sir Robert Peel. "Now I ought to die," he exclaims, "and have the Duke's speech graven on my tomb." The Duke gave an admirable summary of the military operations, and a general estimate of Napier's abilities, which, coming from a man of such absolute sincerity, was enough to justify Napier's remark that the Duke's speech alone put him at the top of the tree. The Duke said, "My Lords, I must say that, after giving the fullest consideration to these operations, I have never

known any instance of an officer who has shown in a higher degree that he possesses all the qualities and qualifications necessary to enable him to conduct great operations. He has maintained the utmost discretion and prudence in the formation of his plans, the utmost activity in all the preparations to ensure his success, and, finally, the utmost zeal and gallantry and science in carrying them into execution."

Sir Robert Peel, who had seen much of Napier's private correspondence as well as his despatches, was enthusiastic in his admiration. After remarking that, when all honour had been given to the army, the General was still the hero of the campaign, he proceeds to say :—

"It is most fortunate that at such a crisis, and under circumstances of such difficulty, the command of the British army was committed to a man, one of three brothers, who have engrafted on the stem of an ancient and honourable lineage that personal nobility which is derived from unblemished private character, from the highest sense of personal honour, and from repeated proofs of valour in the field, which have made their name conspicuous in the records of their country. Sir, each of those three brothers learnt the art of war under an illustrious commander, during the whole of those memorable campaigns of which one of them has been the faithful, impartial, and eloquent historian; and the exploits of those three brothers during the whole of those campaigns entitle them to the gratitude of their country. . . . The quality of actions, sir, chiefly depends on the character of those who superintend them. The actions which have been performed by the members of the Napier family may appear foolhardy to the pusillanimous, they may appear the mere result of a lucky chance to the superficial; but however desperate they may appear when they are undertaken and superintended by ordinary minds, they are, nevertheless, reconcilable with the soberest calculations of prudence when directed by such a man as Sir Charles Napier.

"Sir, there is one point I am desirous of adverting to,

because I know if rashness could be imputed to Sir Charles Napier—if it could be imputed to him that he had needlessly led the British army into the conflict—no praise which we could bestow on his valour would compensate him for the painful reflections which such an imputation would give birth to in his mind. I think it is impossible for any one to peruse the papers relating to this question without coming to the conclusion that not only was that the wisest course which Sir Charles Napier could take—namely, that of at once encountering the enemy, but that if he had pursued any other course, the safety of the army would have been compromised. . . . In estimating the conduct of Sir Charles Napier, I do not think the chief praise is due to his military skill—I do not think it is due even to his personal valour; but I do think it is due to him for the course which he took, and his opposition to those who advised a postponement of hostilities, in at once engaging the enemy. Having pondered on the consequences of retreat—knowing the shock which our Indian Empire would sustain by a repetition of a disaster like that of Cabul—he, on his own responsibility, with less local knowledge than was possessed by many around him, had the courage to act in opposition to the advice he received, and committed that army and his own reputation to the fate of a doubtful war. It is chiefly for that exhibition of moral courage that I think him entitled to the thanks of the House."

The generous warmth of expression and feeling throughout the speech shows that Peel's imagination was really kindled by the subject; nor was his praise exhausted by an official speech. After a careful study of Napier's despatches he often expressed a profound admiration alike for their matter and their form. "No one," he said, "ever doubted Sir Charles Napier's military powers, but in his other character he does surprise me—he is possessed of extraordinary talent for civil administration." His opinion of Napier's style is recorded by the Reverend Edward Coleridge:—

"*Eton College, 18th Sept.* 1853.—Some time in 1843 or 1844 Sir Robert Peel said to me, 'You are acquainted, I think, with the Napier family?' 'Yes, in some degree with three members of it.' 'To which of them do you award the palm in literature?' Expressing surprise I answered that I had never regarded Sir Charles Napier as a writer, but as the most heroic and generous of soldiers. 'Well,' he said, 'I can assure you that I am much inclined to rank him above his brother. Not I only, but all those of the Government who have read his letters and despatches from Scinde, are immensely struck by their masterly clearness of mind and vigour of expression, and feel with me that he is as great with his pen as he has long proved himself with his sword. I have no hesitation in placing them in comparison with the Gurwood despatches, or with the best things of the kind which have ever been written. EDWARD COLERIDGE."

It was somewhat surprising after such language that the only honours bestowed on Sir Charles Napier were the colonelcy of the 22d Regiment and the Grand Cross of the Bath. "Sir R. Peel's speech," writes Napier, "has made people here believe that I am to be made a peer. I do not believe this to be the case, and I do not wish that honour to be conferred, because I will on no account take a pension with it, to end my career by robbing my starving countrymen." He was quite content with the praise he had received, deeply grateful to Peel, and exultant at the great Duke's less eloquent but not less weighty words. In a letter to Sir Henry Hardinge he says of Wellington and himself: "The hundred-gun ship has taken the little cock-boat in tow, and it will follow for ever over the ocean of time!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HILL CAMPAIGN—SIKH WAR—ADMINISTRATION.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S name will go down to posterity in Indian military history in connection with the battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad. Those achievements had direct political results of considerable importance in themselves, and of a nature to attract general attention. But brilliant as they were as pure feats of arms and generalship, they are surpassed in daring originality of conception and execution by the expedition of 1845 into the fastnesses of the robber tribes.

The submission of the Western tribes has already been noticed, but there remained yet the most troublesome of all the neighbours of Scinde—the tribes on the northern frontier. Between Mooltan and Scinde rises a range of mountain rocks, separated from Scinde by a considerable stretch of desert, and trending from the Indus to the Soliman and Hala ranges. These rocks, called the Cutchee Hills, were the almost inaccessible home of the Murrees, Jackranees, Mazzarees, Bhoogtees, Doomkees, and other predatory tribes owning a nominal allegiance to the ruler of Mooltan, or the Khan of Khelat, but practically independent, and always engaged in fighting one another or plundering their more industrious neighbours. Of these tribes the Doomkees under Beja Khan were the most audacious and formidable. This chief, who was supposed to be receiving encouragement from Mooltan and from the

exiled Shere Mohammed, made a foray into Scinde in the spring of 1844, and committed acts of the most barbarous cruelty. Forty people were killed, and the hands of little children were cut off for the sake of their bangles. This outrage could not be tamely borne. Beja Khan's fortress was at Poolajee, on the edge of the desert. Fitzgerald persuaded the General to let him take a small force and surprise him there. The unfortunate result of the expedition is related as follows:—

"Fitzgerald and Tait wrote that they could catch Beja in his bed at Poolajee, as Fitz had lived a year there and knew the place. With a bushel of cautions and orders about supports, to protect the retreat after the capture, I consented. They then discovered that Poolajee was protected by a fort, with 500 matchlock men, and that there must be a regular attack, the place being fortified, which Fitzgerald never told me. Tait wrote to me for further orders, and they were 'not to stir a foot;' but the boiling courage of Fitzgerald overpowered the more sober Tait with taunts, and off they went with 500 horse and 200 foot (camel-men) to attack Poolajee. They lost their way, arrived at Poolajee about eight o'clock instead of night, man and beast knocked up—grilled with the sun, and no water. Fitzgerald led his men slap at the gate, with a sack of powder carried by the same sergeant who carried the bag of powder at Ghuznee. A terrible fire opened, ten were killed, the poor sergeant one, and twenty were wounded. How Fitz escaped no one knows—differently dressed from the men, and striding at their head, lots of men on the walls knowing him well, distinguished also by his giant size and daring courage!

"Unable to make any impression, they all retired, and with great difficulty reached Chuttar Bazaar, a fort in the desert, where they got water, the enemy having luckily forgotten to fill up the well. They afterwards got back to Khangur, nearly dead, having marched 77 miles without a stop, except to drink at Chuttar! And in this sun!! The

courage of the sepoys was conspicuous. Fitzgerald and Tait have been in bed ever since from fatigue, chagrin and fear of my reproaching them, which I ought to do, but the will and the courage were so good I cannot bring myself to be very angry; yet the death of the ten gallant men grieves me deeply."

Napier at first thought of going north in person, but restrained himself, for he would not appear in arms unless to strike a heavy blow, and that could not be done till the next cool season. In order to keep Beja occupied during the hot weather he accepted the services of Wullee Chandiah, the old chief whom he had restored to liberty, and who now came forward to prove his gratitude by declaring war against his benefactor's enemies. No further disturbance occurred until June 1844, when Beja Khan again swooped down and surprised a party of grasscutters and their escort; 200 men were killed and 50 wounded. Owing to the presence of soldiers the occurrence was magnified into a victory, and the fame of it spread to Candahar. The officer commanding the detachment which furnished the escort subsequently attacked and defeated another band of robbers, but as nothing further could be done owing to the heat, the General had to content himself for the time with issuing a severe order on the subject of discipline on the frontier:—

"The Major-General desires that the European officers of the irregular cavalry shall never quit their saddles, day or night, when a detachment is out of their cantonment. The European officer who commands at an outpost must be eternally on his horse, with his sword in his hand; he should eat, drink, and sleep in his saddle. An outpost officer has no right to comfort or rest except when all is safe; and that can never be in the presence of such an active enemy as these mountain robber tribes are in every country where they exist. It is

ignorant work for officers to gallop their troops over country after mischief has been done. This is to harass their men and horses, and is a mark of inexperience in outpost duty; it is to play the game of the enemy."

All that summer and autumn Napier meditated deeply how this new danger to his government should be dealt with. Action of some sort had become imperative. Besides the loss of life and property, a repetition of such forays would bring discredit on the Government and weaken its authority. Outside, again, there was the danger that the exaggerated accounts of Beja's successes would attract all the roving swordsmen between the Sikh country and Beloochistan, and swell the numbers of the robber tribes, which already amounted to 18,000 men, into a host that might prove perilous not only to Scinde but to India. He attempted successfully to divide the tribes and make them fight one another, but his allies, to whom he had promised their enemies' lands if they conquered, were defeated by Beja so thoroughly as to extinguish all hope of effecting his purpose by such means. This failure only confirmed his resolution to put down the mischief, and set him free to do it in his own way. Early in November he quitted Kurachee, designing to march through the western hills up to Sukkur, a tract of country still unknown to him. The journey was meant not only to prepare for a decisive settlement of the border troubles but to ascertain how his government was working in the wildest part of his province. Before setting out he gave a most practical and crushing reply to the repeated assertions of a hostile party in Bombay that the whole province was eagerly waiting an opportunity to revolt from his rule, by sparing, at the earnest request of the Bombay Government, one European and one native regiment; and still more by filling their places with two regiments which he raised from

among the very Beloochees in whose eyes he was said to be so detestable.

Everywhere on his march he was struck by the natural resources of the country and the goodwill of the people, but, owing to the ravages of the late sickness, Government had become somewhat slack and freebooters very audacious. Shortly after he set out two robber chiefs were captured, one, Nowbut Khan, by Wullee Chandiah. The Governor rewarded Wullee by giving him Nowbut's sword, which secured a blood-feud between them. But Nowbut's crimes had been so atrocious, and the necessity for a severe example was so great, that he was sentenced to be hanged with his fellow-captive. This second capture had been made by Fitzgerald, who had taken his camel-corps 65 miles in the night, and surprised the chief when most of his followers were away on a foray.

"All the people," writes Napier, "are rejoicing at the capture of these murderous fellows. A man placed as I am must have nerve for his work, but it is very painful. May God make just my decisions, for my mind being once fixed, I strike! If self-defence is permitted, I am justified to kill these men as if struggling for life with an assassin: this some think contrary to the Christian religion; perhaps so, but then government must cease, and ruffians rule: human nature cannot go this length. Hence with a heart free from all feeling but that of duty to society, I will put down the Scindian robber in three months, unless it be God's will that I should fail."

His progress through the country was slow, for at many villages the people came to him with complaints, and he would not stir from the spot until the truth had been made clear to his mind, and the offenders punished. Errors of government and scattered instances of oppression he had expected, but he found, besides, to his indignation, that in

many parts his decree prohibiting slavery was a dead letter. "Slavery, these villains carry it on to an immense extent, and treat their slaves cruelly. I have arrested several, and am marching them as prisoners, meaning to punish rigorously; the whole country is in alarm—*i.e.* the slaveholders. This is what I want. They talk of their property—they bought the slaves. In fine I have a full dish of 'vested interests,' 'rights of property,' and all the cant of old; but being a sensible man, the right of the child not to be sold or bought is uppermost. My answers to the Beloochees, who argue their claims to slaves as well as if they were professors of Brougham's London College, are handcuffs, the scourge, and working on the road."

The subtlety of his method of dealing with the slave-owning chiefs is well shown in the following passage:—

"Take two men, the same crime, everything the same in the eye of the law; hang one and all the country will bow to your justice; hang the other and the country will rise in arms. Now Wullee would handle a caravan as well as Nowbut; but Wullee is a holy man as well as chief and robber, and my friend. He could turn out 20,000 men to mend the matter, and he took Nowbut prisoner! It would never enter the head of a civil servant to consider how far our strength would go. But here is another affair for management. Wullee has slaves, and so have his chiefs. So I took advantage of having done him the favour of hanging Nowbut, to make an oration against slavery in general, and, growing gradually more violent, swore in the midst of a great assembly, I would have vengeance on any man who thus defied the Queen's orders; and then told Wullee to warn all the sirdars against it; I had ten of them prisoners in my camp as felons, all his friends. . . . But my policy is so little understood, that I have even had trouble to keep my highest officers from making Wullee Chandiah revolt; they class all natives alike as rascals, but they are not so; their robberies are their trade, and not in their eyes dishonourable; and I do not rest my anger on the

ground of any man being a robber, but that he does not obey the orders issued by me."

In these durbars he often felt profoundly his ignorance of the native language, but no doubt his vigorous gestures and flashing eyes did much to make up for that deficiency. On one occasion he says, "I took fire in excellent style; Kean never acted better, and the scene was perfect. I swore to bury myself and my army in Scinde, or destroy slavery; I made my interpreter roar aloud that the Queen was the *Father* of all the poor; that every person should be as free as I was myself; and having thus laid down the law in a way that no man there liked to dispute—lo! the perfect freedom of Scinde!—I went off in a eulogy on old Wullee Chandiah's high character, faith to Government, and ended by giving him Nowbut Khan's sword, which, by the way, I wished to keep myself, but thought it too like thieving."

By the middle of December he had reached Sukkur, having meditated and seen enough to convince him that war with the hill tribes was inevitable. The march through the country had helped him in many respects. It had given a new impulse to the loyalty of the population. "The people here come from afar and squat down 50 yards from my tent, to see their 'king.'" The fame of his progress, too, had spread far into the west.

"In my camp now there is a prince, ambassador from Khiva, who has with great danger effected his journey. He assures me that the King of Ourgan, or Khiva, hates Russia and the Khan of Herat; and, if we will march against Herat and Bokhara, he will work them from the west, and my success is certain! And if I will attack Cabul, he will, at the word, be at the Afghans. To confirm his goodwill he gave me presents, which I accepted, made a return from our gift *dépôt*, and sold his by auction, which put ten rupees profit into the

Company's purse. Well, Khiva was too late. An ambassador from Yar Mahomed of Herat had got here first, and gave me a fine horse—good beast! he is close to my tent asking for a biscuit; I bought him, however, at auction. This ambassador was accredited for the Bombay Government, but on reaching Scinde, heard that I was the man to bribe. . . . The greatest honour for them is to show our strength and discipline, our rapid firing, our artillery. I sent a troop of horse artillery full gallop up a rocky height for this man; it delighted him, and he will tell such Eastern lies as will do good all over Asia."

Meanwhile the constant strain of body and mind was again telling on his diminished strength. Marching, redressing grievances, meditating on the coming campaign all day, and writing the greater part of the night, he was wearing himself out. He had started, feeling "as strong as Red Rover," his pet charger; but in ten days fever was upon him again. "I feel very unwell," he writes, "and know not what ails me; my spirits flag in an unwonted manner; perhaps my end is near." Bad spirits gave a gloomy turn to the superstitious feelings which were so habitual with him. "Things do not please me; strange events occur of a dark nature; men receive warnings. I went back to my home the 12th of November, when one march from Kurachee, at the beginning of this journey; my horse fell, and how I escaped is strange, for he rolled over me. I never quitted the saddle, and one foot was fast in the stirrup, yet I got free, because my boot came off. Red Rover stood still, but he, my favourite horse, fell! Again, I went to see the *Sir Charles Napier* steamer, I fell down the hold, and that from the cabin, where I thought I was safe! These things affect me. Am I to fail, or fall, in the raid against the robbers? If to fall, well, of that I am not afraid; but am I to fail?"

If he had failed, it would certainly not have been from

underestimating the difficulties before him, or from want of forethought in preparing to overcome them.

"Troops must be moved over a desert, and through mountains, with much privation, and my age disables me as to the personal labour required to stimulate soldiers to endurance; and when they lie down to sleep, I must write. Pretty refreshments for an exhausted man! Some of the marches also are likely to be in snow, and cold is death to the poor sepoy, while the heat of the desert kills Europeans. The passes also will be formidable, and if the Murrees should turn out foes, there will be many defiles to deal with. These Murrees are the men who defeated Clibborne, and destroyed Clarke; and though success seems to me certain, defeat would be equally so if want of caution gave those warlike men an advantage. I shall take foot artillery, being sure they are best in mountains; they jump off the gun in an instant, and on again; whereas the horse artillery have led horses to mind while their riders are with the guns. If there are very bad passes, the guns can be taken to pieces, but the horses add to the delay, by as much as their number exceeds that of a foot battery; this is a trifle, but on such occasions trifles tell heavily. Foot artillery can move as quick as horse artillery, or any infantry on a mountain road; the men always walk half the march, but the horsemen never. My plan is to have light 6-pounders, with a great power of draught. I have furnished 125 horses to a foot battery. I am now getting some mountain guns ready to put on camels or mules. It is everything to have a gun up, no matter if it carries but a pound ball. As to myself, I am conscious of having gained much as to a battle; I cannot describe it, but feel myself a better man, able to attempt, not more perhaps than I have done, but with more confidence."[1]

By the beginning of January 1845 his plans were matured; both Lord Ellenborough and Sir H. Hardinge

[1] The Duke of Wellington once said to Sir W. Napier, "I have fought many battles, and have acquired an instinct about them which I cannot describe, but I know how to fight a battle."

had approved of them, and the troops were ready to carry them into execution.

"My preparations have all been made so quickly as to give no alarm; yet 2000 infantry, 1100 cavalry, twenty-three guns, and two elephants, are ready for Beja. Amongst my ordnance will be four mortars and six howitzers, and I have a strong corps of pioneers and artificers for preparations of carriage and the opening of roads; miners are also provided, and well-sinkers, with plenty of jumpers, and steel to renew them, for they wear fast if the rock be hard. Bags of lime also I have provided, which in blasting rocks saves powder; nor have water-skins been forgotten, in case they should poison the desert wells, which is probable.

"*8th January.*—Plot thickens, but no impatience, Charles Napier! No jumps to conclusions! Step-by-step work is this; things must go on deliberately, and settle down; one order must be well understood before another is issued, or horses will be overloaded and asses crushed. Thought first, arrangement next, and then for rapidity without confusion; thus before Beja thinks I am out of bed he shall find me on his track."

When his designs became known they were received with an outburst of incredulity and ridicule. The Bombay press had poured torrents of abuse upon him ever since he had been in Scinde; in their columns he was generally described as "an imbecile ruffian, delighting in carnage, faithless, rapacious, a liar who disgraced the army, and stained the glorious age of Wellington." "The sordid and shameless leader of Scinde." "The liar at the head of the Scinde Government," and so on. It was not surprising therefore that such critics should now remark that "he was an insane old man about to lose all his troops; was in utter ignorance of these terrible mountaineers' strength; they would baffle, would laugh at him, and then destroy." But there were many Indian officers of experience who were equally discouraging, though less abusive. It was said in military

circles that Sir Charles Napier was too confident from his previous successes—he did not know how terrible those mountaineers were in their fastnesses. Even the Scinde army was infected by the feeling that success was hopeless, and M'Murdo was said to be the only man on the staff who believed the plan to be feasible. There was plenty of reason for doubt. A desert of sand, with few wells, and all protected by forts, lay between the Indus and the gloomy mass of precipitous rocks amidst which 18,000 daring swordsmen were lying hid. It was their boast that for six hundred years no king had ever got beyond their first defiles; they had massacred one English force and defeated another. If followed into their fastnesses they contested every pass and every rock with matchlock, sword, and stones. On a foray they rode small high-blooded mares of wonderful speed and endurance; the horse's food being tied under its belly, while the man carried a coarse cake and arrack over his shoulder. "Every man," says Napier, "has his weapon ready, and every man is expert in the use of it; they shoot with unerring aim, they occupy positions well, and strengthen them ingeniously, and their rush on a foe is very determined; they crouch, they run, covered with protruding shields, which they thrust in their adversaries' faces, and with a sword, sharp as a razor, give a blow that cuts through everything, lopping heads and limbs."

In the face of such opponents and such difficulties Sir Charles Napier showed himself as wily as he was daring. He moved columns on many directions in Scinde to encourage a notion that he was preparing for a march of conquest into Central Asia. This imposed on the Scindian chiefs and many surrounding nations, and received a certain colour from the arrival of the envoys of Herat and Khiva. He forced Ali Moorad to take the field, whereby he not only kept that Ameer under his eye, but secured the aid of his

subjects, the Boordees. He induced the Khan of Khelat to favour the enterprise, though his chiefs were all secretly partisans of Beja. While he was pushing on his preparations with the utmost speed and secrecy he spread the report that the sickness of the troops at Sukkur would prevent him stirring before the following year; and letters to the same effect were sent to the Khan of Khelat by a route which would ensure their falling into Beja's hands. By 11th January 1845 all was ready for the start.[1] "In executing my general plan," he writes, "all accidental circumstances must be carefully observed to make them bear on my leading principle—namely, a course of action in direct contradiction of that great principle of war, which prescribes concentration of your own forces and the aiming to divide that of your enemy. My object shall be to drive the hillmen into masses; because all history tells us that neither barbarous nor civilised warriors of different tribes or nations long agree when compressed.[2] To drive their cattle into masses along with their masters is another object, for then will follow want of water for man and beast, and they must fight or perish." With the completion of preparations came happier omens. "This time two years I marched against the Ameers and a comet appeared: three

[1] His force, exclusive of Wullee Chandiah's followers and Ali Moorad's contingent, was composed as follows: the Scinde Horse, 6th and 9th Irregulars, and the horsemen of the Bundelcund legion, about 2000 in all. Infantry—the Company's 2d Europeans, two weak native battalions, the foot of the Bundelcund legion, and the camel corps: altogether 2500. Siege artillery: 21 pieces, of which 13 were mortars or howitzers. Field artillery: 16 pieces, 9 being howitzers, 3 mountain guns, and the rest 6-pounders.

[2] The Duke of Wellington said to Mr. Rogers, "Napoleon should have waited for us at Paris." "Why?" "Because 800,000 men would then have gathered round him." "Is not that the reason why he should not?" "No! why he should; for when 800,000 men get together there's a damned deal of jostling!"

days ago another comet appeared. Does this argue the same success? How these strange coincidences strike the mind!—at least they do mine: they have not much influence on me, but they have some. Accident has also given me the 16th of January" (Coruña) "for crossing the frontier. God's will be done, whether evinced by signs or not: my business is to do my duty."

The first object the General had in view was, by pushing with unexpected rapidity across the desert, to seize the principal defiles leading into the Cutchee Hills.[1] These were five in number—Poolajee, Tonge, Zuree-Kooshta leading to Zuranee, Gundooee, and Seebree. Beyond Zuranee were the double defiles of Lallee and Jummock. Fronting these defiles were the protected watering-places of the desert. Chuttar, leading to Poolajee; Ooch, leading to Zuranee; and Shahpoor between them, leading either to Poolajee or Tonge. On the 13th Napier marched with an advanced guard of cavalry and guns from Sukkur to Shikarpoor, 26 miles. A detachment of sappers and well-diggers under Lieutenant (now General) Harley Maxwell pushed forward to Khangur; while Jacob and Fitzgerald, in support of the Chandikas in advance on their left, were to start the same day from Larkhana to surprise Poolajee. The infantry, artillery, and commissariat remained at Sukkur under Brigadiers Hunter and Simpson, who had orders to follow at a stated time, Ali Moorad being instructed to march at a still later period. On the 14th Napier marched 13 miles to Jaghur, and 16 miles next day to Khangur. Here he heard that Jacob's force was at Rojan, 14 miles on his left, but suffering much from fatigue and thirst. It was further reported that the enemy were at Shahpoor, deceived by the General's intercepted letter, and ignorant of his approach. Wullee Chandiah, marching on

[1] See Map No. 1 at the end of the book.

Jacob's left, was still making for Poolajee; so the General modified his plans as follows: "If Wullee Chandiah be true, he will this night attack Poolajee, and though Jacob's horsemen are too distressed to reach that place for the morning combination, they can reach Shahpoor; and an attack there, coupled with that of the Chandikas at Poolajee, will still drive the hillmen eastward, and cut them off from the western mountains, which is the first great object of the campaign. Ooch is the next watering-place east of Shahpoor, and only 16 miles from it: to Ooch, then, the enemy will naturally retire, unless he defeats Jacob at Shahpoor, and Beja may still be intercepted." When he wrote this the troops had already marched 16 miles, and Ooch was 40 miles distant, the sand heavy, and the track unknown. But orders were at once sent to Jacob to advance on Shahpoor, and Captain Salter with two guns and some fresh cavalry stationed at Khangur were despatched against Ooch. Hardly had Salter gone when news came of another hostile force at Ooch; whereupon the General, fearing Salter might be overpowered, set off after him with two guns and 200 irregular cavalry. This little force, in spite of their previous 16 miles, accomplished the additional 40 before daybreak. "Being a little tired," says the General, who was now in his sixty-third year, "with riding and incessant thought, from daybreak on the 15th till daybreak on the 16th, I fell asleep on my horse and was awaked by his stopping: then I found that the advanced guard, with which I was, saw lights not far off, but when we looked for the cavalry and guns they were lost! This was very awkward, for we were but fifty men in a desert, close to a numerous enemy. Still we hoped to find Salter. Day broke, M'Murdo rode to the top of a sand-cliff and returned to me, saying he saw Beloochees firing in the plain below. I drew up our handful of troopers, in whose pluck, it must be

confessed, I had not much confidence, but thought they would stick by the 'Sahibs' of the staff. Having removed out of matchlock fire from the sand-cliff, we awaited adventures, and at that instant our errant guns and main body came round another hillock of sand to my no small satisfaction; for fifty tired men and horses were not in a state to give battle to many hundreds of good swordsmen quite fresh."

The firing in front was from Salter's force. That officer had come up with the enemy in the night, and at once engaged them. The hillmen had stood firm at first, but on hearing the artillery they dispersed, crying out, "The Sheitan-ka-Bhace (the great devil's brother) himself is there"—such was the General's name and reputation among the robbers. Three thousand head of cattle were captured, and the number would have been greater but for the fatigue of the troops. While the camp was being pitched for the day some members of the staff suddenly caught sight of a body of hillmen on a rocky height close by. Instantly M'Murdo, John Napier, and Lieutenant Byng galloped off towards them. Byng got separated from the other two, and suspecting an ambuscade, rode back for some cavalry. Meanwhile occurred an incident that might have happened five or six hundred years before, round St. Jean d'Acre, or have been described in the *Talisman*. Riding to the top of the ridge the two young men found no foe, but looking down on the other side they saw the hillmen in retreat—a brightly-coloured mass of human beings and cattle stretching far away, and moving confusedly but rapidly in the direction of the hills. As they sat motionless in their saddles watching this strange spectacle there suddenly emerged from behind a rocky knoll a splendidly-mounted and accoutred chief, armed with a matchlock and two swords, and riding his active little mare as only the warriors of the desert can. He pulled up on seeing the two Englishmen;

but when M'Murdo drew his sword and trotted towards him alone, he too seemed eager for the fray. Twice and thrice they charged with desperate stroke and parry, wheeling round to face one another again after each charge as if they were in the tournament ring. At last M'Murdo, whose horse was tired out with the long march, said to Napier, who had been an excited but motionless spectator, "John, I am tired; you may try him." But the chief, seeing a new opponent advance, began to set off after his comrades. Napier pursued, followed hard by M'Murdo. The chief, seeing himself pressed, bent low down on his horse and handled his matchlock. M'Murdo's quick eye caught the movement, and knowing the extraordinary skill with which such men could hit the mark while at full speed, knowing, too, that Napier was quite ignorant of their ways of fighting and would be taken at a disadvantage, he hastily drew a pistol and fired. The robber fell, and in an instant the young men were kneeling at his side, eager to bind his wound, M'Murdo overwhelming himself with reproaches for having been so hasty with his pistol when they were two to one, and the chief clutching his sword as though more anxious to give another blow than to accept their help. They did what they could for him, but he soon expired.

About noon the same day a horseman rode into the camp with the news that Jacob had surprised Shahpoor. The General immediately remounted, and reached Shahpoor that evening, having ridden altogether upwards of 70 miles and having been thirty hours in the saddle. It was only after writing his despatches and issuing orders for concentrating the infantry and artillery that he went to rest. "Tired out," as he says, "I thought I should never awake again." Thus the passage of the desert was brilliantly accomplished. Wullee Chandiah too had been successful, and the General found himself in possession of Poolajee,

Shahpoor, and Ooch, with the loss of only eighteen men. The original design of moving upon Poolajee and connecting the army with the Murree tribe, who were on the north side of the hills and had declared in his favour, was now abandoned; for although he still designed to cut the robbers off from the west and drive them eastward, they had shortened the operation by abandoning the western passes and moving on the southern side of the hills along the edge of the desert. Accordingly, the infantry, artillery, and supplies, which had not yet finished the passage of the desert, were directed upon Shahpoor; Salter remained at Ooch, and Jacob's cavalry was detached to hold Poolajee and Lheree with the Chandikas, so as to awe the Khelat tribes and join hands with the Murrees on the north.

The Cutchee hills[1] are split, roughly speaking, east and west, by long parallel valleys or ravines, arid during the greater part of the year, but torn by foaming rivers in the wet season. These ravines could only be entered from the south by a series of cross defiles or narrow clefts between almost perpendicular rocks. There were no maps of the country; the movements of the army had to be governed by the finding of water, and the guides were as firmly convinced of the absolute impregnability of the inner recesses as were the robbers themselves. The army now occupied two sides of a square, one stopping the western ends of the valleys, the other menacing the cross defiles from the south. On 18th January Napier writes: "My change of plan is because I am sure Beja is now on the south side of the hills, between a low ridge that hides him from the desert and a high one to the north. I examined my good friend Yarro Khosa"—a double spy—"this morning. There is, he says, plenty of good water at a point behind the low ridge, but very little at two other places, and very bad as well as

[1] See Map No. 2 at the end of the book.

scarce. At a third it is, he says, plentiful and excellent. Now it appears very improbable that water should abound at the two places, and be scarce and bad at one which is just between them. Wherefore I am sure Yarro Khosa is in Beja's hands, and that Beja himself is at the place said to be without water, called Tonge. Yarro and I, however, immediately agreed that we could not march there." Having blinded the spy, he ordered Jacob to block the ravines opening on Poolajee and Lheree with 600 men and two guns. Then up one ravine, the bed of the Teyaga, he sent the Mugzee tribe, and up the next to the south he sent Wullee Chandiah to try the way up to Tonge, where the spy said there was no water. He meant to move in person by Ooch on the Zuranee pass, and sent orders to Ali Moorad, who had not yet come up, to proceed to the Gundooee pass, and there wait till the enemy were pushed eastward upon him. This fresh combination had a rapid and decided effect. Wullee Chandiah dispersed a small body of Bhoogtees, killing several men and capturing a large flock of goats; whereupon Beja, alarmed lest the Chandikas should be merely covering the British advance, forsook the fastness of Tonge and moved across the British front in the direction of Zuranee. On the 22d Napier writes: "I could easily have caught Beja Khan, and I can now catch him as he passes by a flank march across my front; but, as he marches with his families, it is most probable he would cut their throats if menaced, and I want to avoid such a dreadful catastrophe! . . . I at first thought of sending Geddes at once against him, but now think it wiser to go leisurely, as it will give more time for the women and children to go off to their distant places of refuge, and I shall not risk a repulse by being over hasty." The Chandikas were now reinforced with a squadron of cavalry, and were posted at Tullar to watch the Tonge defile, which, as Napier had con-

jectured, was well supplied with water. Colonel Geddes was sent with a column to Zuree-Kooshta to watch the Zuranee defile. A battle seemed imminent, but the General still lingered at Ooch. "There is no need for haste," he says; "a check at any point might force me to retrograde; that would be dishonouring, and would weaken the effect of the first surprise. My army hems the enemy in on the south and west, the Murrees hem him in on the north, Ali Moorad ought to be now marching on the Gundooee defiles, and the hillmen's provisions are decreasing, while mine are increasing by the arrival of supplies and the captures of cattle. All the young men are eager for fighting, but I will not indulge them unless Beja goes to the Zuranee defiles, for I must force the passes there. Meanwhile every man's life ought to be as dear to me as my own, and I will not lose any by provoking fights with small detachments to hasten results, when my measures are, it appears to me, sufficient to ensure final success." On the 23d General Hunter arrived with provisions and the Company's second regiment of Europeans—"not big, but with a big spirit," as Napier remarked. Geddes wrote from Zuree-Kooshta that they found the water very bad; but the General's eye for difficulties was getting as bad as Nelson's at Copenhagen. "When they grumble and cry out 'no water!' I answer 'dig.' When they growl 'bad,' I say 'boil;' and I will go on, bad or good."

His Journal shows that, exciting as his position was, it did not occupy all his mind. Interspersed with military plans there occur passages which are more like the soliloquies of a hermit than the casual thoughts of a General in the field. For instance, on the 24th, he says:—

"This desert of sand is full of life. I dropped a bit of butter, and in a moment a little animal, an aldermanic insect, was upon it. One, two, three—it is covered! These creatures

feed birds, birds feed men, and men die to feed vegetables, which are again eaten; the world is one self-consuming, self-creating animal! So much for matter; but for mind! The grosser appetites belong to matter, they exist for its reproduction, they are wholly material, and have no apparent use except for reproduction. It is easy to see so far; but then the union of the body and spirit! There is the insuperable difficulty, unless we admit that two powers are at strife—the evil labouring for matter, the good for spirit. Bad minds, which seek to give pain, belong to the dark spirit of evil, whose very essence is cruelty. Those who abhor the infliction of pain to either mind or body of others belong to the brilliant spirit of light, ever on the watch to receive our adoration; not from vanity but pure benevolence, for of what could such a being be vain? Merciful spirit of light! I in all this work of war labour to do right in your sight, and abhor giving pain. Self-defence and social order and harmony are of thy own ordination, and for them alone am I in war. Yet I feel the vain desire of doing my work well. Can I without that desire do it well?"

Having received his supplies and given time to the enemy to send their families out of danger, he left Ooch on the 25th. The exact position of the hostile force he did not know, but suspected it was gathered within the hills for the defence of the Zuranee and Gundooee passes. Marching in person towards Zuranee, he sent Simpson with a column from Shahpoor to Poolajee with orders to push up the Tomb Valley to Deyrah, a distance of seven marches. He was supported, as the auxiliary tribes had been, by Jacob's force, stationed at Lheree and Poolajee, and the object of his movement was to scour the valley until he could turn the cross defiles of Lallee and Jummock, while the main body assailed them in front. Two marches of 21 and 23 miles brought the headquarters to Zuranee past Zuree-Kooshta with great labour to man and beast; the cold, too, as they advanced into the hills, occasioned great

suffering to the sepoys, though it braced the Europeans. The pass of Lallee now lay immediately in front of them, and behind that the pass of Jummock. It was considered certain that the robbers would contest every inch of these important positions; and on the 28th, accordingly, the British force advanced eager for battle, though their leader was resolved to try all that mortars and howitzer batteries could do before he sent his infantry between those terrible mountain walls. But the enemy had vanished; Simpson's movement, as foreseen, had been magnified into the approach of a great army, and the passes were abandoned. "Not being defended, both passes are mine," writes Napier, "and my camp is between them. So far all is right. Simpson will be in two days at Tomb, and the robbers be thus driven eastward. We occupy from Tomb to Zuree-Kooshta; that is a line 30 miles across the Bhoogtee country, driving Jackranees and Doomkees upon the Bhoogtees, who have not much to eat and will not like to have visitors." The camp was now fixed between the Lallee and Jummock passes, both of which were strongly fortified. The General describes his position as follows: "From Poolajee and Tonge run, nearly to the Indus, two rocky ranges, walls they may be called, and I am between them. The lowest on the south is of sandstone rock, rising from 50 to 150 feet perpendicularly; and through this wall the first entrance from Zuranee is through the Lallee Pass, and then through the Jummock to Deyrah: the Bhoogtees should have defended both. In this situation I am anxiously looking for Simpson's arrival at Deyrah; for his march, being beyond the second range, is very important, as my object is, not to defeat only, but to destroy the robbers: I do not mean kill them, but to root them entirely out of their rocks." Until news came from Simpson's force Napier employed himself by exploring the ravine, in which he had

pitched his camp, at the head of a strong column. While thus picking his way over ground of inconceivable ruggedness he heard a true Hibernian voice from the ranks exclaim in a pathetic tone, "Och! when God made the world He threw the rubbish here!" The result of his exploring was to convince him that the enemy had gone eastward. This they had in fact done. Frightened by the approach of Simpson's force from passing at once from Jummock into their principal fastness called Trukkee, which lay but a short distance northward, they had moved eastward up the ravine, and then issuing by the Gundooee defile back into the desert and skirting the southern slopes of the hills they re-entered them at Dooz-Kooshta, the easternmost defile, leading to the Mazzaree Hills. Had Ali Moorad been at his post at Gundooee instead of halting ten days on the road to observe a feast, Napier's first well-calculated combination would have been perfectly successful; the robbers would have been forced to fight, surrender, or at once shut themselves up in Trukkee, where they could be blockaded.

"*Journal*, 30*th January*.—Well, I chew the cud very much, and it has come into my head that we must have left men behind us in the hills, for some of our people have been killed on the line of communication. Wherefore 300 infantry shall try back, and a squadron of cavalry skirt the ridge along the plain, searching: both to meet at Tonge. I offered this command to ——, but he had been infected with the camp nonsense. 'Oh, we can never catch these fellows.' Our two surprises of the robbers surprised these talkers, but still many hold this tone; and so I cut ——short, saying, 'I see you have no confidence, and a man shall command who has. Get your corps ready.' I sent John Napier, who has zeal and spirit and head; very likely nothing may be found, but I will have my own way. The more wrong everybody thinks me the more resolved am I to carry into effect my own

opinions. I do not form them on light grounds, so to-night Jack marches, resolved to do all he can to succeed: it will give him the habit of command in a night march.

"31*st January*.—Jack has come back: he saw no robbers, but has brought in 2000 head of cattle, which is as good—it starves them. This proves that there were lurking bands behind us, and that all their cattle could not have been carried off. We have now taken 6000 cattle, and a vast quantity of grain: I am a good robber at all events."

Meanwhile Captain M'Murdo was sent with some cavalry and two guns to find Simpson. The latter had exactly executed his instructions, and was at Deyrah, which was undefended. M'Murdo therefore returned; Salter's cavalry were charged with the communication between Simpson and headquarters, while, in the rear, the pass of Lallee and the way to Shahpoor were entrusted to Smallpage and his mounted police. Things were now in order for another advance; but the curious behaviour of the enemy was increasing the despondency with which the ultimate success of the expedition was viewed in camp. It was bad enough to know that many of the officers did not conceal their belief that Beja could not be caught; but on 1st February despondency took a disagreeably practical turn. "The rascally camel-men, to the tune of 500, have refused to bring up provisions past Shahpoor, and I am fairly put to my trumps. Well, exertion must augment: I will use the camel-corps, and dismount half the cavalry if need be; I will eat Red Rover sooner than flinch before these robber tribes: my people murmur, but they only make my feet go deeper into the ground." In spite of the bold front he showed to this unlooked-for misfortune he was fully conscious of its gravity. The chief dangers to be apprehended were:—"1. Checking my rapidity of operations, for which all my previous preparations had been made. 2. This check

would induce surrounding nations to think the British had again failed, as they had before done in the hills at Seebree, at Moostung, at Noofusk, at Sartoof, and at Khaheree: for 600 years, it was said, no force had entered the hills and returned unscathed; and the tribes, being thus unconquered, were by all Asiatic nations deemed unconquerable. 3. This opinion might easily turn the Murrees and the troops of Khelat against us, and then a flame of war would have been kindled in all the hill ranges, for the Cabul massacre was a source of pride with these nations: there was a burning zeal to repeat it, and from all the mountain-tops keen eyes were bent upon the British force. 4. Worse than this check, however, was to be apprehended. It might be necessary to go back even to Shahpoor for sustenance, and there is no saying what misfortunes want of carriage will entail on an Indian army: success may be within its grasp, and yet be lost in a moment. Had I retreated, a shout of victory would have pealed along the Cutchee hills to Seebree, would have reverberated in the Bolan rocks, and echoed along the Hala range to Sehwan: and then a wild storm of swords, shields, and matchlocks would have swept the plain." Well might he quote Napoleon's opinion that war amongst deserts is the most difficult of any. He was having a most practical demonstration of its truth. "To get supplies is difficult," he says; "to move is difficult; to find a road is difficult; in short, it is a chain of difficulties that no other country presents. And we have here the agreeable addition of mountains and rocks, all barren and wild, and full of passes: desert behind, rocks before! Well, it teaches a man his trade, though with me too late, for I grow perceptibly weaker, principally from extreme anxiety lest I should blunder."

At this embarrassing conjuncture the four principal robber-chiefs sent to offer to surrender, and to ask for

terms. Here was a tempting opportunity for escaping without disaster or disgrace from a most critical position. But Napier held obstinately to his resolution to make an end of the robbers. His reply was, "Let Beja Khan lay his arms at my feet, and be prepared to emigrate with his followers to a district which I will point out on the left bank of the Indus, and he shall be pardoned. If he refuses these terms, he shall be pursued to the death, and the hundred Doomkees who are my prisoners shall be hanged." During the delay caused by these negotiations he strained every nerve to reorganise his carriage for supplies. A moonshee was sent to collect more camels in the country of the Khan of Khelat; but as some time must elapse before that mission could produce any effect, the General was obliged to call the camel-corps to his aid. Then the extraordinary capabilities of that new instrument of war were strikingly displayed. To get to Shahpoor and bring provisions back, the ordinary sumpter camels took six days and nights without counting the time occupied by loading, and they required in addition a strong escort to protect them from robbers. Fitzgerald's men, who were their own escort, marched 50 miles at a stretch, scouring the Tonge ravine on the way, and reaching Shahpoor in one night; loaded their camels with 45,000 lbs. of flour, and were back in camp only three days and two nights after they had started! Having received this welcome supply Napier moved (8th Feb.) eastward to Seebree, leaving General Hunter in charge of Lallee and Jummock. On the 13th Hunter rejoined him, the passes being left to the camel-corps; and on the 17th headquarters advanced still farther eastward to Dooz-Kooshta. By this time the negotiations for surrender had failed, and a halt was made to prepare for new combinations.

During the halt his pen is busy reviewing and forecast-

ing, though, as usual, not to the exclusion of other thoughts, many of which crop up strangely out of a bed of military details. For example—

"16*th February*.—Last evening we were again gasping for water, when down came from the hills, through the middle of our camp, a river some 60 yards broad and 2 feet deep! I expected this Fiumara, knowing them of old in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Greece. The soldiers were delighted, and a miracle could have been made of this by riding towards the mountain, awaiting the torrent, and then galloping back at the head of the rushing stream from the pass! How many phenomena there are in this country admitting of a miraculous gloss! In the desert, Ali Bey, my orderly, brought me a handful of manna, saying, 'Look, sir, this is a miracle, it is on the bushes, it is food! It comes from God! Down from heaven!' Ali was quite right: it does come from God, it is food, and it is a miracle—but one that God works all the days of the year. All that comes to feed man is miraculous; reading and writing are miraculous; it is a miracle that we are born, one that we live, one that we die. Whence we come we know not; what we do we know not; what is around us we know not. Merciful God! what are we?

"But we have a part to perform in this drama! Yes! So has the bug that bites us! Which has the most important part of the two? We both act by the direction of our nature, and who shall presume to decide? The bug may produce a sleepless night for the body, and to the ingenious mind thus kept wakeful some great invention may occur. Who is the originator? The bug which sucks blood, or the man who unwillingly lies awake under the operation of bug-grazing? Yet the invention may overturn the order of things, perhaps enable us to reach the moon! O vain and miserable man! Take a beautiful horse, and place it alongside of a fat, red-nosed bumboat woman of Portsmouth: woman is divine! But if this be our divinity, what is her adorer—man? Is not the beautiful horse at her side more divine? More beautiful, more clean, more gentle, more innocent? Look at the ele-

gantly formed gnat that stings her: is he not more divine with his light glistening wings? But he bites! Yes! and ask a bullock what she does. Now put her beside a luxurious bishop. Where is the difference? He is full of wine, as she is of gin: is the vine a finer plant than the juniper? She dresses her own beefsteak, obtained by her labour; his is dressed by a skilful cook, and paid for by others' labour! O vain miserable man! 'we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us!' Well, I am only laughing at the absurdities of the vanity which claims superiority in the eyes of God."

On the 19th the campaign was renewed. News came from Deyrah that the enemy, 8000 strong, were posted at Shore, opposite the Goojroo pass, and about 24 miles north-east of Dooz-Kooshta. This place was just on the border of the Mazzaree hills, which were Sikh territory, and, owing to the hostility of the Mazzarees, the robbers could move no farther eastward. Napier resolved to surprise them there. Having called up the camel-corps and ordered Ali Moorad to follow from Heeran, where he had been posted to be out of mischief, the General marched through the night over terribly rugged ground, passing the defiles of Lotee. But, just as success was in his grasp, it was snatched from him by an act of disobedience. In spite of strictest orders to the contrary, a fire was lighted by some camp-followers, and his approach was betrayed. After being twenty-two hours in the saddle without food, he reached Shore only to find himself baffled. The only consolation was the opportune capture of 150 camel-loads of baggage, including much wheat. So certain had he been that the final struggle would take place at Goojroo that he had called up Simpson from Deyrah. That officer reached him on the 20th; Ali Moorad arrived the following day, and thus nearly the whole army was concentrated at this new and unknown spot. "Finding myself," says Napier, "in the midst of terrible mountain rocks, I took a detachment to explore

Goojroo, a desperate pass. Riding in it a mile, I sent officers with parties to the summits on either hand, who saw the enemy's camp a few miles off. My first thought was to dash through at them; but my troops had been twenty-two hours in movement, it was nearly dark, and the danger of being destroyed in the pass decided me to halt for the night. Moreover, I then knew, for the first time, exactly where the enemy was; that he could retreat no farther, and would likely push for Deyrah to regain his rocks; or that he would throw himself into Trukkee, a celebrated stronghold, its site unknown to me." Another inspection of Goojroo determined him to have nothing to do with it. "It is about 20 miles long, with perpendicular sides of rock—a long stone trough! Flanking parties could not move at top because of the numerous narrow deep cross-clefts, and for 12 miles no water could be sent up to them: yet without such parties the enemy would kill us with stones." Two courses, he calculated, were now open to Beja; he might seek refuge in the mysterious Trukkee, which was to be desired, or he might make a dash westward and try to break through Jacob's force, which still plugged up the western extremities of the ravines. Supposing Beja chose the latter course, being on the north side of Goojroo, he could reach Deyrah before Napier. Wherefore, leaving a force under Captain Beatson at Shore, supported by Ali Moorad at Lotee, and sending Hunter back to Jummock in case Beja tried to turn that pass from Deyrah, Napier hurried to Deyrah in person. If the enemy, learning these movements, should attack and overpower Beatson, that officer was to fall back on Ali Moorad at Lotee, and Hunter's column, if necessary, could turn in support. For, if the General reached Deyrah before Beja, Hunter's position at Jummock would be chiefly valuable as shortening the line of communication with Shahpoor.

If the enemy followed headquarters to Deyrah, Beatson and Ali Moorad were to close up in his rear, and Hunter was to move to Dusht-Goran, due north of Dooz-Kooshta.

On the 23d the General was at Deyrah. "Here lie the bones of Clarke's detachment within sight of my tent, and hard by is Noofusk, with its near neighbour Sartoof, the scene of Clibborne's defeat. . . . We are now so placed that if the enemy attempts to descend into the plain of Deyrah we shall attack him when in a confused enormous mass of men, women, and children, cattle and baggage. This would be a dreadful slaughter, and I had avoided such an attack before on the 18th of January. These poor creatures, however, have never believed that we spare life: some children found here have regularly asked every day, 'When are we to be killed?' I have them close to my tent, and have found two of their own women to look after them, and they are as merry as grigs.

"The gist of my operations is patience; slow, consuming time is my weapon, the robber's food is limited, mine now inexhaustible. He lives on his capital, I on my interest; he writhes in agony, I am on a bed of roses—that is, ever since we discovered that he had been refused entrance into the Mazzaree and Keytrian countries, the one on the east, the other on the north, while we are on the south and west."

Meanwhile the enemy had moved from Goojroo northward to Partur, on the Keytrian frontier. Hearing this, Sir Charles resolved to make Beatson's position his pivot, and hem the robbers in still closer by sweeping round with his left and centre. The crisis came quicker than he had expected.

"*28th February.*—On the 24th I had ascertained that Trukkee was in this neighbourhood, and felt sure that the robbers would finally go there, where they could be shut up;

the exact locality was not known, but I would not allow any detachments or single men to go in the direction, lest it should prevent the enemy doing what he wished. Meanwhile all was prepared for the march northward on Partur, when this evening, while alone at dinner, a trooper came in at full gallop, saying the enemy had attacked a convoy within 3 miles of the camp, and the escort was engaged. Out I sallied with my guard, ordering a regiment of irregular cavalry to follow, feeling assured the robbers had at last got into Trukkee, and that the game was safe. There were some fifty robber cavalry before us, who retreated and were foolishly attacked by my staff officers before I could restrain them. My anger was great, it was altogether improper, and in this instance especially; for my object was to entice the enemy to stop and show what sort of men, of arms and horses, were before me, and to know if their people would come out to support them; in fine, by letting them alone, to ascertain what they were. Suddenly they disappeared in a chasm among the rocks, and my guide exclaimed 'Trukkee!' though he had before said it was two marches off.

"The cool, quiet manner in which these robber horsemen vanished in the cleft convinced me that Trukkee was indeed there; wherefore, placing the cavalry at the entrance to guard it, I returned to the camp, and sent 300 infantry to support them for the night, resolved to march there with the whole army at daylight. On reaching my tent I found a spy, who told me all the tribes, led by Beja, and marching from Partur, had entered Trukkee by a northern entrance, and that they had 3000 men. Instantly I sent a swift camel-rider with orders to Beatson and Ali Moorad to force a march over the Murrow plain, and block that northern entrance; I also despatched the camel-corps, taking on their animals 300 hardy veterans of the 13th. Thus in a short time Trukkee, one of the strongest holds in the world, will be beleaguered, to the no small surprise of the enemy, who does not believe we can get to the northern entrance."

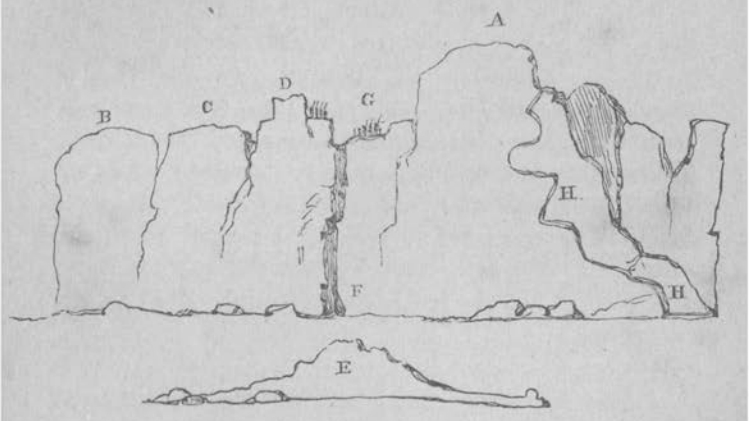
It was not until the morning of the 5th of March that

Beatson and Ali Moorad were able to close up the northern entrance. Their march was one of the finest episodes of the whole campaign. For nearly 60 miles they marched, or rather climbed, almost without a halt, over rocks and sharp loose stones, and arrived ragged, shoeless, but full of spirit. Meanwhile the General sent his cavalry patrolling westward to Tomb, and thence north and east until they met Beatson, and completed the circuit. Having thus satisfied himself that he could command all possible entrances into Trukkee and enforce a blockade, he proceeded to form his plans for an assault, if such a desperate course should become necessary. The position and the projected plan are described by him as follows:—

"This famous hold is about 12 miles in length, with an average of 6 in breadth. The interior is a mass of small rocky hillocks with precipitous sides; so that in any part a strong position could be occupied in this enormous crater, for such it appears to be. It is enclosed by a belt of perpendicular walls, and no minute examination could be made of that, because the whole country around was, for a great distance, one mass of loose stones, which destroyed the shoes and feet of the horses; thirty-two shillings were paid for shoeing one! Outside, the rocky belt of Trukkee could not be ascended, but from the interior it could; wherefore this great, rude, natural basin could only be entered by the passes, or rather passages, for the rocks met overhead; they are splits in the wall. This was the southern side. On the north the inside is precipitous, the outside accessible; and when Beatson's men got up there, they saw the enemy trying to move from one part to another, swinging their cattle down rocks, and hauling them up others with ropes, showing the rough nature of the ground. There was abundance of water inside, and a mineral spring, hot, yet good for drinking, issued from the southern entrance; but it was not for us,

being commanded by the enemy's fire from the overhanging rocks.

"My plan for storming this natural fortress was thus :—



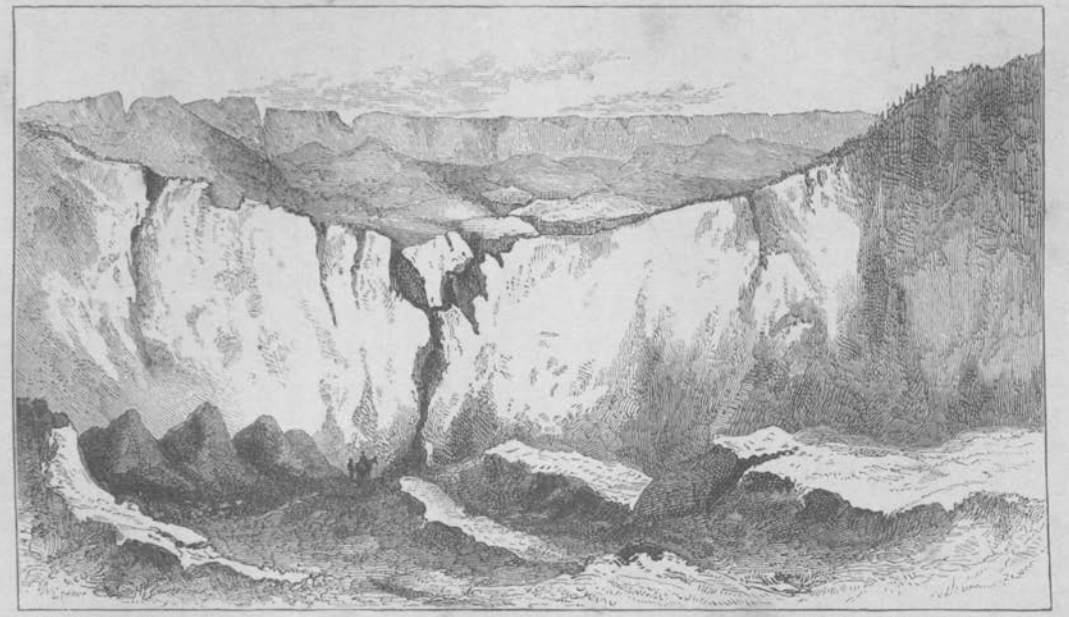
"The entrance F is approached by crossing a rocky valley, parallel to the high rocks of the basin, and itself difficult to get into from the loose stones heaped about. This valley was perhaps 800 yards wide, and the screen of rocks forming it, in opposition to the Trukkee precipices, is, though lower than them, about 600 feet high. These two walls of rock run parallel to each other for about 25 miles westward, but the Trukkee rocks are prolonged eastward to Shore, presenting altogether 50 miles of crags.

"In the narrow valley a mortar battery and one of field guns were to be placed at E, the last to play on the entrance F, the mortars to throw shells upon G, which would drive away the men perched on landing-places to cast down rocks: these shells would also have cast down stones, and some would have fallen into the entrance before bursting. The infantry in line were to have formed on the left of E, firing at the enemy along the crest of the heights B, C, D, but not a man was to go or be seen to the right of the battery. A detachment was also to have gone early far to the left, to

climb the rocks there, if possible, as a diversion; and, if it could get up, was to work a way along the crest towards us. Meanwhile the real storming party of volunteers,"—250 picked Europeans,—"under Fitzgerald, was to lie *perdu* on our right, awaiting orders. The party on the left was to show first, making much display; it was to skirmish, retire, breakfast, dine, and show every disposition of intending mischief, while our artillery was being drawn ostentatiously through the chasm in the outward screen of rocks, and placed at E in battery. Towards evening the infantry were to form out of matchlock range.

"Now the hill A, at first occupied by the enemy, had been secretly watched by myself, Simpson, and our staff for several nights, and we observed that the fire there burned at first all night; but, as I expected, the enemy being undisciplined soon got tired of sending a picket up there every night in the cold, and after some nights the fire was not seen; the time for storming was then come, and the orders were issued. First the guns, mortars, and infantry were to open fire with all possible violence, the desire being that the direct noise and reverberation of sound, the smoke and din, should attract the enemy's whole attention to the entrance F, and prevent his hearing or observing the ascent of Fitzgerald and his volunteers at HH. They were too far off to be disclosed by the momentary flashes of the guns, and the stones they might roll down by their ascent would have been unheard. Every man was to have been sworn to silence, even when wounded. . . . If discovered, they were to push up strongly and fight; if not observed, to light a fire and then attack, reserves being ready to support them; and at that period the entrance F was to be stormed, or not, according to circumstances—that is, if Fitzgerald gained the top and could hold his footing, the whole force was to file up after him. If he was beaten, F was to be stormed before the failure could become known along the enemy's line and give him heart.

"That this storming would be difficult and sanguinary I knew well, but to attempt it was necessary, and my troops were men capable of anything; the whole European regiments



To face page 316.

Hill to be scaled by Fitzgerald.

TRUKKEE.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING ENCAMPMENT

were eager to go at A in broad day, and while the enemy were on the top! My intent was not to order the storm of F, but to let the soldiers advance voluntarily, firing; for I judged their natural ardour and the excitement of noise, smoke, and combat, would get up their blood that they would by degrees approach and finally dash into the chasm of their own accord. Meanwhile the attack was to have been aided by the diversion on the left, and by the simultaneous assault of Ali Moorad and Beatson on the northern entrance; not a false attack, but one with a will, led by 300 volunteers of the 13th, Jelalabad men, the veterans of Sale and Dennie! Who could have turned them back? Who stand before them in fair battle? Let me give a proof of their mettle.

"When Beatson first reached the northern entrance, he pushed in, but a sergeant and ten men of the 13th got on the wrong side of a small ravine, and came to the foot of a rocky platform crowned by the enemy, and where the ravine suddenly deepened to a frightful chasm. The sergeant saw his officer and the main body beyond gesticulating, because they saw the enemy above; they were beckoning to retreat, he thought it was to go on, and at once the stern veterans climbed the rock. As they leaped on to the platform, the enemy, eighty in number, fell on them sword in hand, and the fight was desperate. Seventeen hillmen were slain, six of the soldiers, and the rest, wounded and overborne, were dashed over the edge and rolled down. Such are British soldiers! Where mortal men can stand in fight they will. Every man of these had a medal, two of them had three on their breasts! They died gloriously, but uselessly, on that sad cliff in the Cutchee hills."

Their heroism was not unrecognised. Sir William Napier tells the sequel as follows:—

"There is a custom with the hillmen that when a great champion dies in battle his comrades, after stripping his body, tie a red or green thread round his right or left wrist, according to the greatness of his exploit—the red being most honourable. Here those brave warriors stripped the British

dead, and cast the bodies over; but with this testimony of their own chivalric sense of honour and the greatness of the fallen soldiers' courage, each body had a red thread on both wrists! They had done the same before to the heroic Clarke, whose personal prowess and intrepidity had been remarkable."

The foregoing plan for the storm of Trukkee was afterwards submitted to the Duke of Wellington, who expressed his strong approbation and belief that it would have succeeded. Indeed, he studied with avidity everything he could obtain bearing upon this remarkable expedition. Having read extracts from Sir Charles Napier's Journal of the campaign, he asked Sir W. Napier for all that could be given of his correspondence. Sir William said, "But there are many queer rough things in his correspondence, your Grace." "So much the better, that is what I want," was the reply.

Happily the storm of Trukkee was avoided. The unexpected discovery of the mysterious stronghold, the prompt blockade, the growing terror of the Sheitan-ka-Bhace, worked upon the robbers' minds. Trukkee had been found on 28th February. "On 4th March Beja Khan Doomkee, Islam Khan Bhoogtee, Deriah Khan Jackranee, Hussein Khan, and another chief of small tribes, came to my tent, with the Koran on their heads and fear in their hearts. Beja is a very fine-looking old man of great size. Islam is also a handsome man. I think I never saw a set of bigger fellows. Deriah is not so, but has a good countenance, and is called a good man. My terms were explicitly laid down, and they went back to consult their tribes, who apparently are not disposed to accept them, for they have sent new proposals. Their real leader, Mundoo Khan, is the bearer, but I refused even to listen." Next day some of the chiefs came in and gave up their swords, but Beja and others fled, and were finally captured without bloodshed on 9th March.

Thus ended the war after fifty-four days of incessant exertion. "Great has been my anxiety and labour in this difficult warfare," writes the victor; "I know not if I shall get credit, but think it has been well done. However, the play is over, and Hardinge and the public must decide on my work. I have done my best, and want to hang up my sword and live quietly." From Hardinge he received enthusiastic praise, but not a word of recognition reached him from the authorities in England. His despatches, which are remarkable, among other things, for the first mention in our military history of private soldiers by name, were long withheld from the public. When they were at last called for in the House of Lords, Lord Ripon, in answer to a complaint at the delay, replied that he had forgotten them! It has been seen that the Duke of Wellington had followed the whole campaign with the ardour of a student. He expressed particular admiration for the spirit Napier had infused into his officers and men in spite of their despondency as to success, and of the extraordinary hardships they were called upon to endure without the satisfaction even of a fight. On this point Napier had himself made some interesting reflections in the midst of his difficulties.

"I long for rest to my mind; to get up and feel that there is no work, and that there will be no neglect of duty. Now every moment that the traces feel slack, the whip of conscience cuts to the bone, and convulsive exertions follow. I do not make the most of my tools either, for all my life the idea of making soldiers do what I did not do myself has been odious to me, and hence my own weakness is the measure of exertion. As a young man I would not ride on a march, and often carried a weakly man's musket, sometimes two. Young officers always ride now, and heap their own comforts on the horse-keeper, who runs on foot at their horse's tail. Such men may be very good fellows, but they are incapable of leading men;

a commission puts them at the head of men, but they do not lead them; nor will they ever distinguish themselves in history; it is an ignorance of human nature, which is a veto on their ever being great men. They are not, perhaps, worse than men of other days, but those men of other days did not distinguish themselves; I mean those who preferred comfort to military spirit.

"There are two essential qualities necessary to make a soldier—courage and zeal; and rather would I see a man without the first than the second. Position, discipline, a hundred things may remedy a failure of courage; but want of zeal is a floorer; it is at one jump to reach the point where age and long service place worn-out men. To this point it is absolutely disgusting to see a man arrive at twenty-five, nay, some at sixteen! There are boys in this camp who require and have more luxuries than myself, who am sixty-three, and Governor of Scinde! The want of beer and wine is absolute misfortune to them. These men, or boys, are unfit for war, the essence of which is endurance; and not only that, but a pride and glory in privation, and a contempt for comfort, as effeminate and disgraceful. The private soldier cannot have luxuries, and if he sees his officer despise them he does the same; but if his officer sacrifices everything to enjoyment, he is not a fool, and holds that officer in contempt. Every reprimand he receives from the gentlemanly Sybarite disgusts him, not only with the fop, but with the service.

"Regimental officers should not be allowed horses on the field, or to ride on a march; it is offensive to the men, and ought to be so to the pride of the officer himself. Sir John Moore forbade it; Frederick the Great and Napoleon did not allow it. The Duke of Wellington did permit it, but I believe he repented; for he said, after two years' experience in Spain, that it deprived him of 10,000 cavalry on account of their forage. It is therefore probable he was not satisfied with his plan, but could not easily do away with his order. No service but ours permits it, and we shall in time allow sergeants and corporals to ride, and then privates, and so

return to the dark ages when all were cavalry. This is the course of human nature. One man is allowed to ride though his duty does not require it, why should not another?"

He returns again and again to the same subject.

"In the field I work very hard, but it tries me sorely, and I am told not to do this; but you, William, know it is the great secret of success, for if a chief is lazy, everybody becomes so. 'When I see that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I be idle, who am young and strong? By ——, I would go into a loaded cannon's mouth if he ordered me.' This was the speech of a young officer on the hills, and when told me was ample reward for my work. . . . The great art of commanding is taking a fair share of the work. Muley Bey and Marshal Saxe won battles from a litter; but solitary examples will not shake a principle."

As another illustration of this principle I may give an anecdote related to me by General Harley Maxwell, one of the ablest and most devoted of Sir Charles Napier's subordinates. When preparations were being made for an assault of the robbers' position, Sir Charles sent for an engineer officer and told him he must have a mantlet to cover his assaulting party. It was ten o'clock at night, and the assault was to take place at five next morning. The engineer had no means at his disposal and said plainly to the chief that it was impossible. "Impossible!" said he; "I don't know such a word. Get out of my tent"—with an inclination to lift one of his boots. The officer made off, thinking he was disgraced, but had not gone far before he was called back. "Can you forget a thing, sir? do so now, and forget what I said just now. You would never have said what you did unless you had some reason: tell me all about it." The matter was soon explained, and it was arranged that a gun limber should be used with two charpoys (camp-beds) turned on their sides and lashed, with a space between them filled in with sandbags stuffed with

grass or anything else that was light and would stop a musket shot. Sir Charles was most energetic. He gave up his own charpoy, and pulled from under it an old portmanteau containing all his belongings, which might help as a buffer!

During the campaign Sir Charles Napier had not neglected his civil functions. He had also found time to furnish the Indian Government with a long and closely-reasoned memorandum on the reformation of the Indian articles of war. Attentive to everything that would develop the natural resources of the country, he had been negotiating with the Iam of Beila for the purchase of some rare fruit-trees, and had directed a collection of geological and mineralogical specimens for transmission to the London Society.

On his return to Scinde the conquered tribes were dealt with in the following manner: One portion was settled on fertile government land near the Kusmore desert. Deriah Khan, their chief, was allowed to reject those whose character was too violent to be easily tamed to agriculture; and these rough spirits Napier took at once into pay as policemen in the districts farthest from the scenes of their former pursuits. Deriah's people were compelled to build houses and till the land, being fed by Government until their first harvest was gathered. Then land was granted them on their undertaking to oppose the incursions of any of their kindred who might still be in arms. The redoubtable Beja, after lying some time in prison, was settled with his followers, under Ali Moorad's supervision, on the east side of the Indus. "Little picnics," said the Governor, "we must expect, but no bands of thousands with sword and shield will fret the border again,"—a prediction justified by experience.

By the end of March Sir Charles Napier had returned to his ordinary administrative duties. While pursuing these with his usual ardour he gave the closest attention to the approaching Sikh war, which actually broke out in Decem-

ber of that year. Having now had three years of Indian war and government, and of correspondence with some of the most eminent Indian statesmen, his opinions on imperial politics had assumed very definite shapes. Like most people interested in Indian affairs he had something to say about the question of a Russian invasion, though he was no more scared at the prospect than indifferent to it. "I have always thought Russia will take Constantinople. She will then soon become mistress of the sources of the Euphrates and Tigris, the heads of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. . . . The moment Constantinople is conquered it becomes the capital of Russia, and her resources in ships and sailors will then be available against India. If England thinks there is danger to India from Russia, let her look to Egypt betimes."

In any case he was convinced that "Russia cannot attack India until a man arises to lead her," and that the route by the Oxus would "require an Alexander." As to the line at which Russia should be met, he often feasted his imagination with visions of an Anglo-Indian host extending the Indian empire to Babylon, and fighting Russia on the shores of the Caspian. As to Babylon, "We could reach it more easily than Alexander. Hedge on the borders of the Gedrosian desert lately offered me its sovereignty, and Burpoor on the confines of Persia surrendered simply to a forged letter with my name! We shall go slowly, but one hundred years will see us at Babylon. If I could do as I pleased, that should be my road home, despite of the Russians. . . . A little good management would give Russia her quietus and us the line of the Euphrates." Such was the dream of the potential conqueror. Then follows the forecast of what might actually happen with a due regard to existing political facts. "Yes, India could meet Russia on the Caspian shore with 300,000 admirable troops; but she would of course wait for her on

the Indus, with a large field artillery which elephants draw about like 3 lbs. and at a rapid pace. Imagine fifty 24-lb. guns working before a Russian army, and shifting position faster than their 6-pounders could be drawn by horses, half-starved and winded by their long march from Khiva! Again, fifty regiments of irregular horsemen in high order, all desperate swordsmen, cantering round a Russian army in all directions. And then 200,000 good infantry in line as a wind-up! Verily, Count Dolgoroucky, you would sweat, even though the sun did not touch up your northerners, which it would do unmercifully, while a stiff division of British troops acted as a polisher."

Russia and dreams of world-conquest apart, Napier was averse to any extension of territory. There was already too much to be done within our empire. In the administration of the army alone, in the want of the proper number of European regimental officers, he saw a danger which might some day prove subversive of our power. Besides, "We ought to put down our load of interior princes, and establish one concentrated just system before extending our sway." The policy of allowing native states to preserve their independence, real or theoretical, within our frontiers might, he thought, have the most terrible consequences in case of a great repulse by the Sikhs or others. "The doctrine was, I suppose, formerly found useful and safe; but it appears to me now replete with danger, when our great extent of territory divides our forces." Akin to this evil, and more wide-reaching in its effects, was what he considered the error, both political and moral, of accommodating our system of government to the claims of the privileged classes, from the prince to the zemindar, instead of going straight to the door of the ryot.

"The Indian system seems to be the crushing of the native plebeian and supporting the aristocrat, who, reason and facts

tell us, is our deadly enemy. He always must be, for we step into his place; he descends in the scale of society, and we stand on his head. The ryot is ruined by us, though willing to be our friend; yet he is the man to whom we must trust for keeping India, and the only one who can take it from us if we ill-use him, for he then joins his hated natural chief! The peril attending strangers and conquerors of one hundred and eighty millions of people cannot be wholly put aside. Yet English and Indians may be amalgamated by just and equal laws, until we are no longer strangers; then, having power, we shall never be attacked before all distinctions are worn out by intermarriages and blended habits of life: the great operations of nations work changes which man cannot, or at least does not, command. The final result of our Indian conquests no man can predict; but if we take the people by the hand we may count on ruling India for ages. Justice, rigid justice, even severe justice, will work miracles; it has its basis in the desire of man for protection against cruelty, and cannot be shaken: India is safe if so ruled."

Here was a great deal to be done before the Punjab ought to be taken. But, meanwhile, the whole Sikh population, armed and drilled as no other hostile native force had been, was in a state of anarchy; ready at the beck of the first military adventurer to pass the Sutlej and pour itself over India like a horrid pestilence. "Such a state," said Napier in December 1843, "is a public nuisance, against which no frontier state can provide securely, otherwise than by seizing the misgoverned land. Where might is right the most mighty has the most right. I am therefore of opinion that the Punjab must soon be taken by us."

If he had merely predicted that a collision with the Sikh power was inevitable his words would not have been singular at the time, or worthy of notice now; but he said much more. He said the war would be difficult, and rendered still more so by our contempt of the enemy. When the

Governor-General thought the dangerous symptoms were subsiding Napier was urging him to form his plans so as not to be taken by surprise. Not less interesting in the light of subsequent events is his fear that Gough's tactics as illustrated by the war in Gwalior would cost him dearly on the Sutlej, and that Hardinge would have to take the field in person. In June 1844 he writes:—

"I believe possession of the Punjab is not desirable for the Company. In my opinion the Hyphasis forms a better frontier for our Indian territory than the northern or upper Indus, as being more compact now that we have Scinde. Nevertheless, the Punjab must be ours." In the same month he says to his brother: "Mark! there must be a war in the Punjab. It is not we but they who will make that war. It is impossible to have a regular Government there; the Sikh army won't allow it; so the result is evident. If we attack the Punjab I am all but certain we shall take it, but it will not be an easy conquest. My impression is that Hardinge will now have his talent proved, and Gough also. The public here give me the command, but that is an error, and I do not want it—nay, would much rather not unless in supreme authority. Hardinge should command the army himself; it will be a perilous war, and a repulse dreadful in its results." For Gough personally he entertained the warmest feelings, but his distrust of him as a General will be best understood by his criticism of the battle of Maharajpoor. "The management of the battle appears defective. I have had no time to examine details, yet to have brought neither cavalry nor artillery to bear, and the hurrying of our infantry into action without support, or even knowing where the enemy was posted, seems bad." His anxiety increased as he saw how differently the Government estimated the danger. "If we have a Sikh war I suspect they will fight hard; they

are very well armed, tolerably drilled, and have lots of artillery. Hardinge says we shall easily thrash them, and he probably has good information from the wise men of the East. . . . However, it is no longer a matter of choice; we shall be forced to take the Punjab; but whether we shall 'shilly-shally' till millions of money are expended or strike at once, God only knows. Doing it now would be less expensive, but Hardinge should command in person. Gough's soldiers will fight him through, but he will not find Chinese, nor have superior numbers as at Maharajpoor. The Sikhs are brave troops, and there will be more than mere fighting: it will be a campaign of more than one battle." In June 1845 British troops were being collected on the Sutlej, and it was considered certain that the Governor-General would take an active part in the campaign. This only suggested a new danger: "My fear is that our having two chiefs will do mischief; the real commander has ability and power, but is not the chief General." On the 1st December he heard with some incredulity from the Governor-General that there would be no war during that season after all, and three weeks later he heard from the same quarter that war had broken out on the 13th December.

Meanwhile he had long been trying in vain to extract from his superiors some idea of their plans, in order that he might form his own, so as to make the assistance they expected from him as effective as possible. Six months before the war broke out he submitted to Sir H. Hardinge his scheme for the employment of the Scinde force. He proposed to seize Mooltan, and make it a base for such diversions as the movements of the main force should make desirable. He had the satisfaction of learning afterwards that this scheme exactly corresponded with the Duke of Wellington's advice to Sir H. Hardinge. If the closing words of Napier's memorandum had received the attention

they deserved, how much bloodshed and misery might have been avoided! He says: "Such are the difficulties to be prepared for, and the best preparation is the discussion of them; and I think, if my arguments are just, that you will enable me to march with at least 10,000 men, if I am to march at all. However, I need not tell you that I am ready to march with a corporal's guard, if you think it enough! The fate of India may at any moment hang upon your sword; and it is the duty of your distant lieutenants to tell you what they want, and what they think they can do. My plan is always to consider every possible difficulty well, and then to work heart and hand to overcome them; it is only when not foreseen, and not prepared for, that difficulties become really fearful and insurmountable."

In September he sent to the Sutlej pontoons for bridges, and in order to have his army in such a state that no call could be too sudden he pushed on with all speed the organisation of the camel baggage-corps, which had been a favourite design of his since he had seen with his own eyes the baggage of an Indian army.

The evils of the existing system, or want of system, were numerous and obvious; indeed, the nature of the climate and country rendered some of them inevitable. Many things which in a European army would be condemned as luxuries are, especially to Europeans, really necessary. The proportion of camp-followers to combatants was commonly as five to one. Sir Charles Napier, with all his exertions, was unable to reduce it lower than three to one. But the usual method of coping with these difficulties is calculated to promote neither efficiency nor economy. For each new war or threatened war a sufficient number of camels has to be hired by contract. The Government's necessity is the contractor's opportunity. Heavy prices are demanded, and become heavier as the war goes on.

The camel-drivers, though generally under the orders of the Commissariat, are not subject to any effective supervision. Camels are overloaded, ill-fed, ill-used, and die in great numbers, while their owners have to be compensated by Government. The result is as ruinously expensive as it is cruel. In Lord Keane's short and successful campaign in the first Afghan War the number of camels lost was estimated at 50,000. In the more recent campaign of 1879 as many as 60,000 are said to have perished. The evil is no less from the military point of view.[1] Napier says: "Place the animals as you will, the encumbrance of this unwieldy mass is immense; for the animals and their burdens must have room. Here they are jostling—crowding in now—spreading widely then—at times the strong animals far in front—the weaker as far in rear—some dying—some throwing their loads and running away—the tired servants labouring after, and often, very often, getting slain, or, losing the column, perishing miserably—thousands of camels dying, not only from fatigue, but from ill-usage by both soldiers and the drivers, and from being always overloaded. Such is the picture of the baggage of an Indian army; Smithfield market alone can rival it!" Here again is an illustration from life: "In the hills a large valley was quite choked with baggage on the 22d of February. We had marched at daylight for Deyrah, and the baggage followed a guard which went forward to secure a difficult pass. I remained on horseback from 4 A.M. until 2 P.M. before the baggage had passed me, and from my place to the camp, a valley of 3 miles, was so jammed, that hardly could an order get sent to the troops; and the cavalry, with a battery, were forced to take another route! Such fixes are formid-

[1] See on the whole subject, *A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir J. Hobhouse on the Baggage of the Indian Army*, by Sir Charles Napier; written in 1848, and reprinted in 1880 by M. Walbrook, 180 Brompton Road, S.W.

able close to an enemy." Summing up the evils from the strategical point of view, he says: "If pursuing an enemy, the commander quickly outmarches his baggage, and finds himself without food or tents, and perhaps without water; for in the deserts of India the wells are few, and may be poisoned. In short, the baggage of an Indian army shackles the General in all his movements, which, instead of being rapid and assisted by his baggage, are rendered slow and uncertain; thus, in place of all things being made secondary in importance to what ought to be the first great object—that of beating the enemy—the first object becomes that of protecting the baggage."

Sir Charles Napier's treatment of this difficult question was based on the following propositions:—1. That an Indian army requires more baggage than any other army in the world. 2. That the Europeans of an Indian army require more baggage than other parts of that army. 3. That the officers carry a great deal more baggage than is necessary. 4. That the line which divides necessaries from luxuries must be drawn with much care, for in India luxuries and necessaries are near akin, especially among Europeans. 5. That the baggage allowed in war should be much less than that allowed in peace. 6. That all private baggage should be carried by the public; because an officer, who is allowed money by the public to provide his own means of carrying his baggage, may lose his animals without any fault of his own or of his servants.

"No regimental officer," he said, "should be allowed more than three camels in the field. I speak from experience. When I took the field in the Hill Campaign against the robber tribes, I had but five camels. I was then not merely Commander of the Forces, but also Governor, and one camel out of the five was loaded entirely with official documents, stationery, maps, books, and correspondence,

civil and military. If I could do this (and on the march to Emaum-Ghur in 1843, I and my aide-de-camp had but three camels between us), a regimental officer can do with three camels, whatever be his rank. What does he want? His tent, his bed, a canteen, a second pair of breeches, a second pair of shoes, half a dozen shirts, a second flannel waistcoat, a couple of towels, and a piece of soap; all beyond is mere luxury, and not fit for a campaign. His regimentals he carries on his back. An Indian campaign lasts five months. No man takes the field for comfort; he goes to win renown, and no Sybarite wins renown in war."

The new camel baggage-corps was to be organised, maintained, and drilled with as much care as any other branch of the service, and was to be self-protecting, so as to relieve the General of the necessity of detaching troops to guard his baggage when he wanted every man to attack.

"My organisation is this. An elephant is to carry a large flag by day, and by night a large lantern fixed in a howdah.[1] Each company is to have a camel with its own smaller flag of its own colour, and a lantern of same colour; and all the trappings of all the animals of each company are to be of one colour, that of their flag. The drivers are so to be dressed also, if I find no inconvenience as to transfers, which may possibly be.

"This forming of baggage in regiments will make it more wieldy; and by arming and drilling the drivers, and giving every camel its driver, instead of one man to three animals, which is now the practice, I shall get rid of the baggage-guard; one man will lead two camels, the other man will flank them, and both will load and unload. I also attach five elephants,

[1] In a letter to Sir W. Napier he says:—"Your desiring me to thank Moses amused me, for really he was in my mind when I thought of the great lantern. I may probably thank that old soldier of the deserts in person yet, before you can, for his lesson: the Sikhs may settle that question next autumn, and so introduce me to the best general that ever was—for such I really think Moses was."

to apply their force to baggage or guns as necessity demands. My general order of march, where possible, is to have the baggage on the reverse flank. With this new organisation the lumber may go to any place, and form a living redoubt, defended by the drivers against the wild cavalry of the country, which sweeps round you like a storm and settles on your rear."[1]

The baggage-corps was, after Napier's departure from India, abolished by the authorities, and no adequate attempt has since been made in India to deal with this important subject. The "Land Transport Corps," organised in the Crimea by Sir Charles Napier's son-in-law and pupil, Colonel (now General Sir M.) M'Murdo, is a reproduction of the principle, though much restricted in its action.

The camel baggage-corps was not the only improvement by which, in Sir W. Napier's words, he had "given wings to his army." He had created the fighting camel-corps, thoroughly reorganised the Scinde Irregular Cavalry, and so horsed his batteries that they were capable of any exertion. "The army of Scinde," says Sir W. Napier, "was emphatically an army of movement; swift to assail, terrible to strike; and if the formation of the Belooch battalions, now well organised and fit for service, be added to the institutions mentioned above, the military creations will be found to have kept pace with those of the civil administration in Scinde." The General's own observations on his reforms are worthy of attention: "It is to me a strange thing to see, yet I do see it daily, that men of good sense in ordinary matters—ay, even clever men—overlook the sure though apparently trivial points on which the success of their projects essentially depends. On this very point of movement they fancy galloping of guns and setting of soldiers running are to ensure a rapid operation; it never seems to enter their heads, that the only good of double quick is to train men

[1] See Appendix.

to health and exertion, not to obtain results by the superior quickness of running over walking. They do not see that horse artillery need not go faster than columns can march. Nor, that it is arrangement and incessant care that make an army rapid—care to raise the moral feelings, care to support the physical strength of the weak, not galloping and trumpeting and running."

The Sikh war broke out in December 1845. Sir H. Hardinge was taken by surprise. A fortnight before the battle of Moodkee he had written to Napier to say that he would give him six weeks' notice of hostilities. On 24th December Napier heard from him that hostilities had commenced on the 13th, and ordering him to assemble at Roree, with all possible speed, an army of 15,000 men with a siege train. A large portion of this force had to come from Bombay; but he set to work with his usual vigour. "I only heard of the war on the 24th; this is the 26th, and already my siege train has advanced 100 miles towards Roree; that is not bad, and I give myself a month to assemble all at Roree, 400 miles off—*i.e.* 26 marches, which are regulated by water. Hardinge promised me six weeks' notice! But my work is to remedy mishaps: it is half the glory of war to rise over the wave like a ship." He set to work on the 24th December, and on 6th February he was at Roree, "at the head of 15,000 men, with 86 pieces of cannon and 300 yards of flying bridges, consisting of pontoons, native boats, with rafters and planking; the whole ready to march, carriage and everything complete, and such a spirit in the troops as cannot be surpassed." The whole force to be provided for, including non-combatants, was 50,000 men. He had two months' provisions in camp, and an armed flotilla of steamers on the Indus loaded with fresh supplies; in addition to which he had made ample provision for the peace and security of Scinde

during his absence. Such preparations could not have been made without the most extraordinary exertions on the part of every man connected with them. Sir George Arthur, Governor of Bombay, sent up the reinforcements with a promptness and attention to their needs that drew from Napier repeated acknowledgments of gratitude. "Another steamer is in sight from Bombay! Well, that Arthur wins my heart; he does give me such thorough support in war." His own staff worked night and day; but next to their devotion he attributed his success to the Scinde baggage-corps. He had been forbidden to collect camels before the war, and only started with enough for a column of 3000 men. Major Jameson, to whose able hands the corps had been intrusted, had to collect and train both men and camels while actually on the march. He now felt the full advantage of the hill campaign, but for which the fierce robber tribes would now have been able to dash at pleasure upon any point of his long line of communication. His general plan of operations was as follows: The first position of importance in front of him was Mittenkote, situated at the confluence of the Punjab rivers; the Sikhs had recognised its importance, and were actually fortifying it at the time. Ali Moorad was directed to march up the eastern bank of the Indus upon Dera Gazee Khan, a rich town. "His desire to plunder it will induce him to make a few marches, and then his fears will make him halt and perhaps fall back. But the demonstration will do what I want—viz. distract the attention of the enemy, occupy his troops, and draw him from the defence of the Sutlej." He himself meant to attack Mittenkote with his whole force of artillery. "This appears like killing a gnat with a sledge hammer; but Mittenkote must be crushed at once, and a moral effect produced upon Soojuabad and Mooltan." The army was to move against Mittenkote up both banks of the river,

accompanied by the flotilla. When Mittenkote was captured the left column was to cross to the left side of the river, and the whole force was to march to Ooch. "At Ooch I shall form a *dépôt* and fortify it; then cross the Sutlej, the passage of which will probably be opposed; but I have taken the guns from the steamers and made a good many gunboats, under whose fire and that from batteries on the bank, where my heavy guns will be placed, the passage shall be forced. If we get across I shall form a strong *tête de pont* and occupy it with the Nawab of Bhawulpoor's troops; and then putting all my hurt people and sick on board the steamers, advance on Soojuabad and Mooltan, taking my siege train in boats or by land according to circumstances." Had he been allowed to make preparations for executing this well-devised plan in time many of the calamities of that terrible war would have been avoided. Even at that late hour he felt he could strike a decisive blow. With an army of 15,000 men, admirably equipped, disciplined, and mad to fight under his eye, he would have met any odds. But it was not to be. While he was in the midst of his preparations the battle of Ferozashur had been fought. The heroic courage of the Governor-General had saved the army, but the contending forces were still face to face. At this terrible crisis, with the fate of India in the balance, Hardinge ordered Napier to direct his force upon Bhawulpoor, and to come himself with all speed to headquarters. His disappointment was bitter. To be thus summoned in the hour of need was, perhaps, an honourable testimony to his military reputation; but he was taken from a post where his own immense exertions had placed him in a position to render undoubted service, in order to take his place in a council of war—an institution for which he ever had the heartiest dislike.

Leaving his army on the 10th of February he travelled

across the enemy's country with extraordinary speed, thanks to his camel-corps, and reached Lahore on the 3d of March, only to find that Sobraon had been fought and that the war was over. The Governor-General greeted him as an old comrade, while to the whole army he was an object of the liveliest interest and enthusiasm.

"I cannot enter into the cause of being ordered up here, but it is very honourable; and in all things Hardinge has behaved towards me with extreme personal kindness, and in the most flattering manner. His answer to those who, on the terrible night of the 21st, wanted him to retreat was, 'No! we will abide the break of day, and then either sweep all before us or die honourably!' This was worthy of the man who saved Albuera." After hearing the account of the battles he says of the Commander-in-Chief: "Gough is a glorious old fellow, brave as ten lions, each with two sets of teeth and two tails." Very painful was the contrast between his personal feelings for these noble soldiers and the judgment which he could not help passing upon their conduct as responsible leaders.

"The passage of the river by the Sikhs was unexpected, unprovided for; yet it had for years, I may say, assuredly for months, been a matter of common expectation, not only in India, but in Europe. This was the Governor-General's first error. Every step the Sikhs took ought to have been known beforehand and prepared for. The second error was even greater. A small body of 6000 was left at Ferozepoor, and the Sikhs should have destroyed them, and then Ferozashur must have been fought with 10,000; for the 6000 would not have been there; and the Sikhs, flushed with victory over them, would probably have won Moodkee also. Well, Ferozashur followed, and still the struggle was made by 16,000 against 60,000, less their several losses in the previous actions. Generalship had not diminished the disproportion, though bull-dog fighting had taken the enemy's guns.

"The last of the three days' fighting was a mere repulse; we stood victorious, but were unable to move: no provisions, no magazines. Thus we remained till the 26th, I believe, paralysed! And this after such displays of courage by officers and soldiers, and but 40 miles from the enemy's capital! The censures of history must fall heavy here. Let us come to the second act of this bloody drama. While we stood inactive the enemy again crossed higher up and fought us on our own territory, near Loodhiana. . . . But he did more: he poured his battalions over the river in sight of our army, and fortified 70,000 men in a position! and our strength was then 40,000. The Governor-General had no right to expect a successful storm of such works, if time were given to strengthen them, and he should have assailed them at once. He could not. He was without ammunition for his guns; yet such attacks depend more on muskets and bayonets. History will make no allowance for this."

The result of the campaign showed, in his opinion, that the statesmanship was no stronger than the generalship, and he took occasion once more to raise a warning voice which was as amply justified as were his former predictions. "Hardinge is ordered to treat, and himself approves of treating, not annexing, and—*the result will be another war.* . . . Meanwhile India has lost much blood and money, and the tragedy *must be reacted a year or two hence.*"

In spite of the kindness of all his old friends and the attentions paid him by strangers, he was glad to leave Lahore and return to his Government. "I am afraid to say what I think," he writes. "First, it would look like a desire to censure Hardinge, whom I love, for he is a noble fellow. Second, it would look as if my wish was to get Gough's place, which would be false: he also is a noble fellow, but he owes Hardinge a debt of which he is not aware. Third, it would appear boastful; but until at Lahore I had no idea of how much could have been done.

Yet will I also say that, taking all things into consideration, the bad state of the army, the want of discipline, mass of baggage, etc., Hardinge could not have done more. His long absence from all military work made him, I am sure, feel unable to take full command; he felt he had, and he has, the great principles of war all right, but not the details, which spring from practice, and are required to do good work: there is no Aladdin's lamp for discipline."

With regard to his own exertions in the war two points are worthy of notice, not only because they show how inadequate was the judgment of those who have regarded him as another Peterborough, whose success was due to flashes of an irregular and eccentric genius, but also because they declare once more what are the essential conditions of all good work. In spite of his success in war, in spite of the contrast between his own careful preparations and the blunders and unreadiness of his superiors, he never took credit to himself for genius or pre-eminent talent in war. "I am not of great ability," he says, when in the midst of his preparations; "I am a *painstaking* man, working diligently, but without any of that astounding power of mind like Napoleon or the Duke."

The second point is still more instructive. Charles Napier, at the age of sixty-three, an officer of fifty years' standing, the most brilliant soldier in India, and overwhelmed with business, was still trying hard to improve himself by the study of books. In a letter to his brother, Sir William, relating his preparations for war, he makes a suggestion on this subject which, unfortunately for the military world, never bore fruit.

"There is a work wanted, and you are the man to do it when you have time—namely, a compendium of maxims by great commanders, without examples, such as your observations after chapters in your history, and Napoleon in his

memoirs. A man at the head of troops wants to refer to such things and keep them fresh in memory; he does not want examples but principles, and such a book is not to be put together by an ordinary writer ignorant of war. I have found Frederick of Prussia's instructions very useful. I cannot tell how, except that they are practical, and bring many things before me as I work; and they are in one little volume; whereas I have to hunt through your six volumes, and Napoleon's nine, which are therefore useless to me; for I cannot carry them, and would not have time to hunt out passages. Even Frederick's little book might be much less, and thus be better. Jomini is too voluminous; the Archduke Charles is better, but not altogether what I want and mean; Fred. is the man. But my book should not be Fred., nor Nap., nor any one, but able extracts from all, by a man able also to give his own, as you are: the Duke is not now likely to do anything of this nature. I have long wished for a work of this kind: ever since I have had a command, and a pamphlet of 100 pages will do."

For a man who tackles his profession in this way, reading the best that is known with pen in hand, even though his abilities be but moderate, the bugbear of modern examinations will have no terrors.

Early in April Sir Charles Napier was back at Kurachee, having travelled so rapidly that he arrived as soon as the news of the peace. Scinde had remained perfectly tranquil during the war, and the Governor found his reputation with the Beloochees rather greater than before. His kismet, they said, was a cubit longer than that of any man then living, and when he was ordered to headquarters they had exclaimed, "Now all will be settled at once." In all other respects the war had given him little cause for satisfaction. He had felt keenly the disappointment of seeing his masterly preparations rendered abortive, and the long ride of 1800 miles to Lahore and back in the heat had sown

the seeds of a disease which ultimately proved fatal. Havelock wrote, after seeing him at Lahore, "It is impossible to conceive, without seeing it, a frame so attenuated and shattered, and yet tenanted by a living soul, as this old soldier's." He had hardly resumed his duties under these depressing conditions when a still heavier trial fell upon him. Cholera, which had appeared in a few cases among the natives, suddenly burst out with the greatest violence among the troops and the European community, attacking the finest and strongest men. Its worst fury was of short duration, and its disappearance was as abrupt and inexplicable as its coming; but in that short time 7000 persons died in Kurachee, and nearly 50,000 were said to have perished in the country; 800 soldiers died. The Governor separated the troops at once, and organised seven hospitals. Some of these were 2 miles asunder, and the nearest more than a mile from his house, but he inspected every hospital twice every day, speaking some word of encouragement to every sufferer. His own home was not spared. John Napier, his favourite nephew, had one little daughter, and his wife, Sir Charles Napier's step-daughter, was in delicate health. On the 6th of July the little girl died; on the afternoon of the 7th John Napier, an ardent and able soldier, was attacked by cholera, and before night was dead; on the following day a second daughter was born. This double burden of public and private sorrow was hard to bear, how hard no one might know, for in that dark hour he felt that only his calm and undaunted defiance of adversity stood between his people and despair. Only when alone with his Journal is a sharp cry of pain suffered to escape. "I have lost my Journal from the 26th of April, and since then nothing but great suffering has been my fate. John's first illness; then his child's; and then the terrible cholera which swept off my soldiers; and, O God! its last blow

struck down my beloved nephew after he and I had laid his child in its grave. I laid him by her side; him whom from his infancy I had saved and cherished, and whom I so loved. Merciful God! how heavily the hand of the evil spirit strikes! but we go to Thee, and the struggle ends! My time cannot be very distant."

The state of his health made him conscious that he must soon choose between leaving Scinde and dying at his post. He had undergone four years of great responsibility and labour in a trying climate, and without any rest or relaxation. He felt that another year would be as much as he could bear. His choice was hastened and to some extent determined by his unpleasant relations with the Court of Directors. When Lord Ellenborough left India a considerable portion of the ill-will borne him by the East India Company had been transferred to the most brilliant exponent of his policy, who, it must be confessed, did not take much pains to avert it. From the day Napier set foot in India he had spoken freely in disparagement of the Company's rule; the Government of Scinde had been organised without the least reference to the tastes or wishes of that body; while the controversy between his brother and Major Outram had introduced a personal element into the conflict of political opinions. He could, however, say for himself that, if he had used hard words about the Directors, he had still been a valuable servant. In the war in the Punjab the difference between Scinde as a turbulent and treacherous neighbour, and Scinde as a loyal and strongly-ruled province menacing the Sikh flank, had been of the first importance. Again, in another direction, the acquisition of Scinde had put a stop to the smuggling of opium through the Portuguese colony of Demaum into Bombay, and had thereby enormously increased the revenue of that presidency. Nor had Scinde proved a bad bargain in itself. In the first

four years after the conquest little short of £800,000 surplus was paid into the treasury of India in spite of war and pestilence. When, therefore, Napier found himself exposed to every sort of annoyance and misrepresentation, and when he remembered that the only reward he had received for his services was the promotion from K.C.B. to G.C.B., he felt that he was a marked man. Putting aside his services in the settlement of Scinde, nothing had been done for his staff after the hill campaign, and he received absolutely no recognition of his exertions in the Sikh war. He had warned the Government that war was inevitable, and had asked leave to prepare for it; this had been refused on the ground that it would alarm the Sikhs. When war broke out, he was ordered without any warning to organise, equip, and concentrate at a distance of 400 miles an army of 15,000 men with a heavy siege train—a task which he completed in forty days. Then, in his own words, "There are Hardinge's letters calling me up from Roree to his headquarters, because things were in danger, and he thought I was the man to pull them through. I am not so vain as to think they had no other; but they thought so, and the army thought so, and I have the Governor-General's letters saying so. The Government at home have, of course, copies, for the letters were official." He had obeyed this call with extraordinary promptitude and at the cost of great personal suffering, and yet, when ministers at home thanked the officers by name who had taken part in the campaign, from the Governor-General down to a gallant captain, Sir Charles Napier was not considered worthy of even a passing notice. Unfortunately he experienced something worse than neglect from the Court of Directors.

After the conquest of Scinde the prize money was vested in the Directors as trustees for its proper distribution; which, it was wittily said, was like making the wicked

uncle trustee for the babes in the wood. They decided, against all precedent, that Sir Charles Napier was only entitled to one-sixteenth as a Major-General, instead of one-eighth as Commander-in-Chief of the troops concerned. Sir Charles Napier received no official notice of this decision, but the Lords of the Treasury permitted his friends to appeal on his behalf, and the decision was reversed. Another instance of the unfair treatment he met with at their hands was of a much more serious nature than a dispute about prize money. If there was one thing that he had more at heart than another in his government it was the removal of every restriction on the production or importation of food. One of his first administrative acts had been the abolition of a tax upon imported grain, known as transit-duty. With his experience of the amenities of the Anglo-Indian press he was not much surprised to find the *Bombay Times* denouncing him for having dared to re-establish this same transit-duty, and making all India ring with circumstantial accounts of his infamous attempts to make up a sham revenue.

"As I never, he says, "put one single tax upon the people of Scinde, good, bad, or indifferent, and took off a great many taxes, I laughed at what I knew must be in due time found pure inventions. But could I laugh when I found, by a mistake of a clerk at Calcutta in sending a wrong letter, that the Bombay Government had transmitted a secret note of council to be registered at Calcutta against me! accusing me of making up a false revenue, not alone by levying taxes, for as I recollect the Minute of council only hinted at that, but by a monopoly of grain! the price of which was first raised, it said, by my command, and then sold at the enhanced price to the troops, so as to make the loss fall on the Bombay Government; in short, that I had perpetrated so infamous an action, that if there had been an iota of truth in it, hanging would be too good for me.

"Well, I answered their Minute when it reached me by the mistake noticed, and disproved by document after document every lie they had told. Did this suffice? Was this all the result of the *Bombay Times'* falsehoods about the taxes? No! Enough in all conscience, but not all. I got a letter from Lord Ripon, to say he had heard of my taxation, but hoped it was not true; and then he gave all sorts of reasons to prove I ought not to put on the transit-duty, showing that he was convinced I had done so—as a nurse says to a naughty child, I hope you have not been doing so and so, when she knows it has. . . . No sooner had I answered Lord Ripon than down comes from Calcutta a letter from the secret committee of the Court of Directors—Lord Ripon's colleagues—to know why I had restored the transit-duty, which they heard I had done from various sources."

It will be observed that the authorities had condemned him without asking for any explanation from himself. But this was not the worst. Sir Charles Napier's charges against his official superiors have often been smiled at as the inventions of an irritable and egotistical imagination. An instructive comment on that view will be found in the sequel to the business of the transit-duty. In the year 1857, when Sir Charles Napier had been four years in his grave, a motion was made in Parliament for a return of Land Tenures in India. The return, when presented, contained the direct charge, as made by the Bombay Government in 1846, that, contrary to the established law and in order to give a fictitious importance to his conquest, Sir Charles Napier had created a monopoly of grain to sell at famine prices. On a motion being made for the production of Napier's refutation of the calumny thus reiterated by the Company after his death, it was answered by those Directors who had seats in the House that no such refutation had been found!

Grieved and provoked as he was by such treatment, of

which the cases given above are but prominent instances, he was determined not to give his enemies an easy triumph by resigning, at any rate until the structure of his Government had been carried on to such a point that it could not easily be shaken after his departure.

The first point he was anxious to see settled was a large reduction of the military force in Scinde. He had always maintained that a large force there had been necessary to watch the Punjab and not to overawe Scinde. The latter could be held, he said, by his 2500 policemen; but if the Central Government would not allow that, he was urgent that he should not be left more than 5000 men, the number intended for the occupation under Lord Auckland's *régime*. He did not get all that he wanted. "Hardinge will not reduce my force below 8000; yet he says my reasoning is 'close and sound;' but that all would be right while I am here. This is not well founded. The people are not quiet because I am here; they were so at first, but now they are quiet because they are getting rich and enjoy the fruits of their labours; because justice makes them happy."

In the administrative department a system of irrigation held the first place in his thoughts.

"From the first," he says, "I have been forming a canal department; it has cost much pains and money, but has taken surveys and levels all over Scinde for the thorough organisation of canals and irrigation of the land. In October it will take the whole of the canals out of the hands of the kardars, who are the natives employed in each district to do everything relative to revenue. Hitherto the Indus has created and destroyed the harvests at its caprice. In June and July the country is one great expanse of water, and the grain shoots up like magic; suddenly down goes the river, and all is parched up by the terrible sun. The grain bears this for some time, the earth holding moisture, and if a second rise of water comes, grows rich and heavy; but if the river does not

rise in time, or enough, or perhaps not at all, the crop perishes altogether. Now, with our system of sluices, all the great feeders will become long tanks, plentifully supplying the grain by little field drains till ripe, when the sluices will be opened and the canals cleaned out. The water spreads now wildly over the whole surface of the land, and where that happens to be a low level it lies until the sun of August and September dries up the swamp; then a rich mixed vegetation of grain and weeds springs up with a full crop of fever! . . . I thus hope next year to see the first action of my sluice system begun, and in ten or twenty years it will be thoroughly understood, and make Scinde a vast farm for cotton, indigo, wheat, with various other grains, and timber also. I defy any man to doubt the riches of an alluvial soil, with a hot sun and good scientific irrigation."

Of the legislative work the most important was that relating to land tenure. It has already been explained that all the land of Scinde was held at the will of the Government and subject to military service, and that by the durbar held in 1844, the jaghires, or crown-grants, had been given on life-tenancy, or for a long term of years, subject to a rent instead of service. This system had worked well and was spreading; for it must be remembered that the change of tenure was voluntary. It was now determined to complete the destruction of the feudal tenures in the following manner: The jaghirdars, or holders of the old crown-grants, were offered absolute unconditional ownership of as much of their holdings as they had cultivated. This amounted in most cases to about one-fourth of the whole. The remaining three-fourths were resumed by the State in order to be let to ryots and immigrant settlers at very low rents, and with the advantage of being free from both rent and taxes for the first two years. This was a bold step, but it was executed without commotion or remonstrance.

"My motives," he said, "are that a host of poor ryots,

hitherto slaves not only to the Ameers but to the jaghirdars, will be enfranchised, and enabled to live in comfort and industrious; and I know that the nobles can never be good or contented subjects unless we give them public employment and honour them. When civilisation advances, they will, under this system, find themselves rich, and they will embark in mercantile pursuits and agricultural improvements, because they will find their property safe, and need not as heretofore make themselves formidable as military chiefs to retain it. . . . Even under my system they will become very powerful; but I have established a counter-check by opening a way to raise a race of independent farmers attached to the Government. This is all I can now do for Scinde and its fine people."

In connection with the provision for the creation of small holdings he had jotted down the following rough notes:—

"All land ought to be let by Government on leases of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one years; the best land—that is, land where water is most easily supplied—on the shorter leases.

"The produce being divided into three portions, Government should take a third; the remaining two-thirds going to the occupant, who takes all the expenses of cultivation.

"If the occupant cannot supply his land with water the Government is bound to do so for him; but he must keep the canal or well, as the case may be, in repair, under a penalty.

"Government should give a premium for every new well dug, if the water be good, and the well a Pukkur one—*i.e.* built with burnt bricks. The well should be valued and paid for when the tenant quits the land, unless he be turned out for misconduct.

"All waste land on lease shall be let for twenty-one years, and the first two years rent free. If at the end of two years the whole is not in a state of cultivation the Government will

mulct the tenant to the amount which the land ought to have paid had rent been demanded, unless he satisfies the collector that there was adequate cause for the neglect.

"If a man takes a lease he shall be bound to cultivate the land until the expiration of his lease; and he must pay full rent in cash quarterly for his leasehold; if he does not cultivate the same he must go to prison, and there labour until Government is remunerated by the market price of his labour, deducting only the expense of his keep.

"All leases are to explain clearly—1. The term of the lease. 2. The extent of the leasehold. 3. The forfeit in case of breach of contract."

One more act of his administration shall be recorded, as it illustrates his attitude towards one of the fundamental questions of our Indian policy. He held strongly enough that our rule in India depended on our might as conquerors, but he never considered that view as conflicting with the duty or necessity of developing the native capacity for self-government. "Seize every point of strength by arms," he says, "keep them by arms, and show ourselves resolved to rule the empire we have won. It is true we have won that empire most unjustly, but it is now impossible to abandon our position. We may not retreat, and can only hold our ground by skill and courage. It is not by moderation but by victory that we must hold India; and we must mix with the people, give them justice, give them riches, give them honours, give them share of all things, until we blend with them and become one nation. When a half-caste, or a full native, can be Governor-General, we shall not hold India as a colony or conquest, but be part inhabitants, and as numerous as will be required to hold it as our own."

To show that he meant what he said, Mohamed Tora, one of the greatest sirdars who fought at Meeanee, was made a magistrate. Napier is very frank in his justification of the appointment.

"The nobles of Scinde must have the road of ambition opened to them, or they will not have their rights in the honourable sense of my proclamation—that is, if they qualify themselves for the offices demanded. But in questions of general interest like this, even qualification should not be required before enjoyment—we must give first, we can turn out afterwards for incapacity. The class-right will be thus acknowledged while the man is removed; and if one Beloochee gentleman becomes a magistrate, many will qualify themselves. I want to go beyond this, if the Indian system will allow me; but that system, a rotten fabric of expedients for the supporting of robbery, is equally destitute of humanity and knowledge of human nature, and will, I suppose, certainly debar the Scindian gentlemen of the rights possessed by Englishmen. I will, however, give them all I can. The Beloochee gentleman may likely enough abuse his power for ten years to come; but we who have conquered the country can surely keep half a dozen of such persons in order; and the great men of the land must have a door open for their ambition, their virtues, and their industry, or they will become rebellious or vile; I know not which is worst, but the Government which produces either is a detestable tyranny."

With these words, the fearless generosity of which is a striking contrast to the illiberal fears of many who sneered at his administration as a barbarous military despotism, we must take leave of Scinde. It has been impossible in these few pages to give more than a rough outline of his actions, military and civil. Many points have been barely touched upon, some have been omitted altogether; but the aim has been not so much to give a history of his government as to indicate the originality, the inexhaustible resource, the versatility, the subtle knowledge of human nature, and the stern devotion to justice and duty, which enabled him in five years to conquer, conciliate, and render happy a warlike and half barbarous people. "He has proved himself," said Lord Ellenborough, "to be the ablest, at least the most

successful of all administrators, if the success of an administration may be tested by the confidence it gives the people. . . . These matters are, however, so very little understood in this country, even by the few who attend to them at all, that I fear it may be long before his merits are justly appreciated; and people here may discover, only when it is too late, that Sir Charles Napier has possessed that rare combination of military and civil talent, both excellent in their kind, which is the peculiar attribute of a great mind."

In testimony of the prosperity and happiness he had brought to the people he governed, two facts may be cited. Early in 1847 Sir Charles Napier offered to send from Scinde 11,000 tons of wheat for the use of starving Ireland, at one-third of the market price of wheat in England, and showed at the same time that enough would be left in Scinde to form a reserve in case the next harvest was bad. The other fact is the anxiety of his neighbours to be admitted to share the benefits of his rule. The whole people of Cutch Gundava in the north, and the tribes of the Gedrosian desert on the west, asked to be received as his subjects; while on the east the ruler of Bhawulpoor asked to be placed under the control of the Governor of Scinde instead of a political agent. There was also a large immigration of individuals. One man, who had been driven from Scinde by the tyranny of the Ameers, returned, bringing with him a body of 1500 cultivators, with their families, who were all settled by the Governor at old Kurachee.

In his own criticism of his government he modestly enumerates the difficulties he had met with as an excuse for his deficiencies. "Though the officers with me and myself might have done more and better, no one will deny that we have had many and great difficulties to struggle with—war, and pestilence in its utmost virulence, the

destruction of a whole harvest by locusts, etc. In the midst of an extensive military command I have had to construct the entire machinery of a civil government, assisted by young officers, who had, at first starting, little or no experience, but whose zeal and abilities have enabled them to serve me well." Of his two immediate successors, both of whom were civilians trained in a system in many respects most unlike that of Scinde, the first, Mr. Pringle, said, "I can wish nothing better for the interests of our newly-acquired provinces in the Punjab, than that they may have the benefit of the same just and strong government which was so successfully applied to the introduction of order here." The late Sir Bartle Frere, who ruled Scinde for seven years with equal benefit to the country and credit to himself, has repeatedly expressed to the present writer his admiration of the political capacity and foresight displayed in the settlement of Scinde, and fully endorsed Sir William Napier's summary of his brother's rule: "He left a united regenerated people rejoicing in a rising civilisation, the work of his beneficent genius."

CHAPTER IX.

HOME—COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA—LAST YEARS.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER resigned the government of Scinde in the beginning of July 1847. His wife had fallen dangerously ill, and it was necessary to take her home. "I am a man smothered with women and children," he writes, "like a duck with onions. Would that my next four months were well over and I clear of this grand India and all its glories, and wants, and bad governments." On 1st October he embarked and journeyed without accident to Nice, where he stopped some time to recruit his strength. The Journal contains some characteristic reflections on the passage from Asia to Europe.

"Were I Emperor of the East and thirty years of age I would have Constantinople on one side and Pekin on the other before twenty years, and all between should be grand, free, and happy. The Emperor of Russia should be *done*: freedom and the press should burn along his frontier like touch-paper, until half his subjects were mine in heart; and then I would smite him under the fifth rib, and the Baltic should be my north-west province. Odin went from India to Scandinavia; so would I, and crack the ice under his throne at St. Petersburg. What stuff is all this! Here am I, sixty-six years old and in bodily pain, fit for nothing but the grave, contemplating conquest and wise government! Vanity! vanity! begone! . . .

"Well, the Indian is now rising in the scale, and Christianity is on the spread everywhere, for the Christian is the

master. We have got footing in China; we are paramount in India; Persia is pressed on all sides, and Mahomed reels about; Jerusalem beats Mecca. The Bombay army laughs at high caste already; the Bengal and Madras men will soon do so; and then Vishnu's race will be run. Mahomed already drinks brandy, and his women are getting out of the harem as fast as they can. Everywhere the Cross prevails; we are letting Jews into power, and being no longer persecuted they will in time turn Christians. A thousand years may pass before these things are completed — ay, ten thousand! — but the universality of the Christian religion progresses plainly, if men will only look at great facts. Protestants and Catholics and Greeks by their nonsense delay the progress of their creed, but Jesus Christ is too strong for all their folly; His words, His deeds, His life, are known, and will overthrow all their absurdities in time. Priests of all religions are at a discount, while religion is spreading and growing strong: this alone tells us that monopoly in the trade is going down. Men are now setting up for themselves —that is to say, religion grows universal.

"As to politics we are going to the bad: Parliament is influenced by petty interests. In the days of Fox and Pitt, whether right or wrong, there were commanding minds and determined wills; now we wince under the lash of every editor of a newspaper. We are no longer like a fine picture, presenting two great masses of light and shade, all is broken and trivial. Every petty mercantile interest is advocated, while that of the State in mass is lost sight of in the conflict of these minor concerns—the timber line, the railroad line, the devil's line! We are all for moderation, too! A little blessed, a little damned, like souls in purgatory; but only souls and balloons go upwards; so if we make a slip in this purgatorial moderation down we go to the devil in politics."

At Nice he stayed for some months, very weak and suffering in body, but happy in the society of his brother, Sir George Napier, who had recently relinquished the government of Cape Colony. On 16th January he says,

"George and I are going to dine together this day, just thirty-nine years after he turned every dead body on the battlefield of Coruña looking for mine." On his way home (May 1848) he had an interview with Marshal Soult in Paris, another reminiscence of Coruña. "He paid me the highest compliments, as he had studied all my operations in *China*, and entirely approved of them. This was flattering. Depend upon it that when a French soul is damned, it puts on a greatcoat and compliments the devil on his fine climate, though '*un peu froid.*'"

On reaching London he found that, in spite of the hostility or coldness of the official world, he was to be treated as a "Lion," and put through the orthodox series of dinners and speeches. "How I hate these effusions of fish and folly!" he exclaims; but his striking appearance and quaint speeches made him a prominent and popular figure.

Among the celebrities of the day there were few whose attention gave him genuine pleasure. It was a proud moment for him when he again stood face to face with the Duke of Wellington and heard his sincere words of congratulation and answered his short eager questions. Lord Ellenborough had been up till then personally unknown to him, but their long and intimate correspondence put them at once on the footing of old friends. In the parliamentary world the only man for whom he had a great admiration was Sir Robert Peel. Their meeting was thoroughly cordial on both sides. "Sir Charles Napier," said Peel, "were I to begin life again, and be a soldier, I would enlist under you in preference to any other General." All Whigs were, as ever, an abomination to him, not excepting even so doubtful a member of the species as Lord Brougham. He tells his brother how he disconcerted that eminent man with evident relish. "Lord Brougham is a queer fellow.

He was talking something about burials at Miss Coutts's, of being buried alive, and finished by saying, 'However, I don't know; I never was buried.' 'You ought to have been,' said I, 'for your Lordship was dead once, you know.' He looked hard at me, and then said in a low voice, 'Yes, yes; I was dead.'[1] He did not seem to like the joke, and the less so as the old beau"—the Duke of Wellington—"opened his mouth and gave a deep guttural laugh, while the others broke out aloud."

There was one man in London with whom, had they ever met, he would have found himself in entire harmony. Eight years later Mr. Carlyle, in thanking Sir William Napier for his *Administration of Scinde*, took occasion to record his estimate of Charles Napier's character with unrivalled insight and vigour.

"To Sir William Napier.

"CHELSEA, 12*th May* 1856.

"DEAR SIR—I have read with attention, and with many feelings and reflections, your record of Sir Charles Napier's administration of Scinde. You must permit me to thank you in the name of Britain at large for writing such a book, and in my own poor name to acknowledge the great compliment and kindness implied in sending me a copy for myself.

"It is a book which every living Englishman would be the better for reading, for studying diligently till he saw into it, till he recognised and believed the high and tragic phenomenon set forth there. A book which may be called 'profitable' in the old scripture sense: profitable for reproof, for correction and admonition, for great sorrow, yet for

[1] On the 22d of October 1839 all the morning papers, with the exception of the *Times*, announced the death of Lord Brougham and gave full obituary notices, more or less flattering—chiefly less. It was generally believed at the time that Lord Brougham was not wholly innocent of the propagation of the rumour. See Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. viii. pp. 505-510.

'building up in righteousness' too—in heroic manful endeavour to do well, and not ill, in one's time and place. One feels it a kind of possession to know that one has had such a fellow-citizen and contemporary in these evil days.

"The fine and noble qualities of the man are very recognisable to me; his piercing, subtle intellect turned all to the practical, giving him just insight into men and into things; his inexhaustible, adroit contrivances; his fiery valour; sharp promptitude to seize the good moment that will not return. A lynx-eyed, fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him; more of a hero than any modern I have seen for a long time. A singular veracity one finds in him, not in his words alone, which, however, I like much for their fine rough *naïveté*, but in his actions, judgments, aims; in all that he thinks and does and says—which, indeed, I have observed is the root of all greatness or real worth in human creatures, and properly the first (and also the rarest) attribute of what we call *genius* among men.

"The path of such a man through the foul jungle of this world,—the struggle of Heaven's inspiration against the terrestrial fooleries, cupidities, and cowardices,—cannot be other than tragical; but the man does tear out a bit of way for himself too, strives towards the good goal, inflexibly persistent till his long rest come; the man does leave his mark behind him, ineffaceable, beneficent to all good men, maleficent to none: and we must not complain. The British nation of this time, in India or elsewhere—God knows no nation ever had more need of such men in every region of its affairs! but also perhaps no nation ever had a much worse chance to get hold of them, to recognise and loyally second them, even when they are there. Anarchic stupidity is wide as the night; victorious wisdom is but as a lamp in it shining here and there. Contrast a Napier even in Scinde with, for example, a Lally at Pondicherry or on the Place de Grève—one has to admit that it is the common lot, that it might have been far worse!

"There is great talent in this book apart from its subject. The narrative moves on with strong weighty step, like a

marching phalanx, with the gleam of clear steel in it—shears down the opponent objects and tramples them out of sight in a very potent manner. The writer, it is evident, had in him a lively glowing image, complete in all its parts, of the transaction to be told; and that is his grand secret of giving the reader so lively a conception of it. I was surprised to find how much I had carried away with me, even of the hill campaign and of Trukkee itself; though without a map the attempt to understand such a thing seemed to me desperate at first.

"With many thanks, and gratified to have made this reflex acquaintance, which if it should ever chance to become a direct one might gratify me still more,—I remain always yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

After a short visit to Ireland, where he received an enthusiastic welcome, Sir Charles Napier settled down at Cheltenham. He was in very bad health; suffering much from the effects of the ride to Lahore, and also from the old Busaco wound in the face. "I am again suffering from a threatened renewal of the suffocating feeling in my nose, or rather my palate. I am obliged to get up at night and light a candle, and if I remained in the dark I should go mad; the light relieves me, yet I live in terror lest it should come on violently." His chief occupation was the composition of a pamphlet advocating the organisation of a baggage-corps for the Indian army, which has already been referred to. Before it was finished the fulfilment of his predictions about the Punjab commenced: Agnew and Anderson, for the latter of whom he had a great liking, were murdered at Mooltan, and the second Sikh war burst out. After Edwardes' brilliant exploit things did not go well; and the doubtful victories of the last war were recalled with all the more anxiety that Lord Hardinge was no longer at hand in case Lord Gough's headlong style of generalship should again put India in peril. In such a

crisis the eyes of the public were more and more turned to the conqueror of Scinde, and his sayings about the Punjab were rife. His friends told him he would have to go out. "I see no chance of this," he replies; "for before the Directors would consent the danger must be made plain by some disaster; not danger in perspective and estimated by forethought, but actual disaster which must happen two months before the court can know of it; two more would pass before I could reach the scene of action, and then all would be over or beyond remedy."

Early in January 1849 want of confidence in Lord Gough had become so general that there was a loud call in England for a change in the command. The Directors asked the Duke of Wellington to recommend them a General for the crisis, and he named Sir Charles Napier. But, as Napier had said, nothing short of necessity would make them swallow such a bitter draught. The Duke next named Sir George Napier. The Directors were shy of the name, but reluctantly assented. Sir George, however, refused—"from other causes," says Sir W. Napier, "but he loved his country and his brother too well to step into the place of the best man." Sir William Gomm was finally hit upon, and actually sailed from Mauritius. Sir Charles Napier had left Cheltenham for London at the Duke's summons; but when he reached Apsley House his services had already been refused.

"*29th January.*—I saw the Duke this morning. 'How do you do? very glad to see you. Sorry I sent for you up from Cheltenham; thought I could employ you, but can't; that quarrel with Hogg! it has upset everything. Sorry I gave you the trouble to come. Well, I am very glad to see you, and shall keep you in my eye all the same: another time, perhaps.' 'I don't think I could have gone to India, my lord duke!' 'Eh! Why? Ain't you well?' 'Yes, quite

well, but I have too many enemies there.' Duke, laughing very much, — 'Pooh! Pooh! Pooh! Enemies! don't care for enemies! Pooh! Pooh! Well, good-bye, very glad to see you.'"

After this laconic interview Napier returned to Cheltenham, and the Directors rubbed their hands over their escape. But their triumph was short-lived. Late in February came the news of the battle of Chillianwallah. With a cry of indignation the people claimed their right to override the personal feelings of the Directors, and demanded the appointment of Sir Charles Napier. The necessary disaster had come, and the Directors yielded. It was a splendid vindication of Napier's character. He had been slighted by ministers and ill-treated by the Directors, but his countrymen had recognised his great qualities and instinctively turned to him in the hour of danger. But if he was proud of such testimony in his favour, he was still more indignant that the call for himself should be coupled with an unjust and ignoble outcry against Lord Gough. "Lord Gough," said Sir W. Napier, echoing his brother's sentiments, "was a noble soldier of fifty years' service, and had always been victorious, whether obeying or commanding; no man heard, because no man dared to say, that personal comfort, or idleness, or fear, had induced him to shrink from danger, responsibility, or labour. What then was his crime? He had fought a drawn battle—the enemy was not crushed." Charles Napier was shocked to think that, while curious crowds were following him about, his old comrade in the Peninsula could hardly have shown himself in the streets of London without risk to his life.

On his own account he felt great hesitation in accepting the call. "When the Duke of Wellington first told me of my appointment I objected that my many enemies in

India would mar all usefulness; he laughed, pressed the matter home, and concluded thus: 'If you don't go, I must.'" Still reluctant, he asked for twenty-four hours for reflection, and went to his brother William for counsel. To him he expressed his unwillingness to go again to India in the face of the opposition which he knew he would experience; he only yielded at last to the argument that India was in danger, and the people of England thought he could ward it off; if he did not go, and disaster befell, it would be charged on his refusal to act, and be imputed to personal feelings.

The anticipated hostility was not long in declaring itself. As soon as he had said he would go the Directors made an effort to exclude him from the seat in the Supreme Council which his predecessors had almost invariably enjoyed. They did not choose to inform him of their intention themselves; that disagreeable task fell to Lord John Russell, who hinted to Napier that the Directors were hunting for a precedent, and would probably find one, for his exclusion. The General was naturally indignant. "Six years I had served in the East with success, as a military commander and as a civil governor; I had received the approbation of my sovereign, and the thanks of Parliament for victories which the public voice had applauded: I had been again called to command in the same country by the sovereign and the public, and the expectation of my submitting to such an insult from the Directors was preposterous." The result was a very stormy interview. Lord John Russell was "shy and not explicit, I was explicit and not shy, and spoke with such vehemence as to settle the matter at once—for jumping to my feet and extending my clenched hand, I said, 'Look here, Lord John! If they can't find a precedent for going out with a seat, I will, by God, find one for a Commander-in-Chief not

going out when offered the situation. 'Oh,' said he, 'they will, I am sure, find one.' 'My Lord, I do not care whether they do or not, but to India I will not go without a seat in Council.'"

The Directors having been once more obliged to yield, there remained one more uncomfortable scene to be gone through—the usual banquet given by them to the outgoing General. The speeches on the occasion had an interest of an unusual sort. The chief guest did not attempt to blink the facts. "I go to India," he said, "by the command of Her Majesty, by the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington; and I believe I go also with the approbation of my countrymen." In allusion to the past, he said with emphasis that "least said was soonest mended." The Duke of Wellington's words had also much hidden meaning in them. "I have frequently enjoyed your hospitality on occasions of festivals, which you have given on the appointment of governors-general, governors, and commanders-in-chief, but I have never attended with so much satisfaction as on the present occasion. The officer whom you have now selected to command your armies in the East Indies has been distinguished already in that country by public services. He has conducted most important and difficult operations under most trying circumstances with the utmost ability; he has with uniform success fought general actions extraordinarily well contested by the enemy: he has shown that he deserved the confidence of the Government he served and the troops he commanded."

Now came the worries of preparation, hampered by the curiosity of the fashionable world and solicitations for his patronage, the most remarkable of which, perhaps, was the offer of a stranger to become his secretary on the specific ground that the General must be too illiterate to write his own despatches. It is needless to remark that his prepara-

tions had no reference to his personal wants. His wardrobe was as scanty as ever. Having received the Queen's gracious command to dine at Osborne, with only a few hours' notice, his attention was drawn to the fact that a somewhat ancient drab waistcoat was hardly appropriate to the occasion. He had no other, but suddenly recollecting that his valet, a foreigner, was a dandy, he exclaimed, "Oh, I daresay Nicholas has a fine waistcoat; I'll borrow it," and so he did. For the few days which elapsed before he sailed he felt all the inconveniences of popularity; he was followed about and cheered whenever he left his house, and streets and shop-windows were filled with prints, caricatures, and squibs, all dealing with the absorbing topic of the day. The most amusing of these was the product of Thackeray's pen, entitled the "Story of Koompanee Jehan," a mighty prince who ruled India "from the seven mouths of the Ganges to the five tails of the Indus," but whose favourite residence was called the "Hall of Lead, and stood at the foot of the Mountain of Corn, close by the verdure-covered banks of the silvery Tameez, where the cypresses wave, and zendewans or nightingales love to sing." After a description of Koompanee Jehan's military policy, and of the effect of the news of Chillianwallah, it proceeds:—

"Now there was, when the news came to the city of Lundoon that Goof Bahawder had been beaten upon the banks of the Chenab, a warrior who, though rather old and as savage as a bear whose head is sore, was allowed by all mankind to be such a Roostum as had never been known since the days of Wellington. His name was Napeer Singh. He, with 2000 men had destroyed 30,000 of the enemy; he despised luxury; he had a beak like an eagle, and a beard like a Cashmere goat. When he went into a campaign he took with him but a piece of soap and a pair of towels; he dined off a hunch of bread and a cup of water. 'A warrior,' said he, 'should not care for wine or luxury, for fine turbans or

embroidered shulwars; his tulwar should be bright, and never mind whether his papooshes are shiny.' Napeer Singh was a lion indeed, and his mother was a mother of lions.

"But this lion, though the bravest of animals, was the most quarrelsome that ever lashed his tail and roared in a jungle. After gaining several victories he became so insolent and contemptuous in his behaviour towards King Koompanee Jehan, whom he insulted, whom he assailed, whom he called an old woman, that the offended monarch was glad when General Napeer Singh's time of service was out, and vowed no more to employ him. . . . When the news of Goof's discomfiture came to Lundoon and the Hall of Lead, and the Queen of Feringhistan, all the Ingleez began to quake in their shoes. 'Wallah! wallah!' they cried, 'we have been made to swallow abominations! Our beraks have been captured from our standard-bearers; our guns have been seized; our horsemen have fled. How shall we restore the honour of our arms? What General is there capable of resisting those terrible Sikhs and their sirdars?'

"The voice of all the nation answered, 'There is but one chief, and his name is Napeer Singh!' The twenty-four vizeers in the Hall of Lead, remembering the treatment which they had received from that General, and still smarting uneasily on their seats from the kicks which he had administered, cried out, 'No; we will not have that brawling samsoon—take any man but him. If Goof Bahawder will not do, take Goom Bahawder. We will not have Napeer Singh, nor eat the pie of humility any more.'

"The people still roared out, Nobody can help us but Napeer Singh.

"Now, Napeer Singh was as sulky as the twenty-four vizeers. 'I go,' said he, 'to serve a monarch who has been grossly ungrateful, and whose nose I have tweaked in Durbar? Never, never!'

"But an old General, nearly a hundred years old, very old, brave and wise, the great Wellington, came to Napeer Singh and said, 'O Khan! in these times of danger men must forget their quarrels and serve their country. If you

will not go to the Indus, I will go—one of us must.' They were two lions, two Roostums, two hooked-beaked eagles of war; they rushed into each other's arms, and touched each other's beaks. 'O Father!' Napeer Singh said, 'I will go;' and he went forth, and he bought a piece of soap, and he got two towels; and he took down from the wall his bright and invincible tulwar."

The vizeers in the Hall of Lead after some debate come to the same conclusion.

"When the Ingleez heard of this elmzshedeh or good news, they all rejoiced exceedingly; and the Queen of the Ingleez clapped her hands for joy. And as for Napeer Singh, he took his two towels and his piece of soap, and his scimetar, and he went away to the ship which was to carry him to the sea."

He left England the night of the 24th of March, the anniversary of his victory at Dubba, reached Calcutta the 6th of May, assumed the command forty-three days after quitting London—and found no war! He writes to his brother: "You will have heard that the war is over in India, and Lord Gough has come off with flying colours. Both these things rejoice me much. . . . I like that noble old fellow Gough more than ever. I told him my wish was that he would order me home; it would be a kindness, and so saying I told him the truth. . . . For myself I have no wish but to go home. I have too much knowledge, and too little power over things here. I have, however, received honest support from Lord Dalhousie; and he shall have my support with all zeal for the service, and all possible desire to be of use to him. And again let me express my delight with old Gough; he is so good, so honest, so noble-minded. I do rejoice in the promotion that made this brave and high-minded veteran so happy and content, that all which has past is forgotten."

This strong wish to escape from the position in which he now found himself was as reasonable as it was genuine. A second time in his career he had been summoned to save our Indian empire when for the moment it tottered. He arrived to find that the task for which he had been specially selected, and for which alone he had consented to leave England, was already happily accomplished. Instead of war he found the ordinary routine administration of the Indian army before him, and for that work he was fully conscious that he was not the right man. This was no new feeling occasioned by disappointment. Early in 1846 he had written in his Journal: "I do not want to be Commander-in-Chief; it is an empty name. Mischief will be vigorous, and I shall be weak, encountering it with handcuffs on my wrists and chains on my ankles! And then the evils which cannot be prevented will be laid at my door and cast in my teeth by the very men whose want of ability has produced them." As he said of himself, he "knew too much;" with his strong feeling of the necessity for great reforms in the administration of the Indian army, and his equally strong convictions as to what those reforms should be, he felt he would be miserable in a post which conferred very little initiative power, where he would not only be subject to the ordinary official checks imposed upon administrative departments, but would have to work in concert with an institution which in every shape and place he thoroughly detested,—a Military Board. These considerations would have deterred him from undertaking the ordinary duties of his office at any time; but now, when he was in his sixty-seventh year, in bad health and longing for England, when he was conscious of having incurred the hostility of many powerful persons, and feared that their ill-will would most probably find vent in thwarting and baffling his attempts to do good, they pressed themselves upon him with double

weight. His suspicion that the hostility of the Directors, smothered for the moment by the popular outburst in his favour, would follow him to India, was strengthened by his first interview with the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, who told him, laughingly, "In letters from England I have been warned against your endeavouring to encroach upon my power, and I answered that I would take d——d good care you should not." This was not an auspicious commencement; and, although nothing happened for some little time to disturb the harmony of their relations, it was not likely that two men so autocratic in temper and so different in age, training, politics, and every other respect, would continue to work long together without a conflict.

In spite of such gloomy reflections, duty was duty, and he lost no time in setting himself to work. He could not lead the Indian armies to victory, but he cheerfully accepted that most ungrateful and unpopular of tasks, the advocacy of extensive military reforms, including the creation of a higher moral tone, a stricter standard of discipline and duty than had hitherto prevailed in the Indian army.

The most pressing problem in the Commander-in-Chief's department was that of the distribution of troops, especially in regard to the newly-annexed Punjab; and its solution not only led him to pronounce a very decided opinion on the merits of the new system there established, but served to bring into the clearest daylight the latent antagonism between himself and the Governor-General. Constant intercourse with Lord Dalhousie had created a very definite impression of that imperious nobleman's capacity. "He is quick, and catches up small things, but has no great general views, and his mind cannot grasp them, . . . his quickness makes *him* lose time in small matters, which he should leave to his shoes, and not trouble his head with. He does not see what small things

are of importance, and what are of none; and he is clever enough to beat those under him in details, and then thinks himself, and they think him, very clever; but, while he is unravelling minute points, great ones are smouldering in mischief." Nevertheless he concludes that, though "Hardinge was more able, more experienced, yet Lord D. will do best in the long run."

If Napier had any fault to find with the administration of the Punjab he soon found an opportunity without going beyond the sphere of his own department. The employment of the military power for civil duties had always incurred his severest condemnation. "Rendering the civil power," he says, "dependent on the military for protection in ordinary cases, is of all evils the greatest. I speak from nearly fifty years' experience. I saw it in Ireland in 1798, and again in 1803. I saw it in the Ionian Islands. I saw it in the Northern District. I saw it in Scinde." He saw it once more in the Punjab, where he found "1800 men as guards, of whom neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Adjutant-General knows a word, and they are from 16 to 100 miles distant from any military station! Had there been a sudden insurrection of Sikhs, the first knowledge of the matter would have come to me with an account of the destruction of those detachments!" Nor was the danger of such a catastrophe the only objection; small detachments were, in his opinion, most injurious to the discipline of the army; and, further, the habit of reliance on the troops made the civil government careless, by rendering it less dependent on its own alertness. "The great principle as regards the forces of India" he declares to be this,—"Have a large well-organised police to do all those duties for the civil branches of the Government which require armed men; such as occasional guards for civil servants, escorts of treasure, putting down robbers, arresting men for the-

civil powers; in short, a constabulary force, leaving the military to their own duties." Those duties could be best performed on the principle of concentration, "the application of the fable of the bundle of sticks to military operations." "I must always oppose," he says elsewhere, "a system of scattering troops as destructive to the discipline and safety of the army, and admirably calculated, on the occurrence of any outbreak, to cause the abandonment, with disgrace, of large tracts of territory. The reason is very simple—the enemy breaks out prepared in masses, and finds us spread out and prepared for defeat in detail! But, in any case, we must *abandon territory* to concentrate! This alone, without referring to the destruction of discipline caused by such a dissemination of the troops, is of itself an immense evil, and full of danger."

Discipline, however, had as much to fear from the army itself as from want of wisdom in the civil power. "My second object," he says, "is to give a better tone to the officers, and already three or four have been broken for vile conduct. I go thoroughly into courts-martial, and endeavour by my remarks on sentences to amend the general notion; which is to think that the offence of every culprit—that is officers, not soldiers—is to be passed over, as he is a 'good fellow,' a 'poor fellow,' and so forth. Thus every bad fellow that the articles of war force a court-martial to cashier has a recommendation tacked to his sentence; and half the courts acquit a blackguard if they can! But the army is full of fine fellows, and I am sure of support against this maudlin mercy, which in every instance I have rejected. . . . I am refusing leave of absence to idlers, and doing all sorts of vile things, and shall soon be the most unpopular Commander-in-Chief that ever was in India: be it so. I will pull up all the looseness in discipline that I see."

An impartial and inflexible severity was not his only method. The difficulty of drawing the line for Europeans in India between luxuries and necessaries has always been a cause of extravagance and intemperate habits. But an interference from headquarters with the arrangements of a regimental mess is a dangerous and delicate business, and Sir Charles Napier approached it with very great diffidence. In a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, on whose judgment he always had the greatest reliance, he says:—

"I am resolved on a great attempt; I expect to fail, still I will try to reduce the expense and drinking of messes; and before I begin I want your opinion, believing you to be the best coadjutor I can have,—my plan is this:—

"1. To begin with myself and abolish all wine at my own table except sherry and claret—no hock, no champagne. I did not do this at Kurachee; I did all I could to keep down extravagance, but I did not show the example: now I will. 2. I mean to dine at no mess where expensive wines are drunk, saying that I cannot accept of a style of hospitality which I cannot afford to return at my own table. 3. I mean rigidly to examine the expenses of messes at the half-yearly inspections. The damning sin of the magnificent armies in India (Queen's and Company's) is an outrageous and vulgar luxury. I say 'vulgar,' because we soldiers (like the frog in the fable) burst ourselves in trying to live like men of £20,000 a year in landed property! We, who in private life could hardly buy a pint of beer, must drink the most costly wines! This is, I think, gross vulgarity! snobbish! and I know you think so too; for you had the 98th all right in that point. This I hold to be my duty to the parents of hundreds of these boys. . . . Give me your opinions freely, and if we can save a parcel of youngsters from ruin we shall not sleep the worse."

I have no means of estimating the amount of success that these honourable endeavours met with, but it is pleasant to find that he was not deceived in his expectation that there were many good soldiers who gladly welcomed his

firm and wholesome rule. Foremost in praise and encouragement was Sir Colin Campbell.

"I was truly sorry to hear that you deemed it necessary to devote such a number of hours daily to your work. You have a great task on hand, in the success of which every officer, young and old, of both services in this army, who feels the slightest concern for its honour and well-being, is deeply interested. And I know that in your efforts for its improvement you carry with you the hearty approval and cordial good wishes of every regimental officer, and all officers in command of troops in this army.

"You understand and are acquainted with the army of India, an advantage which few commanders-in-chief enjoy upon their first appointment; and as every officer, and every soldier too, is aware that the improvements now being introduced originate entirely with yourself, all are anxious that your health and strength should not fail while engaged in the good work. Think of saving yourself enough to carry through the very arduous job you have taken in hand, in which every one wishes you success, and which, for many reasons, none other than yourself can or could accomplish."

Certainly if he had chosen the work that he liked best, he could not have shown more devotion to it. He began by working fifteen hours a day, and when his strength began to fail he reluctantly sacrificed two hours and a half to hard exercise. "I am working myself to death here, and what fame awaits me? None! I work because it is honest to earn my pay, but work is disagreeable in the extreme, hateful." This state of mind is clearly reflected in his Journal. He longs for action; he marks carefully the anniversaries of the most notable events of his life; the feeling must have been strong that produced such stirring sentences as these:—

"War is a dreadful trade, but one looks back with pleasure to the exciting scenes of past campaigns, and loves the com-

pany of those who served with us. Turenne was a fortunate man. Wolfe, Moore, and Abercrombie were not so, they were killed in their first victories; they did not live to feel the confidence victory excites in the troops. The feeling that, when battle comes on like a storm, thousands of brave men are rushing to meet it, confident in your skill to direct them, is indescribable; it is greater than the feeling of gladness after victory; far greater, indeed, for the danger being then over, and brave men lying scattered about, dead or dying, the spirit is sad. Oh! there is no pleasure after a battle beyond rejoicing that we have escaped being slain. But when the columns bear upon an enemy as the line of battle forms, as it moves majestically onwards to conquer or die, as the booming of the cannon rolls loud and long, amidst pealing shouts and musketry, then a man feels able for his work and confident in his gifts, and his movements tell upon the enemy. There is no feeling to equal that exultation which makes men seek to become conquerors, if religion does not aid reason to hold it in check: but 'all is vanity!'"

Though he never slackened in the performance of duty he was determined to take the earliest opportunity of resigning a post in which he incurred great responsibility, with the smallest amount of freedom to act as he thought best. For instance, the Punjab Government informed him that if two companies were sent to guard an official and his treasury at Batalu, they would find ample accommodation in the palace there together with the civil staff; at the same time they persuaded the officer commanding in the Punjab to send the troops at once. Soon came a report from the officer commanding the detachment to say that the troops were in tents under a burning sun, and that they were refused accommodation in the palace! "Order them back, says common sense. I cannot, gentle sir. I am Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, but I cannot order a man to move. I must write a letter to one secretary, who writes to another, who addresses a third, who asks the Governor-General's

leave for the Commander-in-Chief to move the companies back again from Batalu; the house that Jack built is a joke to it! The commander of 300,000 men can't move two companies out of danger without leave of the civil power! I will not stay in India." Again and again he appeals against the waste of power caused by the multiplicity of official checks. "If Government select an officer for command, and give him a distinct and decided notice of what is expected, and what time and means can be afforded, he has a right to act from his own judgment in making use of them. If he does not give satisfaction, supersede him! But to control him by means of subordinates in direct correspondence with superior authorities, is to show want of confidence in his ability. When their blunders produce failures he becomes a mark for public anger, though free from fault, if that can be said of a man spiritless enough to be a tool when his soldiers are being lost and his country's arms dishonoured."

In the autumn of 1849 he was glad to quit his office-stool at Simla for a time, in order to go on a tour of inspection, "exactly Alexander's march, but retrograde." His first design was to visit Delhi, Meerut, Agra, Hurdwar, and Almora, with a view to framing a memoir on the general defence of India; but symptoms of a mutinous disposition among the sepoys led him on to an inspection of the Punjab, and to a course of action which resulted in the resignation of his command. The sight of Delhi sent him into an ecstasy of admiration. "What courts are here! What seats of marble from which to issue edicts to an empire! Oh, this palace! once worthy of India. Now the marble even cannot be seen from filth! . . . The five rivers and the Punjab, the Indus and Scinde, the Red Sea and Egypt, the Mediterranean and Sicily, the Ionian Islands and Malta. What a chain of lands and waters to attach England to

India! Were I King of England I would, from the palace of Delhi, thrust forth a clenched fist in the teeth of Russia and France. England's fleet should be all in all in the west, and the Indian army all in all in the east. India should not belong another day to the 'ignominious tyrants;' nor should it depend upon opium sales, but on an immense population well employed in peaceful pursuits. She should stick English manufactures up her great rivers, and pour down those rivers her own varied products. Kurachee, you will yet be the glory of the East! Would that I could come alive again to see you, Kurachee, in your grandeur!"

Next to the pleasure of imagination came that of making acquaintance at Agra with Mr. Thomason, the distinguished Governor of the North-West Provinces. "One of the few," said Napier, "I have met who take really great views for this noble empire, and who has a head to execute grand conceptions. . . . He has no self-sufficiency, and has a marvellous good head. If he has a failing it is, seemingly, too much mildness for governing, that is, for making officials stick to their work. Perhaps he is right, however, certainly so for himself, for a man cannot be too mild. Still, what is to be done? There is nothing so difficult as to temper vigour with mildness: rogues always play upon mildness. How the devil could I make soldiers attend by sending a civil message to a rascal a thousand miles off, with 'Pray, sir, do me the favour not to get drunk at midday; do think how wrong it is! at least, it is not quite right.' By the Lord Harry, it won't do; oak trees cannot be chopped down with pen-knives, and so I must and do use the hatchet now and then."

Once fairly on the march the hardy old soldier set an example of simplicity and moderation in his surroundings, much needed not only by the army, but by the Anglo-Indian community at large. The usual requirements of a Com-

mander-in-Chief on an inspection had been 80 or 90 elephants, nearly 400 camels, and nearly as many bullocks, with all their attendants; there were also 332 tent-pitchers, including 50 men employed to carry glass doors for a pavilion—all provided at the public expense. Sir Charles Napier reduced this enormous establishment to 30 elephants, 334 camels, 222 tent-pitchers, thereby saving the treasury £750 a month. Passing by Lahore, Jelum, and Attock, he was at Peshawur by the beginning of February 1850. "Take a sample of my daily work," he writes to his sister: "Got up at four o'clock and rode my elephant till daylight; then mounted my beautiful white Arab 'Mosaic,' and galloped him for 10 miles, to the disparagement of some of my retinue, men of half my age, who were knocked up; a hearty breakfast after, at seven, and from that time to this, five o'clock, write! write! write! and my horse is now waiting for me to review two regiments."

At Peshawur occurred an incident which has a special interest in connection with this biography, as it was the last occasion on which Sir Charles Napier was exposed to an enemy's fire. Between Peshawur and Kohat, both in British territory, a mountain road ran through a long and dangerous defile. The Afridis, who inhabited the hills on either side, complained that the Punjab Government had not paid them the money due as blackmail for keeping the defile safe, that the hated salt-tax had been enormously increased, and that British troops had occupied the pass, which the Afridis claimed as their territory. Instead of stating these grievances in the proper quarter, they murdered a party of sappers and miners who were constructing a road. The pass was thus in the hands of an enemy at the moment when the Commander-in-Chief had arranged to traverse it; for he had been requested by Lord Dalhousie to give his opinion on the defences of the frontier, and to do so it was necessary

to inspect Kohat. He determined to force the defile, and while he was making preparations for strengthening his escort, orders came from the Punjab Government with regard to the punishment of the murderers, which confirmed the low opinion he had already formed of the military capacity of the Board of Administration. There were two regiments of Irregulars at Peshawur, under the control of the Punjab Government, one of infantry and the other of cavalry. These regiments were directed to march through the defile to Kohat. Luckily before they started Sir Charles Napier took the liberty of inspecting them, though they were not under his orders. The infantry regiment was composed of a fine set of men, admirably commanded by Major Coke, "one of the best soldiers I have met with in India," said Sir Charles. But when their arms were examined "one soldier had a musket without a lock; another a lock without a musket. Here was a bayonet that could not be fixed; there a bayonet that could not be unfixed. One man had a weapon with a lock, the cock of which would not go down; then came one which would not stand up. A fine handsome soldier, six feet high, brawny and bronzed, a model grenadier, his broad deep chest swelling with military pride, and his black brilliant eye sparkling with a malicious twinkle, pretended to hold over his shoulder, between his finger and thumb, a flint—his only arm! He was an epitome of political military arrangement—a powerful soldier rendered useless by ignorance!" The cavalry, well known as Daly's Horse, were well equipped, because they found themselves in everything, but cavalry are not suitable for attacking passes, and had it not been for Napier's presence, Coke's regiment would have run a good chance of being cut to pieces. The massacre had taken place on the 6th of February; on the 9th the Commander-in-Chief set out, having reinforced his escort, and armed Coke's men

with spare weapons taken from other regiments. The first resistance was encountered in the village of Akore, at the mouth of the pass. The Afridis were quickly driven out, and their village burnt, to Napier's great disgust, by order of the civil authorities. On entering the defile the force advanced 6 miles to another halting-place, the whole march being one prolonged skirmish. "From the road on each side the rocks rose very steeply everywhere, in some places perpendicularly, and to get up them was climbing not walking. This under the occasional fire of the enemy, who from the summits also rolled great stones down, was very harassing to the flanking parties, and their physical exertions were great, exclusive of the danger; but this service, to show my confidence, was chiefly done by the sepoys, and with good courage." The night of the 10th was passed under fire, and the next day another 7 miles of the marching skirmish were accomplished. On the 12th the Commander-in-Chief inspected and reinforced Kohat, but on his return to camp found that the pickets had been very roughly handled by the enemy; many men were lost, including a promising young officer, Ensign Sitwell. The return march was begun before daylight on the 13th, and as the enemy were assembling in greater numbers, Lieutenant Pollock was sent to make a diversion by menacing a village in the hills where the Afridis had sent their families. This time the party cleared the defile in one day, though they were under fire for 13 miles. The most striking incident found its place in the Journal as follows:—"Some Afridis had gathered on a sugar-loaf rock terminating a spur of precipitous hills on our flank; this rock being close to the road barred our progress, and the column halted. On the summit a warrior stood like Fuzeli's picture of Satan, with legs wide apart, and arms high in air; waving a sword and shaking a shield, he shouted and defied us. A young

artillery officer, Maister, laid his gun with a shell, and the flying death, whizzing through the air, burst at the moment it struck the brave Afridi; his head, his legs, his arms, flew like radii from a centre, and a shout of exultation burst from the troops. The amusements of a field of battle are grim. Condemn not that shout; life was played for in a rough game, and they who won naturally rejoiced; it is, however, a painful remembrance. While this was going on a dozen or two of enemies in the rear crept unseen within 300 yards, and laying their jezails on rests, sent a volley against some staff-officers, separately assembled with spy-glasses" — himself and his staff — "none were touched, but had the Afridis been armed with muskets many must have gone down." Such was Sir Charles Napier's last military exploit. "Our whole loss," he says, "is about 110 killed and wounded; not much, when one considers the terrible defiles through which we passed, defended by a warlike race. This is a proof of the nonsense talked about mountaineers, and how foolish it is to expect success against them with regular troops! Regular troops are the only troops which can succeed against them. Runjeet Sing made the same march that I did to relieve Kohat, and is said to have lost a thousand soldiers: how few men understand war!"

The Kohat expedition was an interesting episode, but the real work of the tour was threefold. 1. A memoir on the defence of India. 2. Improvement of barracks. 3. The treatment of discontent among the native troops.

The dominating idea of his paper on the defence of India is one that has already been treated of—viz. mass your troops so as to be able to concentrate rapidly on points of military importance. "My doctrine is to locate all our Europeans between Noopoor and Almoral, at Mundoo, Simla, Deesa, etc.: in short, hold all the mountain district. This

will keep them in high health, being cold." Such a position would prevent any combination between Nepal and any westerly powers, and from it the army in the Punjab or at Almoral could be easily reinforced. Delhi and Dinapore, which were selected as magazines, are connected by water-carriage. Under this plan, too, in case of some crushing disaster, all the Europeans, civil and military, could retire from Delhi in a compact body, and with the Bengal army on the Seoni River, and the Madras and Bombay forces on the Upper and Lower Nerbudda, could fall back upon Bombay or Calcutta without the panic and confusion that are the inevitable result of dispersion of forces. "This may seem a wild idea of danger," he says, "but it is not impossible, and we should be always prepared, *for if mischief ever comes in India, it will come like a thunder-bolt.*"

Instead of that or any other scientific scheme he found in Bengal an army of 100,000 men, "scattered over an enormous space in small bodies, and for the sole purpose of protecting civil servants, who ought to be protected by a just and good government, by gaining the affection of the people, and by those 150,000 servants, called Chupprassees, and what not, who now afford no protection at all to the civil magistrate." To effect the desired concentration two conditions were essential: a good and conciliatory government, and a police recruited from "those numerous petty tyrants"—the Chupprassees, but with a more efficient organisation—that is to say, "instead of being under magistrates, many of whom are young and too inexperienced to keep order, and who have besides other vocations, they should be under officers whose sole occupation would be police duty; and both men and officers, having their work defined and themselves responsible, would take a pride in doing well." The result would be, he maintained, that

Government would be able to reduce the numbers of the army while increasing its efficiency.

The same reasoning was applied to the case of the Punjab. That province was held by 54,000 troops, to which a force of 18,000 irregulars was on the point of being added. The Governor-General was anxious to have the Commander-in-Chief's opinion on the question whether that force should be maintained or reduced. The answer contained a condemnation of the Punjab system which, coming from a military man, provoked much controversy, and gave great offence to the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie was known to be keenly interested in the success of the new Punjab administration, and the unfavourable comparison so frequently made in the Memoir between that province and Scinde, between his own system and Lord Ellenborough's, was no doubt very galling. Sir Charles Napier would very likely have seen a greater number of his recommendations acted upon if he had somewhat modified the manner of his criticism, as he might have done without any sacrifice of truth or effect. But on the main point he was undoubtedly right. The Punjab was held by right of a recent conquest; there were dangers from within and from without; and it was impossible to fix the size of its army without reference to the character of its government. The principal officers in the Punjab were of opinion that the force ought not to be reduced. Lord Dalhousie thought it was enormous, so did Napier; but he declined to be responsible for any reduction except under certain conditions. The existing system of government was, he maintained, uncongenial to a newly-conquered and barbarous nation. "It is the same system which has for a hundred years prevailed in India without making it tranquil or prosperous. India has only prospered by conquest, and these conquests are most assuredly not due to

the system of its government, but to the courage of the troops."

The absence of a police force alone, were there no other defect, was enough to make it impossible to reduce the army. Had the Punjab been governed on Lord Ellenborough's system it would have had a powerful police from the first. Such a force was organised in Scinde one month after the conquest. The Punjab was annexed in the spring of 1849, yet it had no police when Sir Charles Napier passed through it in 1850. "I would have held my administration as very feeble and ill-arranged," he said elsewhere, "if I required a military guard for anything civil, unless some extraordinary case arose, which, however, never did arise while I was in Scinde: my whole force had always six nights in bed." Under such a system he thought the Punjab could be held with 30,000 men, and that, after two or three years, half that number should suffice. What the country wanted was "a powerful police all over the country, controlling troubled spirits, protecting the well-disposed, and collecting information as to the state of the people in each district; also collecting information relative to the unquiet spirits, and thus doing all that foresight can do to prevent insurrection. If, in despite of such a necessary precaution, an insurrection breaks out, the troops can deal with it; but the troops cannot prevent insurrection if the country is resolved upon it."

The police system here so strongly advocated was introduced almost simultaneously by Lord Dalhousie into the Punjab and by Lord Falkland into Bombay. Of the men chosen by Sir Charles Napier to organise the Scinde police under Captain Marston one was made superintendent of police in Bombay, another captain of police in the Punjab, and a third received a high appointment in the same service in a division of the Bombay Presidency.

If Sir Charles Napier had never done anything but fight against the system under which the soldier was harassed and overworked by mounting guard or serving as escort to the civil authorities, he would have been a great benefactor of the army. But that for which his name is still held in most grateful memory was his unceasing effort to improve the condition of Indian barracks. Ever since he had set foot in India he had denounced the existing system as alike wasteful and inhuman. He had pointed out that even where low and crowded rooms did not produce violent epidemics, their more subtle effects were hardly less injurious. After a night spent in a putrid atmosphere and insufferable heat the men rise feverish and unrested. "Languid and unhappy they go to their duties, seeking by *drams* to sustain body and mind against overwhelming lassitude and low spirits, and this artificial excitement carries them through the day. But again the night of misery returns, the dram does its daily deadly work, and liver and brain become inflamed, fever supervenes, and the mind sinks under bodily suffering and hopelessness of change. All bad influences being thus brought into full activity it follows that men soon die, or become drunken feeble creatures and always on the sick list, to be discharged with a pension between thirty and forty years of age, after costing the public enormous sums without equivalent service." And again, "The heat of this country is tremendous, and if men have not thick walls and lofty rooms, sickness is inevitable. Such barracks are expensive no doubt; so are sick soldiers; so are dead soldiers. But the difference of these expenses is, that the first is once and done with; the second goes on increasing like compound interest, and quickly outstrips the capital." At the Colaba barracks, Bombay, he says, "I walked through the men's sleeping rooms upon planks laid in water covering the

floors." In Scinde he had found things nearly as bad, but the artillery barracks at Kurachee, erected by him, remained as models of what might and should be done to keep troops healthy. In Bengal the barracks were generally bad, sometimes in construction, but more often through overcrowding. Make the rooms high and narrow was his constant cry; for that not only gives pure air, but debars crowding. "The Military Board calculates how many men a barrack-room can hold, *not by its cubic content of air, but by the superficies of the floor!* Troops were thus made to occupy barrack-rooms of 12, 10, or even 8 feet high." In a hot climate, he insisted, 1000 cubic feet of air should be the minimum allowance for each person sleeping in a room. The scope and dimensions of the barracks at Meean Meer[1] were on a plan that he tried

[1] The story of the origin of the cantonment of Meean Meer, given by Mr. Bosworth Smith in his *Life of Lord Lawrence* (vol. i. p. 345), if it is meant to convey the impression that Sir Charles Napier was in the habit of coming to important decisions without due forethought and reflection, or that he was capable of sacrificing the health and lives of his soldiers in a fit of petulance, will only raise a smile among those who know his way of work and his devotion to the welfare of the private soldier. It may be as well, however, to show that there is more than one account of the selection of Meean Meer. Napier himself notices it as "a healthy spot . . . where Runjeet Sing had formerly built his barracks. Good water was found 20 feet below the surface, the air was pure." General Sir M. M'Murdo, K.C.B., makes the following comment on the story: "As the General's aide-de-camp at the time, and having been before then, in Scinde, his Quartermaster-General, there was no one about him who had more access to his mind on this subject than I had; and I don't think he ever rode out with the intention of examining the country or for selection of ground for whatever object without me. But the incident related is new to me. What is most extraordinary of all, however, is the fact that I remember the morning on which he examined and, I think, decided on the site of the cantonment, and it was not on swampy ground, but on dry and comparatively elevated ground, without vegetation of any kind! There was a canal in the neighbourhood, and we all know that it depends on the uses or abuses of the water of a canal whether the

in vain to get generally adopted. "The barrack-rooms were only wide enough for two rows of bedsteads, a long table, and two rows of forms, leaving a passage between the forms and bedsteads. The height of the rooms 35 feet to the ceiling, or, if the roof was open, to the wall plate; the vent above not to be included in the height. The ceilings were to be ventilated, letting the foul air out at the roof; side ventilation produces draughts and does not let out bad air so freely as upper vents." Another excellent specimen of barracks was erected on Napier's principles at Sealkote, under the direction of Lieutenant (now General) Harley Maxwell, one of the most active of his Scinde subordinates. The Military Board co-operated in this undertaking without much success, as they ordered the foundation to be made with unburnt bricks, and then, long after the walls were built, grew alarmed and ordered burnt bricks. But Maxwell's "indomitable energy" had made the second order weeks too late, and at the very time it was issued the foundations, melted by the rain, gave way and the building fell to the ground, and the work had all to be done over again.

With regard to overcrowding Sir Charles Napier was able to give a striking demonstration of the correctness of his views. The Company's 2d Europeans and H. M. 22d Regiment quartered at Sabathoo and Kassowli were so crippled by sickness as to be quite unfit for service. Although these two stations, close to Simla, were in a cool salubrious climate, from 5000 to 7000 feet above the sea,

ground through which it passes takes the character of 'swampy' or not. Irrigated fields and gardens are equally productive of malaria; and of course the establishment of a great cantonment brought all available ground along this canal instantly under cultivation, which it was the duty of the Lahore Government to restrain. When I visited Mecan Meer in 1873 I did not know the place again! All was so changed by extended vegetation which ought never to have been permitted."

the sickness was attributed by the Board to climate, and the barracks were abandoned as unhealthy. That these two stations should be pestilential, while Simla, apparently so like them, was resorted to as a Garden of Eden, appeared to Napier incredible. "Wherefore," he says, "I visited the condemned barracks to seek the real cause of the terrible sickness. Easily it was found. Only 400 cubic feet of air had been allowed for each man!" Having obtained Lord Dalhousie's leave to make the barracks fit for use again, he lost no time in giving a practical justification of his opinion. At Peshawur he found the 60th Regiment in very bad health, and ordered it at once to march to Sabathoo and Kassowli. The order was received with amazement and consternation, for those two stations had got a thoroughly bad name; but the regiment had to march, and on their arrival found the roofs slightly raised, the branches that overhung the buildings cut away, and, instead of being crowded into one barrack, the one regiment filled both—a wing in each. The 22d Regiment at the same time was moved into the neighbouring cantonment at Dugshai, which had been condemned on the same grounds as the other two. Both regiments entered on their new quarters with gloomy feelings, but when Sir Charles Napier left India he was able to note with satisfaction that the returns from all three stations were as good as those of any regiment in England.

Side by side with the wants, physical and moral, of the British soldier, the native sepoy furnished his own special problems of far greater difficulty, the solution of which could not be delayed without inevitable disaster. The dangerous state of the native army had been one of the first Indian subjects to engage Sir Charles Napier's attention. In 1842 he had pointed out the mischief likely to arise from the want of regimental officers, especially in the

higher ranks. An officer after ten or twelve years, "if he has brains and health, is put on the staff; thus the regiments are constantly commanded by lieutenants." The result of the nominal command being in the hands of young and inexperienced men was the increased influence of the native officers. "No one seems to foresee that your young inexperienced wild cadet will some day find the Indian army taken out of his hands by the subadars, who are men of high caste and very daring. . . . The subadars are steady, respectful, thoughtful, stern-looking men, very zealous and very military, the sole instructors of all our soldiers. If our rulers think this a trifle, and none appear to think it worth consideration, they will some day be surprised." No less a danger existed in the social relations of the different ranks. As between officers and men he observed a turn for the worse both in England and India.

"In these days the rich do not look enough to the poor. The rich keep select society, and all strive to belong to the honoured caste just above them. This caste and luxury have also pervaded the army; no soldier can now go up to his officer and speak to him without a non-commissioned officer gives him leave and accompanies him! His captain is no longer his friend and chief; he receives him with upstart condescension, is very dignified and very insolent, nine times out of ten, and as often the private goes away with disgust or contempt, instead of good respectful comrade feelings. Then the soldier goes daily to school or to his library, now always at hand, and thus daily acquires knowledge, while his dignified officer goes to the billiard-room or the smoking-room; or, strutting about with a forage cap on the side of an empty pate, and clothed in a shooting-jacket or other deformity of dress, fancies himself a great character because he is 'fast' and belongs to a fast regiment

—*i.e.* a regiment unfit for service, commanded by the adjutant, and having a mess in debt!"

He saw the same spirit at work in the relations between Europeans and natives, the latter being treated by a certain class of Europeans "with a lightness and contumely which, exclusive of its vulgarity, is undeserved. They forget what marvellously able men have been among these Eastern races—Akbar, Baber, Aurungzebe, Sevagee, Hyder Ali, Runjeet Sing, Goolab Sing, and many more, such as the extraordinary Nanuc, who, if what is written of him be true, must have been one of the most perfect of human beings. The Eastern intellect is great, and supported by amiable feelings; and the native officers have a full share of Eastern daring, genius, and ambition; but to nourish these qualities they must be placed on a par with European officers."

With such a sympathetic appreciation of native character and capacity it is not surprising that he should have considered mutiny as "one of the greatest, if not the greatest danger threatening India—a danger that may come unexpectedly, and if the first symptoms be not carefully treated, with a power to shake Leadenhall. . . . The moment these brave and able natives learn how to combine they will rush on us simultaneously, and the game will be up." A just and sympathetic government of the people, the admission of natives to an equality with ourselves in respect of honours and rank, whether military or civil, and the enrolment in our service of men of antagonistic race and creed, would render such a combination improbable or harmless; but under the existing system it appeared to him certain that the English in India would be fighting for their lives before fifty years were past; a bad Governor-General and a bad Commander-in-Chief might clench the business, and the whole Empire be lost.

He had hardly entered upon his duties at Simla before

a practical consideration of the question was forced upon him. When the Punjab was first occupied, the sepoys, having passed beyond the Indian frontier, received increased pay. When annexation had made it an integral portion of the Empire, this allowance for foreign service was withdrawn. The sepoys, having tasted higher pay, and feeling that the fact of annexation left them as far as ever from their homes, showed signs of discontent, and in July 1849, the 22d N.I., stationed at Rawul Pindi, refused the reduced pay, and the 13th Regiment speedily followed their example. The affair was serious; the two regiments were in the midst of a population conquered only five months before, and other regiments were prepared, it was said, to act in the same manner. Sir Colin Campbell, who was in command at Rawul Pindi, further informed the Commander-in-Chief that the mutiny was not a sudden impulse, but had been debated for some time, and had been the subject of a correspondence between the two mutinous regiments and the troops stationed at Wuzzeerabad. A member of the Military Board pressed for the disbanding of the two regiments: this Sir Charles Napier successfully opposed. "Had we disbanded those regiments the whole line, trusting to their numbers, would have followed the example, knowing we could not disband an army. . . . My resolution is to treat the cases as isolated ones, while they can be so treated; for if we attempt to bully large bodies they will do the same by us and a fight must ensue." At the same time he took care to prepare for the worst by providing movable columns, and giving exact instructions to the Generals in the Punjab how to act on an emergency. Happily the combination at Rawul Pindi gave way to fear, and the affair ended without bloodshed.

The scene then shifted to Delhi. On the 9th of November Sir Charles Napier, on reaching that city, was informed that the 41st N.I. had refused to enter the

Punjab with reduced pay. It was also reported that the men were in correspondence with no less than twenty-four other regiments. By judicious management and the granting of furloughs, which had been improperly withheld, difficulties were once more overcome and the regiment marched. But Delhi was only 400 miles from Rawul Pindi, and the General's belief in the widespread nature of the discontent was much strengthened. Conviction was irresistible when, having reached Peshawur, he heard from Brigadier Hearsey, an experienced officer well acquainted with the native language and feelings, that insubordination on the same grounds had been displayed at Wuzzeerabad. Owing to the large force of Europeans at that station the danger was not very great, but young sepoys had been heard to say: "We had better wait till three or four regiments come up, and whatever they do, we will do also." So general was the belief of the European officers in the prevalence of a mutinous spirit that he was urged by several of them to open the sepoys' letters. This, however, he declined to do, as he thought it was a stronger step than the state of affairs at that time would have justified. "The army generally," he remarks, "was faithful to its colours, the bad spirit was confined to that portion in the Punjab, where it wanted and was resolved to have more pay, but that was sufficiently formidable, for, exclusive of irregulars, there were 50,000 men, and strong presumptive proof that some 30,000 were mutinous."

He soon found an opportunity of striking a blow which, perhaps more than any other single act of our rule, has given strength and security to our hold upon India. The 66th Regiment, on its way from Lucknow into the Punjab, halted at Govindghur, one of the strongest fortresses in India and containing a large magazine. There they refused the reduced pay and tried to shut the gates of the fortress,

which they were only prevented from doing by the accidental presence of a cavalry regiment, on its way back from the Punjab, and therefore unaffected by the question of pay. The time had come to make a severe example. The high caste Bengali sepoy believed himself master of the situation, because if his regiment were to be disbanded the whole influence of caste and kinship would be employed to prevent the Government getting new recruits. Brigadier Hearsey had told Napier that Major Neville Chamberlain, rebuking some grumblers, had said, "Had I the power I would dismiss you," and the answer he got was: "You had better not do that, for you should not get a man from the country to replace us if you did." This was probably true if they alone were worthy to serve in our armies, but Napier had other plans. As soon as the news of the attempt to seize Govindghur reached him, he issued a general order as follows:—"The native officers, non-commissioned officers, and private sepoys of the 66th Regiment are to be marched to Umballah, and there struck off from the service of the Honourable East India Company; and his Excellency directs that the colours of the 66th Regiment are to be delivered over to the loyal and brave men of the Nusseree Ghoorka battalion, and that the 66th Regiment shall in future be denominated the 66th or Ghoorka Regiment." The blow was decisive. "The Brahmins saw that another race could be brought into the ranks of the Company's army—a race dreaded as more warlike than their own. Their religious combination was by that one stroke rendered abortive."[1]

These Ghoorkas, who have since given so many proofs of their firm loyalty and courage, had already received English pay as irregulars. "They have a high military

[1] In a letter to Lord Ellenborough he says:—"I flung the Ghoorka battalion into the scale, as Brennus did his sword, and mutiny, having no Camillus, was crushed."

spirit," says Napier, "are fierce in war, of unsurpassed activity, and possess great powers of enduring fatigue. Very low of stature, and with short limbs, they have yet enormous muscles and vast strength, and their chests are both broad and deep. . . . The Ghoorka will be faithful, and for low pay we can enlist a large body of soldiers whom our best officers consider equal in courage to European troops. Even as a matter of economy this will be good; but the great advantage of enlisting these hillmen will be, that with 30,000 or 40,000 Ghoorkas added to 30,000 Europeans, the possession of India will not 'depend on opinion,' but on an army able with ease to overthrow any combination among Hindoos or Mohammedans, or both together."

Twelve days before the mutiny of the 66th a step had been taken which, though it seemed of slight importance to the Commander-in-Chief compared with the Ghoorka affair, brought on him the whole weight of Lord Dalhousie's displeasure, and caused his resignation. On the 20th of January 1850 an official letter from Brigadier Hearsey, in command at Wuzzeerabad, drew attention to a regulation affecting the usual allowance to the sepoys for purchasing their food, according to the market prices of the countries in which they served; it was of recent date, and only partially known. At Wuzzeerabad it was wholly unknown, and Hearsey, who had exceptional knowledge and experience of native troops, and to whose energy and tact it was largely due that a mutiny had been avoided a fortnight earlier, expressed his opinion that it was not safe to enforce the regulation until it had been carefully explained to the sepoys on parade. This opinion was indorsed by Sir Walter Gilbert, the General commanding the division, and forwarded by him to Colonel Grant, the Adjutant-General of the Indian army, who laid the matter before Sir Charles Napier, saying that he did not believe the Government was

aware that the regulation bore hardly on the sepoy, and that in his opinion to enforce it at Wuzzeerabad would be dangerous. Having regard to the recent outbreaks at Rawul Pindi, Delhi, and Wuzzeerabad itself, knowing that Lord Dalhousie was on a sea voyage for his health, that the danger was imminent, and the Supreme Council separated from the scene by weeks, Napier took upon himself the responsibility of suspending the regulation pending a reference on the subject to the Supreme Council.

He had no suspicion that his conduct would not meet with general approbation. Lord Dalhousie had written to him approving of the policy he had up to that time adopted in the treatment of mutiny, and assuring him that he could depend upon Government support. He had further consulted the instructions prepared for him by the Duke of Wellington, and had there read these words:—"On a station so distant, and of such magnitude and political importance, you must necessarily act in a great measure from your own discretion." What was his surprise therefore when, three months after the event, he received, through the agency of a Brevet-Major in the army under his orders, a severe reprimand from the Governor-General for exercising powers which belonged to the Supreme Council. Such are the facts: the prevalence of discontent on the score of reduction of pay could not be denied; the application of the regulation in question, which was unknown to the sepoys, was declared by the General of Brigade, by the General of Division, and by the Adjutant-General of the whole army to be dangerous; Lord Dalhousie was at sea, and Sir Charles Napier ordered the suspension of the Regulation till it could be referred to the Council 1200 miles off. The whole amount involved did not reach £10 a regiment, but that was not the question. "Had an idea crossed my mind," says Napier, "that Lord Dalhousie would regard this as a desperate attempt to

usurp his supreme civil power, willingly would I have paid the sepoys myself, to save bloodshed and vital mischief to the community. But the principle! that is the gravamen of the question. Yes, the principle must be considered. It is precisely that which let a Spanish king burn to death in the midst of his courtiers because the official extinguisher of fires was not present!"

His position, irksome from the first, was now intolerable, and he at once sent in his resignation. It was accepted, and to the immense triumph of his enemies he was informed that the Duke of Wellington had condemned his conduct, on the ground that there was no such evidence of danger as would have warranted the step he had taken. To be censured by the man whom he honoured above all living men was a bitter drop in his cup, but it could hardly disturb his faith in the strength of his position. The memorandum in which the Duke had given the grounds of his decision he was never allowed to see, though the Directors made very free use of it after his death. But he knew that the only evidence as to the danger of mutiny which Wellington had seen was so much as Lord Dalhousie had chosen to send him.[1] In none of his own papers which Wellington ever saw had that side of the question been treated in detail, for until he heard of the Duke's decision it had never occurred to him that the reality of the peril would be disputed; he had imagined the question to be simply, whether the Commander-in-Chief who was responsible for the discipline of the army could or could not under any conceivable circumstances exercise his discretion, even if it should lead him to exceed his strictly legal powers. The Duke of Wellington's

[1] Lord Dalhousie was the last person who had the right to quote the Duke of Wellington's opinion against Napier, for he had said shortly before the Duke's decision was known, "I wish he would leave the Horse Guards, his mind is going fast."

memorandum was, therefore, based on one-sided, insufficient information supplied by a person deeply interested in his decision. It was issued without any demand for a full explanation from Sir Charles Napier, who was, besides, never allowed to see it, and went to his grave without knowing the grounds upon which he had been condemned.

In December 1850 he formally took leave of his command, weary in body and wounded in spirit. He had been sent out to save India from the Sikhs. That task had already been accomplished by another, but he remained to save it from the greater danger of mutiny. When it is remembered that the outbreaks at Rawul Pindi, Delhi, and Wuzzeerabad, following one another in quick succession, were all caused by a reduction of pay; that the still more serious attempt at Govindghur had the same origin; and that the men at Wuzzeerabad had been heard to say that they must submit until more regiments came up to help them; it is impossible to resist the conviction that any further interference with pay, such as would have been caused by the enforcement of the Regulation at Wuzzeerabad, might have produced the most serious consequences. Sir Charles Napier fully believed that by the suspension of that regulation he had saved India from an immediate and extensive mutiny, and that by the incorporation of the Ghoorkas into the regular forces he had furnished the only sure means by which our supremacy could be preserved from such a peril in the future. For these services, to say nothing of his other efforts for the welfare of the army, at the close of a long and noble career, he had received not honours and rewards, not approbation or consideration, but the most severe reprimand.

Sadly, but with the dignity of one who has the approval of his own judgment and conscience, he turned homeward, to look, as he says, "on my father's sword, and think of

the day he gave it into my young hands, and of this motto on a Spanish blade he had: 'Draw me not without cause, put me not up without honour!' I have not drawn his sword without cause: nor put it up without honour!" His feeling that he was in the right now urged him to rebel against the injustice of his treatment, now counselled a calm reliance on the goodness of his cause. One or two sentences in the Journal give a glimpse of the manful fight he maintained against the infirmities of his nature.

"My destiny has been for ten years an enviable one. I have indeed suffered much that no one knows of, nor shall they: I want no mortal's pity. But I have what the world values; and I have also, what I value most, my own consciousness that I have done no act of wrong, or of subserviency, or baseness of any kind. I have not sought either fame or riches, and have no self-reproach, no regrets. Yes, one: I am not half grateful enough to that mysterious power which has ruled my destiny. I cannot be satisfied that I am really grateful to God. I say so in prayer, and even feel so, but also feel that I ought to be a thousand times more so; the foul fiend has too much power over me. Ambition, vanity, anger, all struggle with what is right, and dissatisfy my heart with my own conduct. Well-doing is the remedy. I am angry with myself for not despising my enemies, and forgiving them: being right in what I have done, why should I feel angry with those enemies? Yet I do feel so, and spiteful withal, which is wrong."

Before leaving India he took his last farewell of the 22d Regiment in a speech which is here set down as a model of stirring military eloquence.

"It is a great pleasure to me, O soldiers! to close my command of the Indian armies by having the honour to present to the 22d Regiment their new colours. It is now eight years since this brave regiment, then only 500 strong, under

that noble soldier Pennefather, was joined by our dusky and brave companions in arms, the glorious 25th and 12th Regiments of Bombay infantry, and won the battle of Meeanee, won the battle of Hyderabad, won Scinde for England; and won for themselves these proud colours decorated with the records of your fame! Soldiers! well may I be proud of being your colonel—well may I be proud of being the colonel of that regiment which stood by the King of England at Dettingen, stood by the celebrated Lord Peterborough at Barcelona, and into the arms of whose grenadiers the immortal Wolfe fell on the heights of Abraham. Well may I exult in the command of such a regiment! But I will pass over bygone glories to speak of what has happened in our own times. Never can I forget the banks of the Fullaillee, and the bloody bed of that river where 2000 of our men fought 35,000 enemies!—where for three hours the musket and the bayonet encountered the sword and shield in mortal combat; for on that dreadful day no man spared a foe: we were too weak for mercy! Shall I ever forget the strong and lofty entrenchments of Dubba, where the 22d advanced in line, unshaken, a living wall, and under a murderous fire stormed the works! There those honoured old colours of which we have just taken leave, bravely borne forward by their ensigns, Bowden and Blake, one of whom, Lieutenant Bowden, I see before me bearing them this day but in a higher rank, were in a few minutes seen waving aloft amidst the combatants on the summit.

"Men of Meeanee, you must remember with exultation and with pride what a view burst upon your sight, when under a heavy fire you reached the bank of the river, where a hurl of shields, and Scindian capped and turbaned heads, and flashing scimitars high brandished in the air, spread as a sea before you, 35,000 valiant warriors of Beloochistan threatening you with destruction! Then the hostile armies closed and clashed together, and desperate combats thickened along the line. The superb 9th Cavalry of Bengal and the renowned Scinde Horse, the dark chivalry of India, burst as a thundercloud, and charging into the dry bed of the Fullaillee drove the foe before them! At that moment a terrible cry arose on

the right. It was the dreadful British shout of battle! It began with the 22d and was echoed from right to left, from regiment to regiment, along the line. Lines of levelled charging bayonets then gleamed through the smoke, and the well-fought field of Meeanee was your own! Soldiers, these are not deeds that pass away like summer clouds and are forgotten: they remain on the minds of men, they are recorded in the pages of history.

"Young soldiers of the 22d, when future battles arise and the strife grows heavy and strong, remember the deeds that were done by these old soldiers of Meeanee. It was they who covered these colours with laurels—it was they who won the legends which these standards bear emblazoned in golden letters. Remember these things, and shoulder to shoulder win the day. And now, young soldiers, a few words about drill. It is tiresome, and often disheartening, and annoys men; but remember that it is drill that makes companies and regiments and brigades and divisions act together, and strike as it were with great and mighty blows—it is drill which gives you the battle and the glory of victory! Ensigns, take these new colours from my hands. I know you will carry them gloriously on the day of battle, and if you fall, still the colours of the 22d will advance, for brave men will never be wanting in the field to bear them forward to victory with fire and steel! And now, 22d, take your colours, and let the ancient city of Chester, begirt by its proud old walls, exult in the glories of its own brave regiment."

Leaving Simla on 16th November Sir Charles Napier travelled to the Indus, down which he sailed on board the *Comet*, the steamer which had carried him up the river in 1842. His whole journey until the hour he left Bombay for England was one triumphant proof that he had still an appeal from official censure, and that his labours had won a recognition higher than any rewards that Governments can bestow. He stopped on his way down at Meeanee and Hyderabad to take a last look at his battlefields. British soldiers and

Belooch sirdars flocked from every quarter to greet him. "These soldiers," he exclaims, "are enough to spoil me, officers and privates alike: I have been at a play, and thought they would have pulled the house down! The men of the 64th and 83d made a throne for me in the middle of the theatre, with a crown over it hanging from the canopy. If we had civil troubles in England I should be a dangerous man, for half the troops would follow me: it is wonderful what a little success and kind feeling towards them does. The Duke had great success, but he repulsed the soldiers, and there are few of those who served under him who love him as much as I do. He feels that he owes all to his own great abilities, and he feels that justly; but he should not show it, for his soldiers stood by him manfully. I owe much to my soldiers, and it is my pride and pleasure to acknowledge it; they know this and are attached to me."

Another token of gratitude and respect touched him even more deeply than the worship of his soldiers. It has been told earlier in this volume how the peasants of Cephalonia had honoured his memory by voluntarily sending him the annual produce of his little property. A similar feeling for him was now exhibited by the proud sirdars of Scinde. When he arrived at Hyderabad nearly all the sirdars had assembled from hundreds of miles distance, and accompanied him on horseback to the Indus and all shook hands with him—"Before you leave us for ever." "They were the same men," says Napier, "that met me in 1842: but fierce looks and a haughty demeanour marked their bearing then, and now they were laughing and joking with each other, and familiarly talking with me faster than my interpreter could explain: and when I was on deck the Belooch battalion gave me loud cheers, and the sirdars also cheered." Nor was that all. In spite of his

being in disgrace with the Governor-General, a matter of more weight with natives than with Europeans, they presented him with a magnificent sword. When they first consulted the Hyderabad Collector on the subject, the foremost sirdar had headed the subscription with £3000, but the Collector, knowing Sir Charles Napier's temper, insisted that the total should not exceed three hundred guineas, and such accordingly was the sum raised as a mark of their gratitude "for saving them from the miseries of conquest, and for honouring their courage and fidelity to the Ameers."

At Bombay all classes joined in a public banquet in his honour, at which, in proposing his health, Sir William Yardly, one of the Judges, pronounced a most eloquent eulogy of his Indian career. In his reply Sir Charles Napier, alluding to the numerous enmities which that career had excited, denied that the word "enmity" had ever been applicable to his own attitude. "It is independence of spirit which, old as I am, I shall, with God's blessing, carry to the grave; and it is this spirit which makes me feel so deeply the kindness you have shown me here in Bombay, when retiring from the public world. This very day, fifty-seven years ago, I received my commission as an ensign, and girded on this sword, my father's sword, which has for those long years hung at my side; I received that commission rejoicing as a boy, your kindness has made me finish my career rejoicing as a man."

In March 1851 he was back in England. Illness and various duties, private and social, kept him in London for some time; but as soon as his strength returned he retired to Oaklands, a small property on the Hampshire Downs, a few miles from Portsmouth. The only incident of his stay in London that made an impression on him, was his reception by the Duke of Wellington, which strongly bore out

the report which had already reached him that the Duke's memorandum did not fully express his private sentiments. The Duke was said to have exclaimed, "No one has ever supported authority more than I have all my life, but this reprimand is shameful!". Sir Charles Napier says of their first meeting on his return, "I never was so kindly, so graciously received as just now by the Duke; I thought he would have embraced me! 'Will your Grace let me put your name on my card for the *levée* on Wednesday?' 'Oh yes! yes! and I will go there, and take care to tell the Queen that you are there; she will be glad to see you safe back, and so am I, so is everybody!'"

At Oaklands the disease which had settled on his liver, ever since his ride to Lahore in 1846, was making rapid strides, but he was not the man to give up life easily, or to await death in idleness. In spite of the depressing effects of such an illness he continued to write and think with all the old animation and vigour. India still occupied much of his thoughts. His friend Sir Colin Campbell was being harshly attacked for his conduct of some military operations on the Punjab frontier. Detesting, like Napier, the constant interference of "Politicals" with military matters, the burning of villages, and the whole frontier policy of the Government, he was finally forced to resign his command. Sir Charles Napier, writing to condole with his "fellow-criminal," as he used to call him, draws an amusing sketch of the general fate of ill-considered attempts to coerce hill-tribes (*Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. i. p. 302).

"Be perfectly assured your whole conduct of the troops on that ill-judged expedition was excellent. They abuse you for not marching upon Lalpoora and Pindjalah, or some such name. Why, what could you have done if you had? Why should you march on these places? What could you have done when you got there? March on to some other two

places, and so on, into the heart of Central Asia!!! And then—laid down your arms! You never could have got there. March to top of hill No. 1; lose some men; get there. Enemy waiting on top of hill No. 2; go there; more men killed and wounded; more provisions gone; large hospitals; long way for the 'tommy'"—soldier's term for bread—"to follow. Enemy on No. 3; march there; more killed; more difficulty; live on half 'tommy.' Enemy as well as ever on No. 4; march again; men down; hospital large; animals scarce; 'tommy' coming up; empty belly till he arrives; report in camp, 'tommy' intercepted. Enemy defying on top of hill No. 5; empty bellies; follow him in good wind; but enemy off to top of hill No. 6. News confirmed, 'tommy' cut off! Can't move a peg towards enemy. No grub; legs weak; retire to try and meet fresh 'tommy.' Now every pass must be carried at the point of the bayonet, whilst the rearguard is overpowered with a hot-pursuing enemy. Every wounded man lost. Carry the pass; but no grub, no strength, no heart. All boasters, all criers-out for 'dash,' for decided measures, down in the mouth. No pluck. Anonymous writers and newspapers funking the worst of all. No spirit left, because no strength, and a surrender and massacre of course become necessary."

Such humorous criticism was all very well for private letters and old friends; but he was urged by a sense of duty to the public to undertake a much graver task. Death intervened before it was accomplished, and the volume, entitled *Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government*, eventually edited by Sir W. Napier, fulfils only a portion of the original design. The first part of that volume contains a vindication of his own conduct as Commander-in-Chief. By the nation, he said, he had been called to that post, and not by the Directors, and to the nation he must account for having resigned it. The second part was intended to be a complete examination of the existing system of administration in India, military and

civil. Of this part only the military portion was completed, containing interesting and useful chapters on barracks, horses, artillery, commissariat, discipline, clothing, and every branch of the administration of an Indian army. The appearance of the book in 1857, containing as it did so many warnings that the existing system was leading to mutiny and the overthrow of the empire, created a profound impression, and it was only the somewhat egotistical tone given to the book by its being in the nature of a personal vindication, that has deprived the military portions of the work of the more enduring attention which they deserve.

From controversy and public affairs he turned with keen pleasure to the pursuits of a country gentleman for which he had so often sighed, and entered into management of his little estate and the needs of his parish with his old ardour but with diminishing strength. "When I die, may the poor regret me," is his constant wish. "If they do, their judgment will be more in my favour than anything else." Kind and compassionate to those in real distress, he still made every one feel that honest work and honest words were the only sure road to his goodwill. In his walk round the farm, no doubt there was many an outburst of wrathful impatience as well as humour, and much keen observation of the individuals and the class he found working there. "I leave the farming to my wife," he says, "but there are some things I keep in my own hands. Draining I understand better than the writers on it, and could write better on it than they do. My labourers are all clever in their way; but one of them, Massum, is the cleverest and shrewdest, both for his own interest and mine. Men who neglect either their own or their employer's interest are good for nothing; the first are so rare that not one was exhibited at the Crystal Palace; of the last there are

plenty. The chap who looks after both is my man. Massum is one of these, but sharp as a needle, and I must look after my own affairs."

The general condition of the working-classes drew from him some reflections which the political economy of his day would have denounced as sentimental and mischievous, and of which we are now only beginning to feel the force. "There is now a great struggle going on between machinery and hand-labour. To me it seems that a man has a right do as he likes, and use a spade in preference to his hands and nails. But then in a broad form comes the question—Has the mass of proprietors a right to use machinery to such an extent as to starve the mass of hand-labourers? This is spade *versus* nails; right being with spades, force with nails. But nails say, 'Before we use force, we must ask on what basis right stands.' Answer, 'We possess money and lands.' 'Who gave you either?' 'We made the money and inherit the land.' 'Who helped you to make the money?' 'You did.' 'And now in return you starve us?' 'No! go to those callings and countries where you are still wanted.' 'We cannot.' 'Why?' 'We are too poor, and you, having power, have deprived us of votes as to taxation; and having drawn our teeth, and pared our nails, and loaded us with imposts, tell us to go and starve. You have free trade for yourselves, but tell us to labour in competition, not only with machinery, which may help us perhaps, but also with untaxed men, while our loads sink us! Give us free trade really, and we go along with you; if not, we will put you to the wall by emigration, robbery, fire-raising, and murder! Alas! Alas!'"

Thus busied with agriculture, controversy, and politics, he passed his few remaining months, sometimes cheered by a visit from his brother or Sir Colin Campbell, or refreshing himself by the sight of the red coats at Portsmouth. "My

feeling is that of love towards every man with a red coat that I meet, or a blue one either, for it is the same towards sailors; this feeling is difficult to express, but it is as if I had known them all my life, and only forgotten their names. It makes me, when I go into Portsmouth, inclined to take the first soldier or sailor by the arm and walk with him, certain of knowing how to talk to him of matters with which he is familiar, and which would interest him. If he seems clean and smart I paint him as he would be in action, his mouth black with gunpowder from biting off the end of his cartridges, his hands also black and bloody, his eager animated eyes bent fiercely on the enemy, and prompt to do my bidding; firm of frame, armed for the work, and of ready courage to follow and support me in all! Then it is I feel that I can never do too much for them; and soldiers always know what their officers' feelings towards them are."

These were not the only thoughts suggested by the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. In 1851 and 1852 there was a universal feeling of distrust with regard to the designs of the President of the French Republic. Serious fears were entertained that we were threatened with a French invasion; and a consideration of the means to resist it was not calculated to allay such an alarm. There were then no volunteers, no reserve, no adequate south-coast defences; while our long immunity from European wars had reduced the regular forces to a condition which the Crimean War was shortly to make only too notorious. Sir Charles Napier heard from Lord Hardinge that, when everything was provided for, he could only count on having 7000 men with whom to meet the French if they could effect a landing. Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who lived not far from the Portsmouth coast, actually advertised his house for sale. "I shall not do that," said

the General, "but, expecting an invasion, as I am too old to fight now, I mean to put on a red nightcap, and sit at my door with a flannel petticoat over my knees, a black draught in my hand, and my feet in hot water, awaiting the arrival of a French General of Brigade, '*Je suis un pauvre ancien militaire, ayez pitié de moi.*'"

If he had hung up his sword he could still wield his pen, and accordingly in February 1852 he published a *Letter on the Defence of England by Corps of Volunteers and Militia*, which produced a great effect upon public opinion, and did much to prepare the way for the great Volunteer Movement of 1859. Addressed to the Members of Parliament, it was written with a spirit and vigour that make it hard to believe it was the work of a man who was being slowly killed by a painful and depressing disease. He begins by answering those who either shut their eyes to the situation altogether, or thought that it was enough to know that the Duke of Wellington was alive.

"But we have the Duke! you will say. Ay, we have the Duke fortunately; and for that reason I write this letter, to try if I can induce you to support him against those who treat him as the Trojans did Cassandra! For my part, I feel no disposition to sit down unresistingly till a French General of Brigade walks into my house and cleans his boots by kicking me out of it!" The first thing, then, was to support the Duke of Wellington; the second, "to call on your neighbours to arm themselves." With regard to organisation he insists strong on simplicity of dress, simplicity of drill, and constant practice at the target and at marching. "Do not be exclusive in forming your corps; take your gamekeepers as your comrades, and any of your labourers that will enroll themselves; a gentleman will find no better or braver companions than among his own immediate neighbours and tenants. Should you

require to throw up a breastwork, they will be more handy with the spades and pickaxes than yourselves." Another point on which he insisted with great force was the institution of a registry of "all your means, such as spades, pickaxes, felling axes, barrows, carts, horses, in every town and village. . . . With such preparations in their memorandum books magistrates would throng round the engineer officer, like so many staff-officers, and each receiving his orders would, in the shortest possible time, collect men and tools in masses." His fifth point was the salutary warning that enthusiasm by itself is "a sort of Dutch courage." "Drill and discipline are dull things, but they beat enthusiasm to fits in a campaign. If enthusiasm and courage unite in one man, he jumps over a wall and gets shot; if he is not enthusiastic, but is well drilled, he kneels down behind a wall deliberately, and with comparative safety fires over it and shoots his enemy."

This appeal, which was soon to be so nobly responded to, was the last of Sir Charles Napier's services to his country. In spite of his illness, he took his place as one of the pall-bearers at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. "Too gorgeous it was for death," says Sir William Napier, "and scarcely in harmony with the feelings of the aged warriors who, having in youth followed him through all dangers, were then bending in grief over his bier. Pride and luxury rather than veneration and sorrow seemed to predominate, until, lowered with unseen machinery, the coffin, as if under a fiat from above, gradually descended into the dark vault below—a hundred-gun ship slowly sinking in calm waters! When that, the only deep-felt part of the pageant was over, many eyes were turned upon Charles Napier, and low voices were heard to say, 'The next in genius stood by the bier.'" He was soon to follow his honoured chief. A severe cold caught at the Duke's funeral could not be shaken off; he

never rallied much again. In February 1853 he writes to his brother: "I do not expect ever to be well again; six years of this suffering has tired out my patience, and I feel hopeless; this gives me little care for myself, but it pains me for others." In June 1853 he gave way and took to his bed. In July he was moved at his own desire to Oaklands, and placed in a large ground-floor room built by himself. There he awaited the end, sometimes wandering a little, but usually bearing his constant suffering with gentle courage. "To the last also," says his brother, "remained his extreme love of horses. He desired that Red Rover, his Arab charger in the battles, should be brought to the bedside, once more to be praised and caressed; but the poor unconscious beast was startled, and would not approach; then, with a sad look and a sigh of disappointment, Charles Napier turned from the gallant animal, recommending it to the care of his wife and children." Affectionately he remembered all who had loved and served him, and not least his soldiers; his dying words to his son-in-law, M'Murdo, were, "I took up my sword at eleven years of age, and I now sheathe it at seventy-two with honour. I have never stained it by a dishonourable or a mean action, or by a desire to use it for my own aggrandisement. I have served my country zealously and honourably, but my chief aim has been to protect the poor soldier. I may have to reproach myself for some things, but not for my regard for the soldiers' welfare: tell them so, Montagu, you who have followed me! Yet even in that I had to check myself, lest my bitter enemies should say I courted popularity. I never courted popularity with the soldiers, I only strove for their rights."

The end must be told by Sir William Napier.

"On the morning of the 29th August, at five o'clock, he expired like a soldier, on a naked camp bedstead, the windows

of the room open and the fresh air of heaven blowing on his manly face. Surrounded by his family and some of his brothers he died. All his grieving servants were present, and at his feet stood two veterans of his regiment, gazing with terrible emotion at a countenance, then settling in death, which they had first seen beaming in the light of battle! Easy was the actual dissolution, however, and as the last breath escaped, Montagu M'Murdo, with a sudden inspiration, snatched the old colours of the 22d Regiment, the colours that had been borne at Meeanee and Hyderabad, and waved them over the dying hero. Thus Charles Napier passed from this world.

"An intrepid soldier in life, he died amidst trophies of battle, and his camp-bed was his bier; the glorious colours of the 22d gently waved over him, and between them the grand picture of Meeanee leaned forward above the pale heroic countenance, as if to claim his corpse for that bloody field. On each side were placed Indian spears, supporting Belooch shields and interspersed with rich sabres, matchlocks, and other spoils. At his feet was the chief Ameer's white marble chair of state, bearing on its seat his own good service sword, inherited from his father and never disgraced. Facing the marble chair was a testimonial of great richness and beauty, presented by the men of the civil service in Scinde, and at its foot were two swords of honour—one from Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General, the other from the 102d Regiment, presented after his American warfare. Last and most esteemed was laid, close to his side, the sword of peace, the sword of gratitude, the testimony of the Belooch sirdars to his beneficent government. Thus he lay in death amidst irrefragable proofs that his genius had been strong in war, his head wise in government, his heart compassionate."

He is buried in the small churchyard of the military chapel at Portsmouth. It was intended that the funeral should be private; but public feeling was too strong for such an arrangement. Round the grave stood two Governors-General of India,—Lords Ellenborough and Hardinge,

—many distinguished officers of both services, the Prussian Consul and the officers of two Prussian ships of war, and the Mayor and Councillors of Portsmouth. Most touching of all was the conduct of the garrison. The men had merely been told the hour of the interment and that they might attend if they liked. The whole garrison, consisting of the Royal Marines, the 35th, 42d, 79th, and the Rifle Brigade, crowded to evince their respect, and this though the greater number could only reach the place at a pecuniary cost for passing the harbour ferry.

At the end of the ceremony Sir William Napier, says his biographer, "endeavoured to say a few words of thanks to those who had attended, but was quite overpowered by his feelings and memories, and after a few sentences was unable to proceed. It was an impressive and touching sight—that majestic-looking old man, his once strong and active form bent with suffering, his snow-white hair and beard flowing in the wind, standing at his brother's grave and striving to find utterance for the feelings with which his heart was bursting. Few brothers have ever been so beloved or so faithfully served as was the dead man by him who now stood raining tears on his coffin. 'Soldiers!' was all he could say, 'there lies one of the best men—the best soldiers, the best Christians—that ever lived; he served you faithfully, and you served him faithfully. God is just.'"

So lived and died Charles Napier. He had closed his career with a feeling that he was an ill-used man: the last passage of his unfinished book is in these words:—

"A wronged man I have been, more wronged than this work tells of; for ever the public good has guided me in suffering as in action. But when falsehood is in vigorous activity with encouragement and support from power, the dignity of human nature gives a right, without imputation

of vanity, to avow good services. To me also, as an inspired truth, has come that passionate burst of eloquence with which Charles Fox repelled foul enmity. 'There is a spirit of resistance implanted by the Deity in the breast of man proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure.' That spirit prompts me to vindicate a claim to better usage. . . . I leave my actions to history."

The vehement feelings he excited in the breast of friend and foe have long obscured or distorted the real nature and value of the man. But now that the controversies that raged round his name are little more to us than they are to the dead, he will hold unchallenged the place his devoted brother assigned him in the annals of England as "the daring victor of Meeanee and Hyderabad, the intrepid subduer of the hillmen, the successful regenerator of Scinde, the firm military reformer of India—the man on whom the universal English nation called in the hour of danger to uphold a distant tottering empire."

APPENDIX.

SECTION BAGGAGE-CORPS.

Minute in the Assistant Quartermaster-General's Office in Scinde, relative to the formation of the Scinde Baggage-Corps.

KURACHEE, 1847.

THIS important corps was formed by order of His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir C. J. Napier, G.C.B., with a view to bring under control the unwieldy masses of baggage and followers which accompany an army in India, and form a continual source of anxiety to the general officer commanding the troops.

The principal inconveniences attending the march of an army so accompanied in an enemy's country are occasioned by—

First.—Overloading; which causes the animals to break down, or not being able to keep up with animals more lightly laden, lengthen and weaken the line of baggage, which no guard, however strong, can properly protect.

Secondly.—The guard required for the efficient protection of the baggage in front of an enemy weakens the line of battle; and the guard required to go out with the camels while they graze occasions not the least of the harassing duties after a march.

Thirdly.—Immense loss to Government from animals broken down and abandoned on the line of march, or rendered utterly useless from sore backs, all caused by overloading, ill-treatment, and a bad system generally.

Fourthly.—The above causes too frequently produce a scarcity of carriage; the men suffer, the movements of the army become crippled, and the General's operations ruined.

Fifthly.—The very attendants of the camels, usually drawn

(with their animals) from the countries adjoining the theatre of operations, can never be attached to the service—when ill-treated or discontented, they desert in the hour of need, not unfrequently taking their animals along with them. The proportion of attendants is thus often reduced to one man to five or more camels; a number totally inadequate to the care of the animals, and mischievous in every way.

With practical experience of the disadvantages inflicted by a disorderly baggage on a General while conducting his field operations in India, Sir C. J. Napier ordered the formation of a baggage-corps, consisting partly of camel-men, and partly of native officers and sepoys from the line. . . .

Those from the line thus acquired a knowledge of the treatment of the camel from their new comrades in their respective grades, who in their turn were drilled and instructed in military duties. . . .

The clothing of the men of each division and the equipment of their camels are of different colours, in order that no confusion may occur when on service, and when leading into and out of camp.

At night each division is known by the colour of its lantern, carried on the back of a camel, and, at the head of the whole, a large lantern is carried on the back of an elephant. A peculiar description of musical instrument, such as *tom-tom*, *kettle-drum*, or *horn*, is to be used by the baggage-corps to distinguish its call from any other music used by the troops. Thus the baggage can always be assembled by its own sounds. . . .

Should it ever be deemed expedient to reduce the baggage-corps in Scinde, the reductions should be made first in the animals: these can always be replaced if necessary, and are already trained to carry loads; but the present establishment of the corps should be reduced with great caution, because the camel-men or privates of the corps are now chosen men, armed and drilled, and fond of the service, which they will not desert in time of need; they form valuable garrison troops in time of peace, and when the force takes the field and camels are purchased, they are immediately equipped from the *dépôts* of the corps—an armed man to each camel takes his place upon the line of march, at once the trained keeper of the animal and the guard over the load which it carries. Thus the baggage-corps gives confidence to the General, comfort to the troops, and security to the baggage which is intrusted to its charge.

On the other hand, if the privates are reduced as well as the animals, and a force is called on to take the field, inevitable delay will occur in procuring not only camels, but camel-men—men who know how to take care of the animals; men who, forgetting former injustice and ill-treatment by understrappers in the commissariat department, will not fly with their camels into the hills on the first rumour of danger.

This is no idle fear, no imaginary danger; it has been proved every time a force has taken the field since our army was withdrawn from Afghanistan. The success of the campaign of 1845 into the Bhoogtee hills was endangered from this cause; and the army, destined to operate towards Mooltan in the beginning of 1846, owed its ability to move so suddenly as it did entirely to the existence of the baggage-corps, which, though increased in camels far beyond what its half-fitted, half-arranged establishment could control, still carried the moral influence of its wholesome regulations throughout the line of march, though the worst of camel-men at times rendered those regulations nearly abortive.

"SCINDE, G. O., 24*th November* 1845.

"The Commandant of the baggage-corps has reported to headquarters that the animals sent to carry the baggage of the —— were overloaded to an enormous extent. Upon this the Major-General commanding has to make the following observations, to which he begs that officers commanding regiments in Scinde will pay the strictest attention, for the Major-General is resolved to enforce them rigidly.

"*First.*—Every officer commanding a brigade, regiment, or detachment, is responsible for obedience to general orders. These are explicit with regard to the loads which are to be put on camels. The Major-General is not obliged to read his orders to the officers commanding the regiments forming the army in Scinde, nor will he repeat them; but he will take care that they are obeyed.

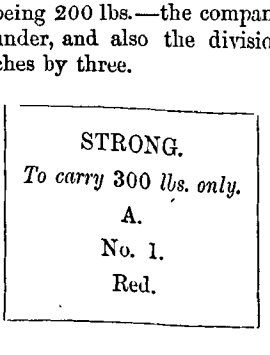
"*Secondly.*—The first and highest duty of the officer, non-commissioned officer, and private composing the camel baggage-corps, is to prevent camels from being overloaded, and to report to the senior officer of the camel baggage-corps present (and commanding the baggage of any division, brigade, regiment, or detachment) when he sees any animal overloaded; upon which such officer is immediately (and without reference whatever to

any other officer commanding) to unload the camel, reload it with *half* the ordered burden, and throw the overplus baggage clear of the line of march, nor is the officer commanding a rear-guard to permit any European soldier, sepoy, or public servant to remain in charge of such castaway baggage, under pain of being brought to trial before a general court-martial for disobedience of orders.

"*Thirdly.*—The officers commanding regiments are responsible that no public stores are put on camels beyond the weight allowed by the general orders of January 1843, and any neglect of this must be at their private peril, for the stores shall be destroyed, and will probably be charged to such commanding officer's private accounts by order of the supreme Government, to which the Major-General will report with a strong recommendation to that effect.

"*Fourthly.*—All camels which may be injured by being overloaded are to be given up to the commanding officer of the corps, who is to be charged with the value paid for the animal by the public in the first instance; a court of inquiry having first made a report on the subject in order to decide between the honourable the Company and the commanding officer, who may afterwards settle with his regiment as he pleases; the public hold the commanding officer answerable as having signed the '*indent*,' and having full power to enforce an obedience to general orders.

"*Fifthly.*—Every camel is to have a brass plate hung round its neck, with the number of pounds weight it is to carry written on it; that is to say, the animals of the corps are to be divided into two classes, the *strong* and the *weak*, and the plate to be so marked in large letters; the load for the strong being 300 lbs.; that for the weak being 200 lbs.—the company's *letter* and *number* being placed under, and also the divisional *colour*. This plate to be four inches by three.



"*Sixthly.*—Thus will everybody know the proper weight, and it is the duty of every one to report to the nearest officer belonging to the camel baggage-corps if a camel is overloaded.

"*Seventhly.*—With regard to private or hired camels, their owners must settle their own loads; but if they once enter the line of march they must be submitted to the orders of the commandant of the camel baggage-corps in every particular, for under his immediate command is placed the whole baggage of the troops serving in this province when in the field or on a march, and he is responsible to no one but the officer commanding the troops on the spot, provided that that officer is his senior in rank; and no officer is to alter the standing orders issued for the camel baggage-corps.

"*Eighthly.*—No officer commanding a regiment or detachment is to order a separate baggage guard to mount; every soldier is to march with his corps; any breach of this order is to be immediately reported to headquarters by the commandant of the baggage-corps.

"*Ninthly.*—In the field all baggage found to be above the proper weight is to be *burned on the spot;* but where animals fail from any other cause than disobedience of orders, the baggage is to be immediately taken care of, and spare camels furnished. The honour of the corps would be compromised by loss of baggage, even the smallest quantity, when orders have been obeyed by the proprietors.

"*Tenthly.*—Officers' servants are strictly to comply with all orders issued by the officers and non-commissioned officers of the baggage-corps.

"*Eleventhly.*—The Provost-Marshal's deputy is to attend the commandant of the baggage-corps in the field.

"*Twelfthly.*—There may be some points in the foregoing orders which appear, at first sight, to be harsh; but to control baggage is as difficult as it is indispensable; it is only by severity that such order can be preserved as will insure the general safety of the baggage, and its prompt arrival at the encamping ground. The necessity as well as the comfort of this, especially to Europeans, requires no comment.

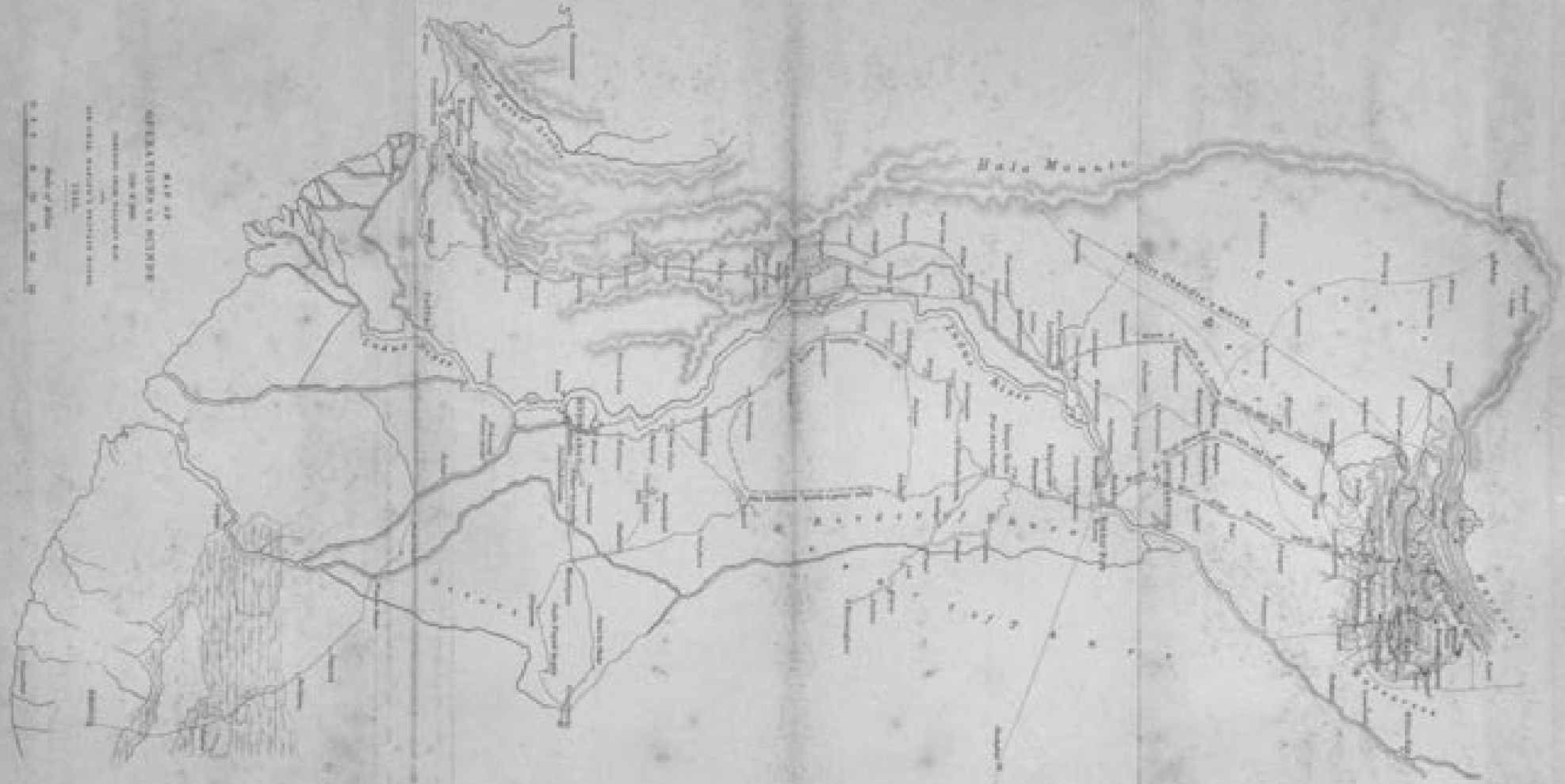
"*Thirteenthly.*—As regards the complaints made by Captain Jameson against both his own officers and the officer commanding the second division of the —— regiment, the Major-General has to regret that these officers should have allowed general orders to be broken by their men; but as the regiment is now

leaving his command, he will say no more about it, except to set Captain —— right in an erroneous idea which that officer seems to have formed, as the Major-General understands his letter, that it rests with the officer of the baggage-corps alone to see that camels are not overloaded. This is a great and important error: one of the first duties of the commissioned officer of every body of men is to look to their comfort and health, and both depend on their having their baggage properly arranged. The officer in command indents for animals to carry a certain weight of baggage; and it is his duty to see, and make those under him see, that not a pound more baggage is put on the camels than that for which he has signed the indent. The duty of the officer of the baggage-corps is to detect any breach of orders in this respect, not to weigh and pack the baggage of the troops. It might as well be expected, when a regiment is ordered to march, that the officers should lift all their troopers into their saddles. The Major-General corrects this erroneous view as regards baggage, because though this fine regiment and its excellent commandant are going to leave Scinde, the Major-General still hopes to have the honour of again commanding it, baggage and all."

THE END.

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

00021519



Digitized with financial assistance from
H T Parekh
FOUNDATION
An Initiative by
HDFC
WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH
on 27 November, 2018